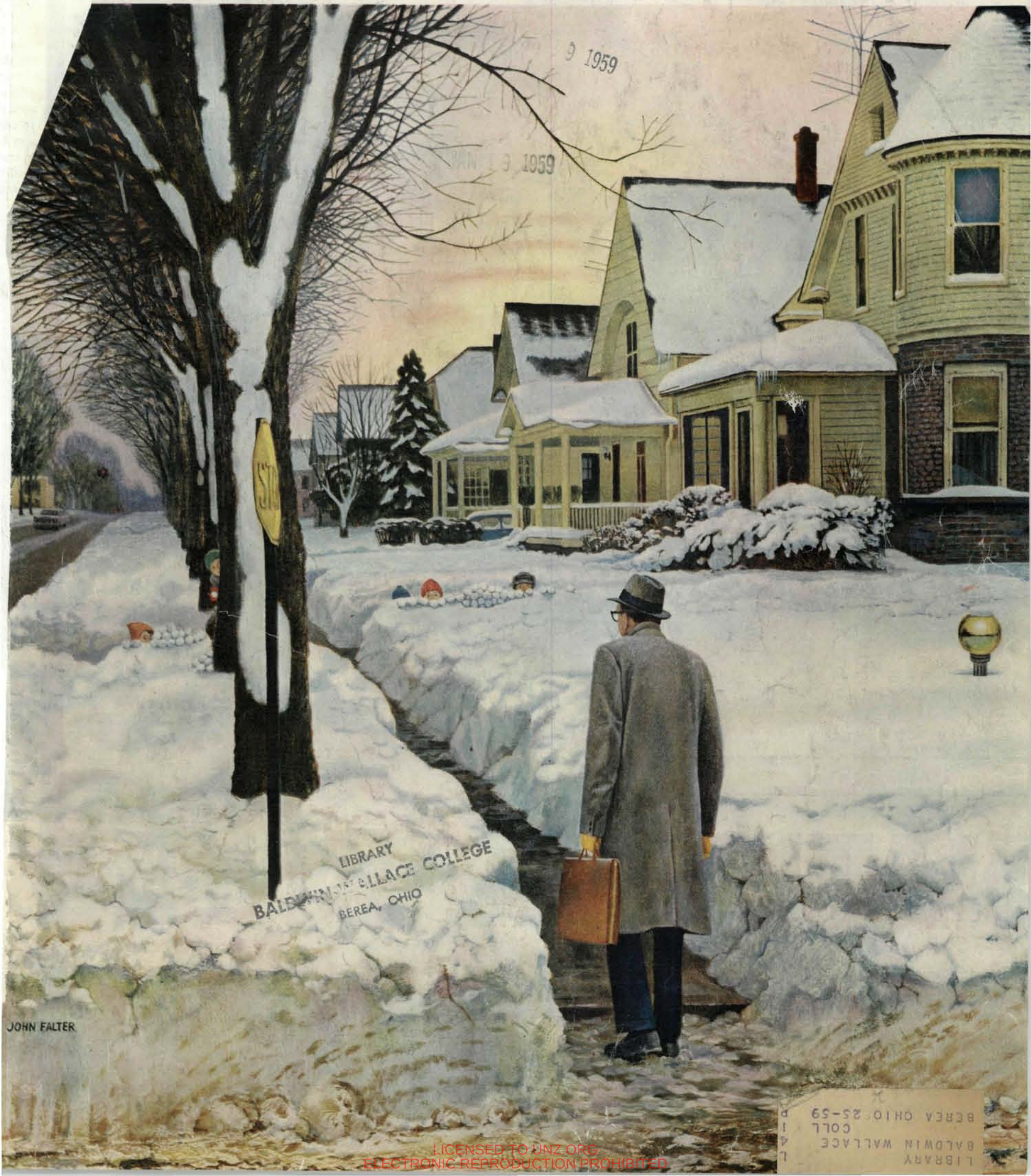
e Saturday Evening
OST
January 24, 1959 – 15¢

Second Most Powerful American:

LYNDON JOHNSON

By Stewart Alsop

PRIVATE LIVES OF HOLLYWOOD EXTRAS



JAN 9 1959
JAN 9 1959
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO
JOHN FALTER
LIBRARY
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA OHIO 25-59
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL STEEL

No wonder it makes your taste buds sit up and beg!

The "tin" can seals in foods at their peak of flavor and nutrition the year-round. And these flavors, vitamins, minerals all come to us further enriched today because ceaseless research by the canning industry has resulted in finer strains, more varieties, better taste of the foods we buy in cans.

As a container, the can's unbreakable. Easily stored. Handily portable. Instantly at hand for a fast snack or for banquet-sized meals prepared in minutes. Above all, it's so economical: no waste, no de luxe prices for the "fresh" varieties. (All good reasons why Americans will buy more than 26 billion cans of food this year—foods of almost every imaginable variety.)

Through its Weirton Steel Company, National Steel is a leading supplier of the tin plate from which cans are made. Weirton produces both hot-dipped and electrolytic tin plate . . . and its output makes National Steel the nation's largest independent source of this material.

Tin plate is just one of many quality steels and steel products in which National Steel specializes. Another National Steel specialty is service. A look-ahead service dedicated to all American industry through its five major divisions: Weirton Steel Company, Great Lakes Steel Corporation, Stran-Steel Corporation, Enamelstrip Corporation, The Hanna Furnace Corporation.

NATIONAL STEEL CORPORATION, GRANT BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

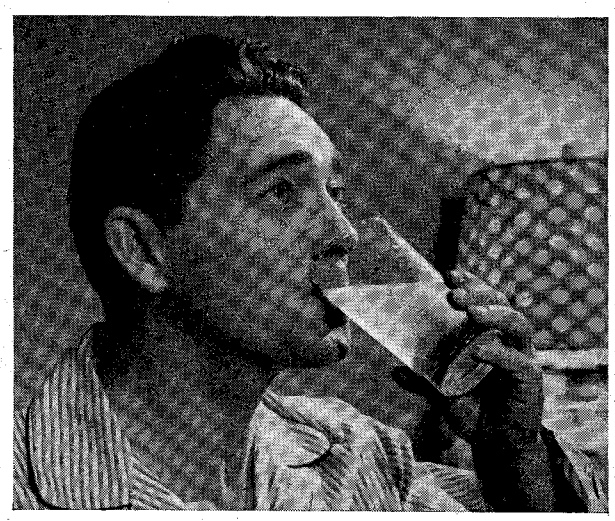
NATIONAL STEEL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

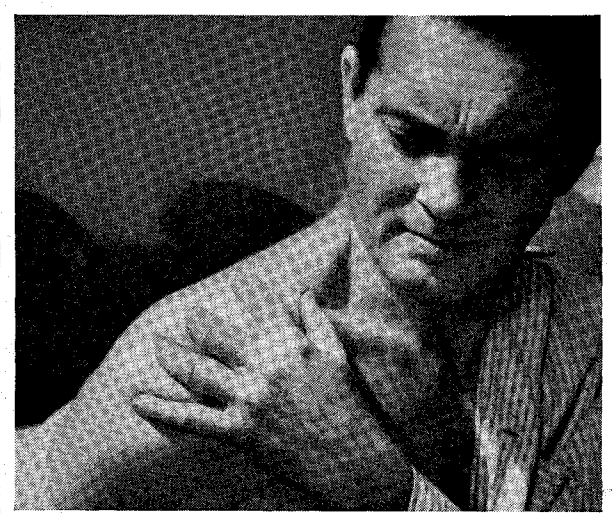
NOW...A TOTAL COLD RELIEF TREATMENT

with Bufferin® and Sunkist® Lemons!

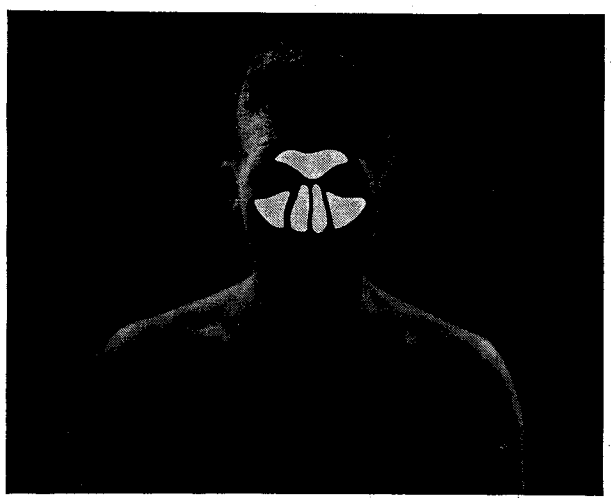
1 **Safe pain relief!** Bufferin's antacids help protect against the stomach upset many other pain remedies may cause. Bufferin contains no nerve-jangling caffeine. Take it as directed for the duration of your cold.



2 **Replenish vital Vitamin C!** Fresh Sunkist Lemon Juice is especially rich in Vitamin C, one of the body's vital lines of defense against infection. Mixed with water or in a hot lemonade, you'll find it's wonderfully refreshing, too.



3 **Get fast pain relief!** Bufferin's exclusive formula relieves pain faster than you ever believed possible. You get wonderfully fast relief from painful cold miseries: headache, sore throat, muscular aches and pains.



4 **Restore fluid balance!** Fresh Sunkist Lemon Juice and water help restore the fluid balance of nasal and sinus membranes to fight infection. Helps maintain the proper acid-alkaline balance during stress period of cold infection.

5 **Reduce fever fast!** Bufferin adds to aspirin Di-Alminate*, an exclusive combination of antacids, to speed the pain reliever into the blood stream where it *must* go to relieve pain and reduce the fever which may accompany a cold.

6 **Promote digestion and aid regularity!** Fresh Lemon Juice helps to promote digestion. And for millions this health habit is the natural way to regularity—without the unpleasant side effects so often associated with harsh laxatives.

Ask your doctor about this proven

DOUBLE-ACTION RELIEF!

If possible, stay in bed during your cold, particularly if you're running a fever.

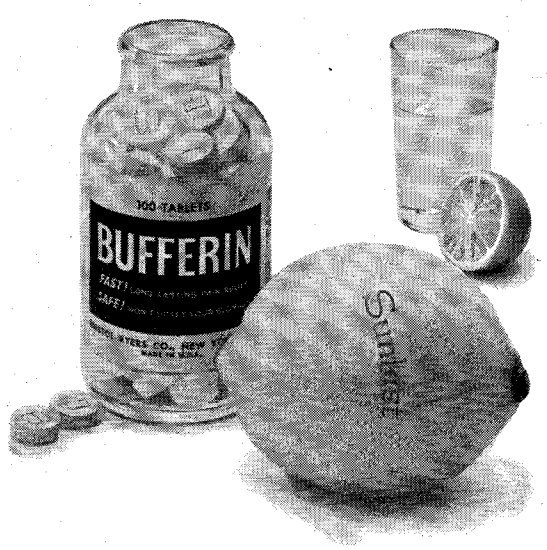
Drink Sunkist Lemon Juice: the juice of one lemon in one-half glass of water every 2 to 3 hours the first day, 3 to 4 times daily thereafter.

Drink a glass of hot lemonade at bedtime.

Take Bufferin for your cold as directed on the package. If your headache, sore throat or muscular aches persist, or if your fever doesn't drop promptly, call your doctor immediately.

*Bristol-Myers' brand of aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.

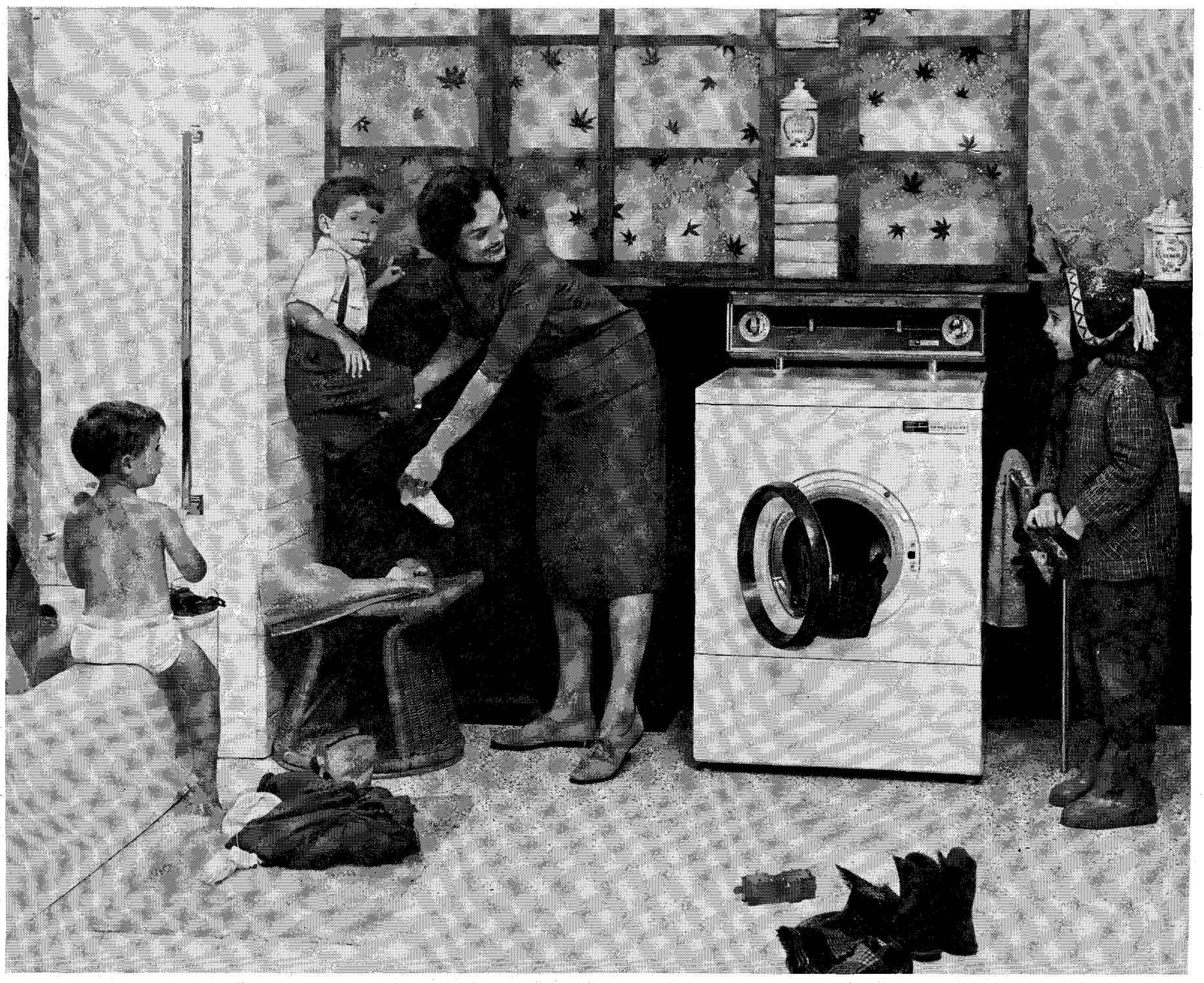
Another fine product of Bristol-Myers.



When you pick up a cold, be sure to pick up Bufferin and Sunkist Lemons

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll never lug laundry again!



NEW PHILCO DUOMATIC WASHER DRYER

So compact you can put it anywhere—in an upstairs bathroom or closet, bedroom wing, or in the kitchen. Use it as a hamper. Turn on when full, clothes come out fluffy dry, wrinkle-free! Many ready to wear or put away!

The new Duomatic gives you full 8-lb. capacity, washes and dries in as little as an hour. Does everything any automatic washer will. Does everything any automatic dryer can. All in one machine only 26¾ inches wide. One-year warranty. The Duomatic is for you. See your Philco dealer today.

Costs less than many washers alone

Not $700—list price of many separate washer and dryer pairs

Not $500—list price of many combinations

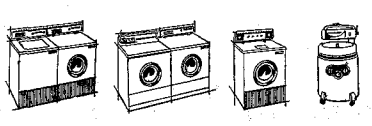
Not $400—list price of many de luxe washers

DUOMATIC LIST PRICE

$389.95

MODEL CE-792

Choice of thirty-two Philco-Bendix washers, dryers and combinations



LOOK AHEAD... and you'll choose

PHILCO®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY — CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens, Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Senior Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* James P. O'Donnell, *Foreign;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

Associate Editors: Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, H. Ralph Knight, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Robert L. Johnson, Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr., Jay Brennan, Richard L. Lehman, Bill Breisky.

Editorial Assistants: William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon, Jr., Katharine Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Richard C. Savage.

IN THIS ISSUE

January 24, 1959 *Vol. 231, No. 30*

4 Short Stories

The Lady's Choice . . . *Basil Heatter* 18
The Family Nobody Liked . . . *Jan Cox Speas* 22
Dynamite Dalton . . . *Pat Patterson* 25
Caught Between the Lines . . . *W. Douglas Lansford* 28

7 Articles

Lyndon Johnson: How Does He Do It? . . . *Stewart Alsop* 13
The Face of America: Last Parking Place . . . *Photograph by Ron Hyman* 16
Basketball's Little Whirlwind . . . *Stanley Frank* 19
Foreign Languages the Easy Way . . . *Thomas J. Naughton* 20
The Angel of Hudson Bay . . . *William Ashley Anderson* 24
So You Want to be a Hollywood Extra . . . *Lee Edson* 26
Adventures of the Mind, 19: What Makes Basic Research Basic? *Hans Selye* 30

2 Serials

The Secret of Glacier River (Third of six parts) . . . *Robert Ormond Case* 32
Escape Into Danger (Conclusion) . . . *Nancy Rutledge* 36

Other Features

Letters . . . 4
Editorials . . . 10
Post Scripts . . . 34
Verse . . . 38, 54, 66
Hazel . . . 82
Keeping Posted . . . 84

THE COVER

Mr. Hesitant is reflecting, *I work hard for a living. I am now all beat up from a grisly day at the office. Couldn't life have spared me this and just let me stagger home in peace?* His home is blocks away, and not even one of the entrenched troops is thinking of him as a beloved daddy. Moreover, if that ammunition was molded out of freezing slush, it is now hard, something like cannon balls. So Mr. H.'s tactical problem is whether to cross the street in a flanking movement, or charge the foe like a man and take what is coming to him, which is plenty. What would artist John Falter himself do? He says, "This scene (except for that ornamental ball, which I contributed) is a pleasant, typical Midwestern town I recently visited, named Bad Axe, Michigan." He says, "I would charge the foe. I think."

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1959 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 47–59 or May 23, 1959; 23–60 or December 3, 1960.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

"The Journey" is the story of . . .

A Violent Man who said: "The first time you walked into my room it was like a battle cry. I should have kicked you out —but I wouldn't let you go!"

A Beautiful Woman who said: "You've had your triumph tonight. What more do you want? What more can I do? Shall I get down on my knees?"

"The Journey" is remarkable drama, exciting entertainment that reunites the stars of "The King and I", Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in romantic conflict.

Yul Brynner portrays the rough Major Surov guarding a border. Deborah Kerr is the lovely fugitive, Lady Diana Ashmore, one of a group of freedom-bound travelers suddenly detained. Though the Major has stopped the party for routine reasons, he holds them hostage for a reason of his own —the aloof but alluring Lady Diana.

You hope that Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner will ultimately wind up in each others arms but you can't guess how and when in "The Journey".

To insure authenticity of background for his suspenseful production, Producer-Director Anatole Litvak took wide screen and Technicolor® cameras to within rifle shot of the Iron Curtain Border. There, he assembled an impressive international cast led by supporting stars Robert Morley, E. G. Marshall and Jason Robards, Jr.

They contribute a gallery of masterful individual portraits and add much to the real-life, on-the-scene story-telling of "The Journey".

Mr. Litvak has captured the passionate spirit of the love story from George Tabori's script. The tense and explosive action of a heroic moment out of our times gives meaning to this intimate portrayal of a lady who remembers to be a woman and a man who forgets to be a machine.

Rich rewards of entertainment await those who take this memorable film trip in "The Journey", an Alby Production, being released by M-G-M.

© 1959 Loew's, Inc.

"Better figure on
BORDEN'S SKIM!" *says Elsie, the Borden Cow*

ELMER: I know, I know...to keep me slim!

ELSIE: Or to help you *get* slim if you aren't! Borden's Skimmed Milk is good for people who are trying to lose weight... it has only about *half* the calories of whole milk.

ELMER: Wait a minute, woman! I didn't know I was on any diet.

ELSIE: That's it! You hardly know you're cutting calories with Borden's Skim, because it's got plenty of the strength-building protein, vitamins and minerals...to keep up your pep and vitality.

ELMER: Great guns, Elsie... I don't care what's in it. Can't a man drink it just because it tastes good?

ELSIE: Of course, Elmer...lots of people do!

Get Borden's Skimmed Milk in Ontario and Quebec, too.

If it's
Borden's
it's got to be good!

See Borden's TV show "Fury" over NBC. © 1959, The Borden Co.

Letters

Nocturnal Brainstorms

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for H. Allen Smith's ARE YOU A MIDNIGHT GENIUS? [Dec. 20]. . . . I want to write Mr. Smith personally, but will do it some night just as I'm going off to sleep, so as to better express my appreciation in words he can enjoy.

GLORIA H. WRIGHT
Ft. Leavenworth, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

One night I was gripped by something that roused me from deep sleep. . . . I dressed with all haste and found a better hotel before daylight.

HOLLIS FRENCH
Grantham, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

I should like to offer a different version of the story about Ralph Waldo Emerson. . . . The story as Prof. A. C. Knudson of Boston University used to relate it to his students was that Emerson kept a pad, pencil, a candle and matches by his bed to write down any deathless thoughts. In those days matches were in the form of a wafer-thin board with teeth. This night Emerson awoke, reached for his matches, broke off one and struck it. But it refused to ignite. In swift succession he broke off the remaining matches on the board, but none ignited. So in disgust he went back to bed, and that thought was lost to posterity.

But the next morning he was awakened by Mrs. Emerson saying, "What has happened to my tortoise-shell comb? All the teeth are broken off."

REV. CAMBY L. MOORE
Bolivar, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Franz Schubert used to go to sleep with his spectacles tied to his head . . . in

order to more quickly note down musical ideas which came to him during sleep.

DAVID TURET
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I woke up one night with a tremendous yet simple formula to solve all psychological and religious problems. I remember filling the top sheet of my scratchpad with notes, but next morning I discovered that I had traced only a simple cross.

(REV.) FR. A. CHAVEZ
Jemez Pueblo, N. Mex.

Dear Sirs:

Methinks H. Allen was in a trance,
Reporting "heads bowed in *reverance*."

H. C. STEFFAN
San Bruno, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

What have you to say in your *defanse?*

J. BRYAN, III
Washington, D.C.

● *Our proofreader, not H. Allen Smith, was in a trance.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Re my own midnight file. . . .

I find it helpful *not* to light the bedlamp. The lines are kept in order by shifting the forefinger, left hand, down about ¼ to ½ inch each time you begin a line and then feeling with the pencil for the forefinger, shifting down again, etc.

IRVING PETITE
Issaquah, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Please inform H. Allen Smith that I have written articles better than his on my night pad.

MRS. CARL M. JENNINGS
Montpelier, Vt.

"The Music Man"

Dear Sirs:

The Bob Preston story [HAPPIEST ACTOR ON BROADWAY, Dec. 6] was a lollapalooza. This George Hage is to be congratulated, even though he did have not only the happiest actor but the greatest guy—on Broadway or any other street—to write about.

MEREDITH WILLSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

● *Our thanks for this endorsement from reader Willson, who wrote The Music Man.* —*ED.*

Is Quemoy Worth Fighting For?

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop, in THE STORY BEHIND QUEMOY: HOW WE DRIFTED CLOSE TO WAR [Dec. 13], documents the incredible background of our China policy in relation to Quemoy and Matsu, and to Formosa. This article is excellent reporting. . . .

Would it not be of greater advantage to the United States, and to the cause of freedom and peace, to evacuate Nationalist military forces for the purpose of establishing a United Nations trusteeship over the islands . . . a buffer zone similar to the Gaza Strip? In one positive action, we would thwart the Red ambition to use these islands to "liberate" Formosa, we would be insuring the military safety of Formosa, we would quiet the saber-rattling of Chiang, we would gain important "face" throughout the balance of Asia.

JAMES M. GREENE, JR.
Mercer Island, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

The proper course to follow, it seems to me, is to strengthen by all possible means the defenses of Quemoy and turn it into a Gibraltar of freedom and a living refutation of the Communist boast of invincibility.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The mainland ports of Amoy and Foochow . . . are directly opposite Formosa and are by far the best Communist ports from which to launch invasion operations, if they ever attempt to carry out their announced purpose of conquering Formosa. Quemoy Island controls Amoy, and the Matsus control Foochow. It is a practical military necessity for the Communists to have these islands in order to use the ports. . . .

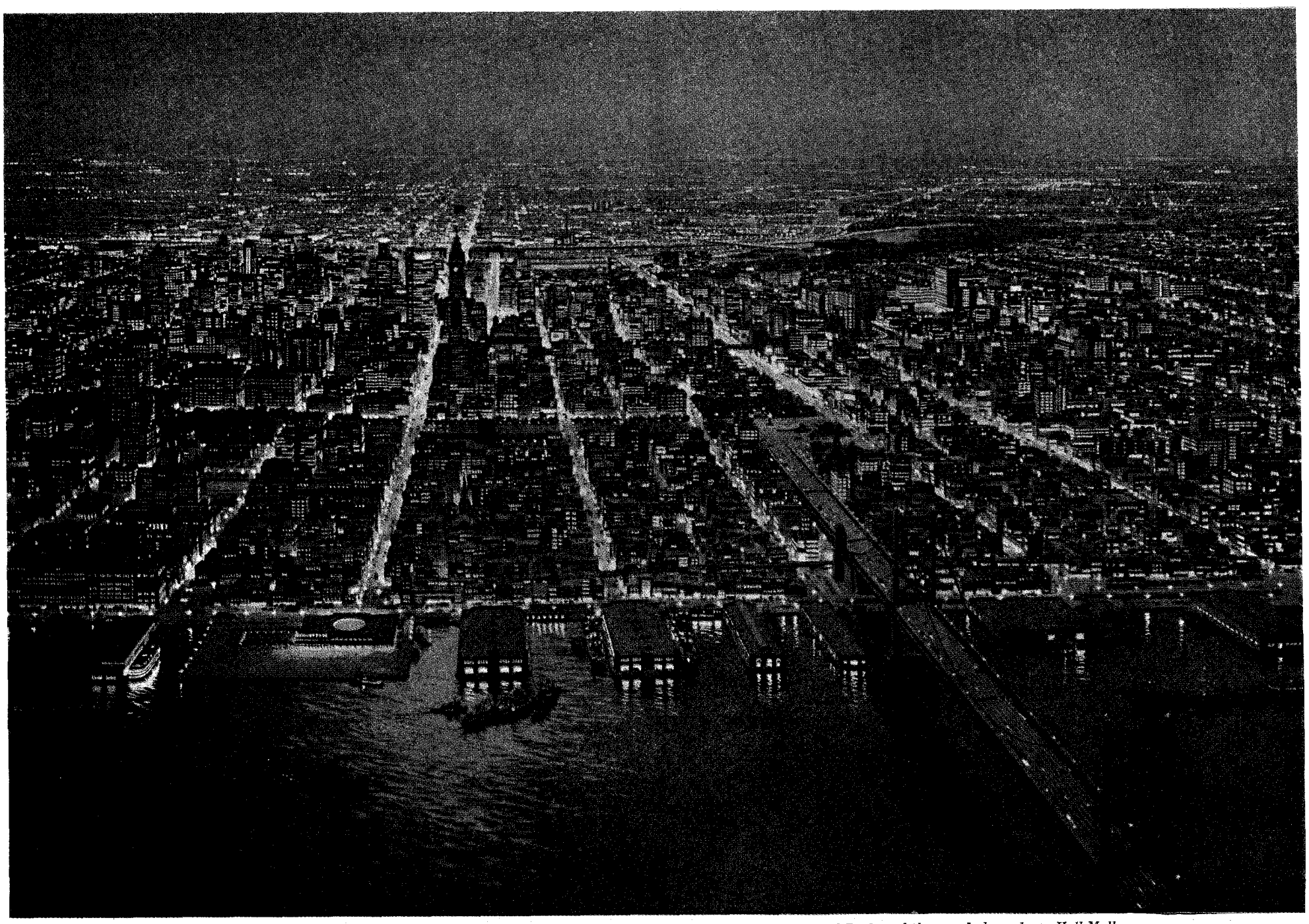
Mr. Alsop may think the islands [as real estate] are not worth a "plugged

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

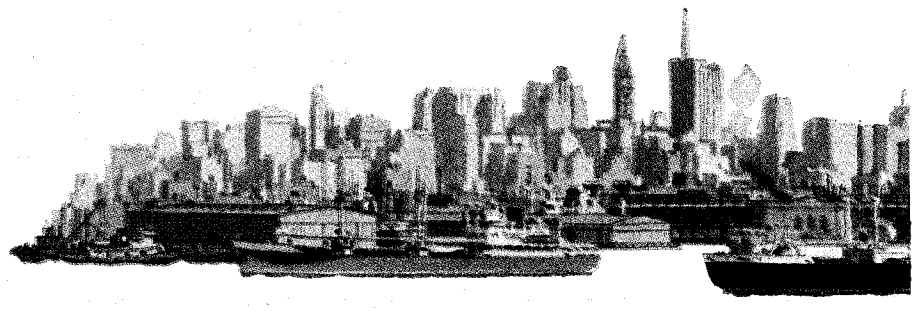
GEOGRAPHY... is working for you

when you set your site in Greater Philadelphia



Artist's conception of Philadelphia, including proposed waterfront Marina, the National Historical Park, and the new Independence Hall Mall.

In every possible way, geography favors the growth of industry in the Greater Philadelphia area. Here is a vast and comprehensive transportation network which puts a third of the nation within overnight shipping distance . . . plus a magnificent seaport that is No. 1 in American imports. Rich markets, accessible raw materials, and a large and dependable manpower pool are readily available. Whatever your business may be, Greater Philadelphia has all the factors to make for prosperity, including an abundance of low-priced electric power for all present and future requirements. If you're looking for a first-rate industrial site, you would do well to set your sights on the Greater Philadelphia area.



PHILADELPHIA ELECTRIC COMPANY

A business-managed, tax-paying utility company owned by more than 100,000 stockholders . . . Serving the world's greatest industrial area, Delaware Valley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICTURE OF TOMORROW. Will tomorrow's telephones be smaller and lighter and specially designed for each room? Will the dial, mouthpiece and receiver all be in the unit you hold in your hand? Will you be able to get your party just by pushing buttons, instead of dialing? We're working on many types and testing them at Bell Laboratories and in homes and offices.

What Will Tomorrow's Telephones Be Like?

This country is going to be needing a lot more communication service in the years ahead. Matter of fact, the need is with us right now.

Just the great increase in population (there will be 40,000,000 more people in the U. S. by 1970) means that we'll be stepping right along to keep ahead of our customers' needs.

The greatest progress will come, as it always has, from the Bell System's unique concept of unified research, manufacturing and operation that has given this country the best telephone service in the world.

A vital part of this concept is always to look ahead and not back. Many new things are already at hand or in sight.

New instruments will provide an ever-widening choice for our customers. Improvements in transmission and the development of electronic switching will make our services faster and more versatile.

There are some tremendous possibilities in the use of telephone facilities for enabling business machines to communicate with each other—no matter how many miles apart. Great volumes of data of all kinds can be transmitted automatically over telephone lines at high speed.

We also have the prospect of providing picture channels for many purposes, in addition to the present networks for television broadcasting.

How far we go, and what we are able to do, depends on money. To make the best progress and apply it to the greatest advantage of everybody, the Bell Telephone Companies must be in good shape financially.

In all lines of business it is the companies whose earnings are good that are able to make the best products, provide the best service and give the best values.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

nickel," but both the experienced Nationalist and Communist leaders disagree with him. As early as October, 1949, the Communists made a determined assault on Quemoy and managed to land about 20,000 picked troops of whom 7000 were captured and the rest killed or driven off.

COL. L. B. MOODY, U.S.A. (*Ret.*)
Washington, D.C.

Nothing to Crow About

Dear Sirs:

In the recent article ALMOST EVERYBODY HATES BR'ER CROW [by Rufus Jarman, Nov. 1] it was stated that crow pie is, or was, regarded as a delicacy in England. The type of crow described by the author is known in Britain as the rook. . . . Let it be stated that rook pie is only eatable for one week in the year and is almost unknown to the townsman.

When the young rooks first leave their nests, shoots are arranged, sometimes with rook rifles, sometimes with shotguns. The old birds circle overhead well out of shot, but the youngsters on the treetops get thinned out. Young rooks properly cooked are a curiosity, if not a delicacy, and are certainly edible. But even in the hungriest days of the war, I never

heard of anyone eating an *adult* rook. I don't think that even a fox would do so.

SIR JOCELYN LUCAS, BT., M.C., M.P.
House of Commons
London, England

Dear Sirs:

Rook Pie . . . is seldom served nowadays: I have searched several cookery books without discovering a recipe for it.

There is a strong theory which holds that the "blackbirds" in the nursery rhyme were in fact rooks.

J. W. WHITEHEAD
Pembury, England

"The Christmas Gift"

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for publishing Dr. John Collins Harvey's THE CHRISTMAS GIFT [Dec. 20]. It is one of the most beautiful Christmas stories I have ever read.

Anyone who has been on a hospital staff during the holiday season can appreciate the magnitude of Irene's loving gift—a simple bouquet of holly.

MRS. FRANKLIN WOMACK, R.N.
Loma Linda, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Here is proof indeed that though style and polish in writing may be important—above all, there must be something worth saying. . . .

How interwoven are our lives, how needful it is that we look for God in every face . . . give kindness where we can, "even unto the least of these."

FAITH WILSON
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to make a correction re your excellent story. . . . The church members who sing carols [at Johns Hopkins Hospital] on Christmas Eve are from the Brown Memorial *Presbyterian* Church and not the Brown Memorial *Baptist* Church.

STEVE CASE
Baltimore, Md.

● *Doctor Harvey got it right in his text, but our caption and reader Case are wrong. Those carolers are from* Brown's *Memorial Baptist Church. There is no* Brown *Memorial Baptist Church—and the choir from Brown Memorial Presbyterian Church does not sing at Johns Hopkins. —ED.*

Diabetes Detection

Dear Sirs:

I should like to thank you for the very fine article about the Fresno diabetic detection drives [THE HUNT FOR HIDDEN DIABETICS, by Patricia and Ron Deutsch, Dec. 6]. We are truly appreciative that you "noticed" us.

We hope that the article has helped other communities to see the value of finding diabetics early.

HAZEL M. LAMBERT
Fresno County Diabetes Assn.
Fresno, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . pays tribute to the inexpensive (2¢), simple, mailable diabetes detection device, appropriately named "Dreypak," which has made possible the mass diagnosis and detection of diabetes. But the article . . . gives no credit to the inventor of Dreypak, Dr. Norman W. Drey, a well-known internist and specialist in diabetes in St. Louis.

NORMAN BIERMAN
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Re the mention of Slim Adkins—this is really Slim *Andrews*, and the same Slim Andrews, incidentally, who starred in Western movies in the old silents and the earlier days of sound. . . .

As for reporter June Mullen—I'm sure you mean June *Muller*, a very pretty and brilliant blond gal reporter, who, I noted recently, was writing features for The San Francisco Examiner.

CARL R. HEDGES
Fresno, Calif.

● *Reader Hedges is right. —ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

13–Bill Shrout. • 14–Ollie Atkins; Bill Shrout. • 15–Bill Shrout. • 16, 17–Ron Hyman. 18–Mike Ludlow. • 19–United Press International; Jim Burns. • 20, 21–Gus Pasquarella. 22, 23–R. G. Harris. • 24–Two from Province of Quebec; anonymous. • 25–Bruce Bomberger. • 26, 27–Gene Lester. • 28, 29–Douglass Crockwell. • 31–Arnold Newman. 32, 33–Mac Conner. • 36–Stan Galli. • 77–Gene Lester. • 84–John R. Wells; Larry Keighley; Harriet Naughton; Pete Schoening.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

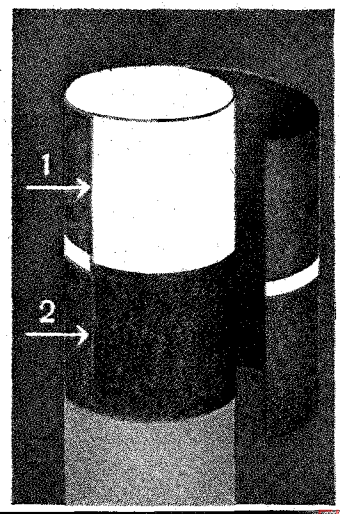
Dual filter gives you what no single filter can!

The real thing in mildness... the real thing in fine tobacco taste!

THE REASON WHY THE TAREYTON DUAL FILTER filters as no single filter can:

1. It combines the efficient filtering action of a pure white outer filter...

2. with the additional filtering action of ACTIVATED CHARCOAL in a unique inner filter. The extraordinary purifying ability of Activated Charcoal is widely known to science. It has been definitely proved that it makes the smoke of a cigarette milder and smoother.



Here's the big pleasure bonus Tareyton's *Dual* Filter delivers: It gives you *more* than just high filtration! It actually *selects* and *balances* the flavor elements in the smoke — *as no single filter can* — to bring out the best in mildness and fine tobacco taste. Try the new *Dual* Filter Tareyton soon — you'll see!

NEW DUAL FILTER

Tareyton

Product of The American Tobacco Company "Tobacco is our middle name" (® A. T. Co.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This month AMERICAN starts the FIRST JET service across the U.S.A.

Another historic first **4½ hours coast to coast on**

America's Leading Airline inaugurates a new age of flight for the nation on January 25. *This is jet flight.* It is you in Los Angeles and then a mere 4½ hours later arriving, fresh from exhilarating comfort in the air, at New York. Now with schedules east and west cut by 3 hours, you'll fly from New York to Los Angeles in only 5½ hours. Soon the many advantages of American Jet Flagship service will be available at Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Dallas, Washington, Baltimore and other leading cities.

It's a joy to fly American's Jets—now everyone will want to fly. Completely new pleasures await you in travel by jet. If you've never flown before, you'll be amazed at the feeling of security with this mammoth Flagship carrying you swiftly, yet gently and quietly. Vibration is gone. You relax in specially-designed reclining seats. You travel at tranquil altitudes,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American's Jet Flagships

eather's left below. Larger window area rovides better view. The roomy cabin ffers a chance to stretch. Lighting is new, nd air-conditioning is totally effective, on ıe ground as well as in flight. Deluxe Mer- ury and famous Royal Coachman services re provided in separate cabin sections on very flight.

ou can rely on American—its people nd its planes. American Airlines' riendly attention to passengers comes from a pride in serving you. American's crews are people of devotion, making your wishes the command of the moment. On the ground and in the air, your comfort and security are our greatest concern. Join us on a Boeing 707 Jet Flagship. It's the most thoroughly-tested airplane ever to enter airline service. Plan now for your most enjoyable flying experience, travel on American in this new age of flight. See your Travel Agent or call your local American Airlines office.

Whenever you fly, rely on

AMERICAN AIRLINES

The Jet Airline

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

It's Too Late to Send the Working Woman Back to the Kitchen

With one woman out of three in the United States working full or part time outside the home, you'd think the public would accept this as a necessary part of our modern, superproductive life. A lot of people don't accept it, however, including some men who run our industries, schools, labor organizations and other social units directly involved.

During the recent recession, objections have been made to married women working, especially those with children, and in this gloomy chorus single women are prone to join. About a year ago an Inquiring Reporter of The New York Daily News asked four people on Third Avenue, "What would happen if all working wives gave up their jobs tomorrow?" All four, two women and two men, agreed it would be a good thing.

"With the wives at home, children would get more attention and would be brought up better," a Manhattan secretary said. "As a result there would be less delinquency." Working mothers themselves, it seems, often suffer from a sort of national guilt complex on this score. The odd thing is that, if we are to trust authoritative surveys and studies on the subject, there appears to be no real basis for most of these fears and resentments.

Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell is strong for the working woman and doesn't believe she is driving men out of our expanding economy. "Our economy would suffer severely if women left the labor force," he told a panel conducted by the Ladies' Home Journal recently.

And where the juvenile-delinquency bugaboo is concerned, it appears that nobody yet has been able to prove a case for or against the working mother. At the National Manpower Council's conference held at Arden House, Columbia University, in October, 1957, some facts on the subject of maternal employment and children were presented by Katherine Brownell Oettinger, Chief of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. "Our research people tell me," she said, "that no study within their knowledge has established a causal relation between maternal employment and either juvenile delinquency or the maladjustment of children." However, doctors, sociologists and mothers agree on the need for full-time mothering for very young children.

There are a lot of things we could be doing to improve the situation. For instance, we expend a great deal of effort on vocational guidance for high-school and college girls who hope to get married and begin raising families as soon as they leave school, and probably won't be looking for jobs until they have to, which may not be long after the wedding. It's after they emerge from this domestic "tunnel of love" that they need more vocational help, one woman researcher, Esther Lloyd-Jones, told the Manpower Council.

We need to remove some of the mid-Victorian legal roadblocks that stand in the way of working women in many states. Roger Stuart, of The New York World-Telegram and Sun, points out, for example, that in Utah a female jobholder isn't permitted to lift any load heavier than fifteen pounds. (They don't say anything about lifting three-year-old youngsters at home.)

Do We Want Rent Control, or More Places to Live?

One of the issues in the New York elections last fall was rent control. The Republican and Democratic candidates for governor felt obliged to outdo each other in protestations of fidelity to the principle of rent control.

Meanwhile, in Pennsylvania, which also elected a governor, no one mentioned rent control. This was not due to superior self-control on the part of the politicians, but to a State Supreme Court decision. The justices decided that no emergency existed which would justify continuation of wartime regulation of rents and forbade Philadelphia to enact any such ordinance.

Rent control is, of course, only one form of price control, and the results of price controls are as well understood by political scientists as the results of a chemical reaction in the laboratory. From a scientific point of view, to pass a law forbidding the electrolysis of water to produce two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen would be merely a rhetorical exercise by crackpots. Yet it makes no more sense to pretend that rent-control laws will not have the consequences that they always have had, no matter where they are applied.

Those results are well known: the creation of a black market, with under-the-counter payments; the incentive for landlords to neglect repairs they can't afford, thus promoting the growth of slums; the discouragement of private capital which might otherwise invest in new rental housing; and permanent, built-in, self-perpetuating shortages which justify the demand for more and more public-housing projects.

These are not imaginary predictions. They are as certain as any reaction in the chemistry textbooks. They have been observed in dozens of American cities which have now abandoned rent controls. They have been seen in England and in France, in Italy and Germany and everywhere else that the experiment has been tried.

It is said that politicians must pretend that this is not so, that by some hocus-pocus they can make it not be so. Yet the Conservatives in England, who were supposed to commit political suicide last year when they moved to free rental housing from controls by progressive stages, have never been more politically solid than they are now.

None of the dire predictions that politicians love to make about what will happen if rent controls are abolished have come true. In fact, Philadelphia is now in the midst of a boom in apartment building by private capital, and there have been few complaints of alleged gouging.

Meanwhile, it is rather pathetic to see the great and lordly city of New York slowly decay under the foreseeable results of continued rent control. It is even sadder to observe that no candidate had the courage to face an issue that by now ought to be as dead as mutton.

Reds Can't Resist Propaganda, Even in an Encyclopedia

The Great Soviet Encyclopedia is the high authority to which those who seek to ascertain facts and truth about the history of Communist Russia are supposed to refer. Eventually there are to be fifty-one volumes of this not-too-reliable book.

Former U. S. Senator William Benton, American publisher of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, who has been receiving review copies of this monumental work, has been checking it for accuracy. In many areas he has found the Russian material acceptable, but when Marxist or Leninist hypotheses are involved, startling misrepresentations appear.

For example, Mr. Benton has examined the long article—85,000 words—in which the U.S.A. is placed under the Kremlin microscope. In a recent Yale Review, Mr. Benton reports a somewhat fantastic combination of information, distortion and ignorance. Mixed with correct statistics of American production and resources is a mishmash of misrepresentation designed for consumption by the Russian masses. Some of these emerge thus:

"The notorious Point Four program (of the U. S. Government) opened vast opportunities to enslave Israel . . . so that the U.S. would gain a springboard from which to leap forward in a war of aggression.

"Woodrow Wilson was a reactionary politician.

"In that period of 1946–1953 there was an absolute and relative impoverishment of the working class.

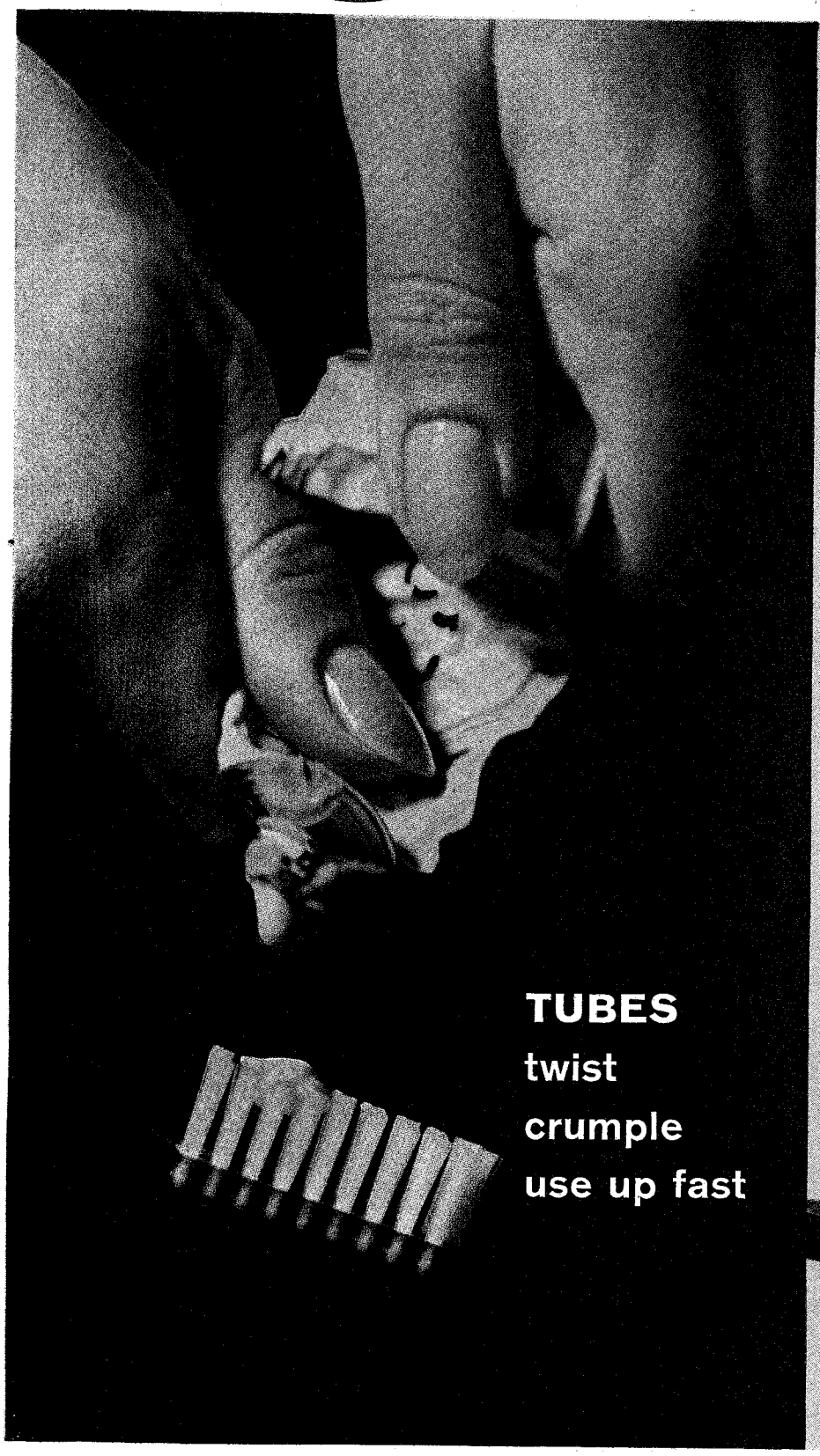
"The North won the Civil War because large masses of workers and farmers declared themselves for democracy and Russia sided with Lincoln."

Clearly, the Great Soviet Encyclopedia is not a work the Kremlin should permit to be exported—unless, as has been suggested, Moscow figures we are so bemused by Communist propaganda that we'll accept their version of American history instead of ours!

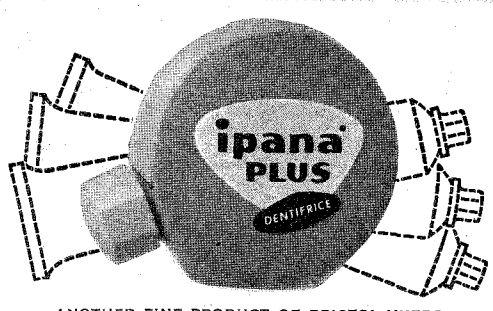
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before you wrestle with another tube...

COMPARE!



- New Ipana Plus stays better looking than messy tubes, drippy cans.
- Easier to use. Takes up less room.
- People say new flowing formula leaves teeth feeling cleaner, breath fresher than tooth paste.
- Get Ipana Plus®! Special sale—20¢ off! (*Was $1.19. Now 99¢!*)

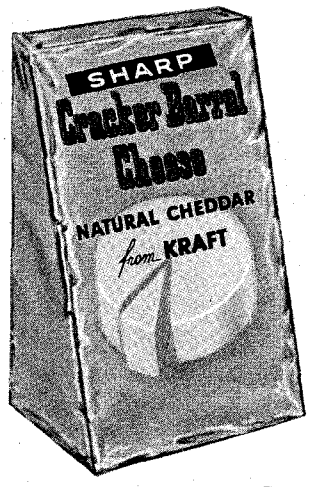


Bigger value than three 53¢ tubes.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now real old-fashioned cheddar also in handy new stick form!



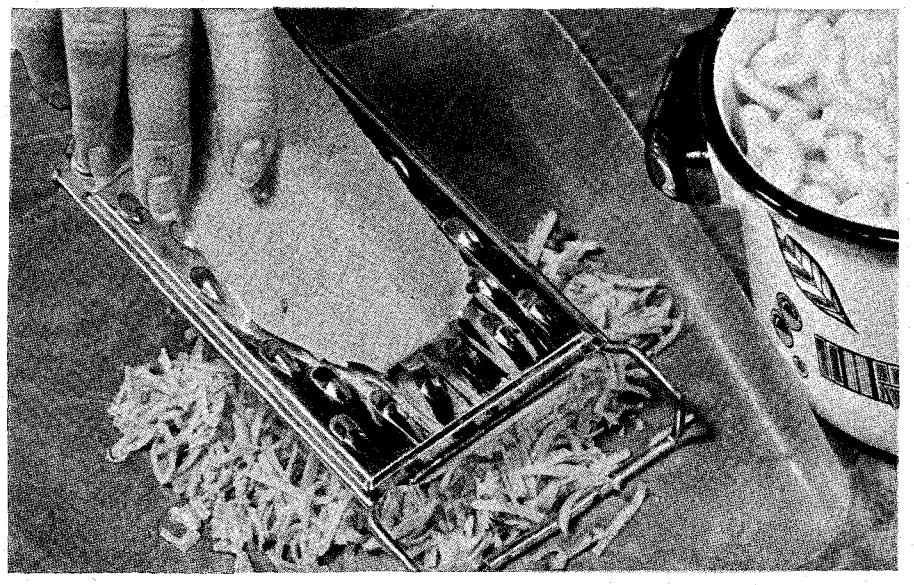
You know this great cheddar in Kraft's foil-wrapped wedges marked Cracker Barrel.

Now you can get this same fine natural cheese also in a handy big 10-ounce stick—just perfect to slice or cube or shred.

This is the kind of cheese great grandad had cut from the big wheel. Kraft brings it to you in a convenient shape, with the fresh-cut goodness protected by aluminum foil.

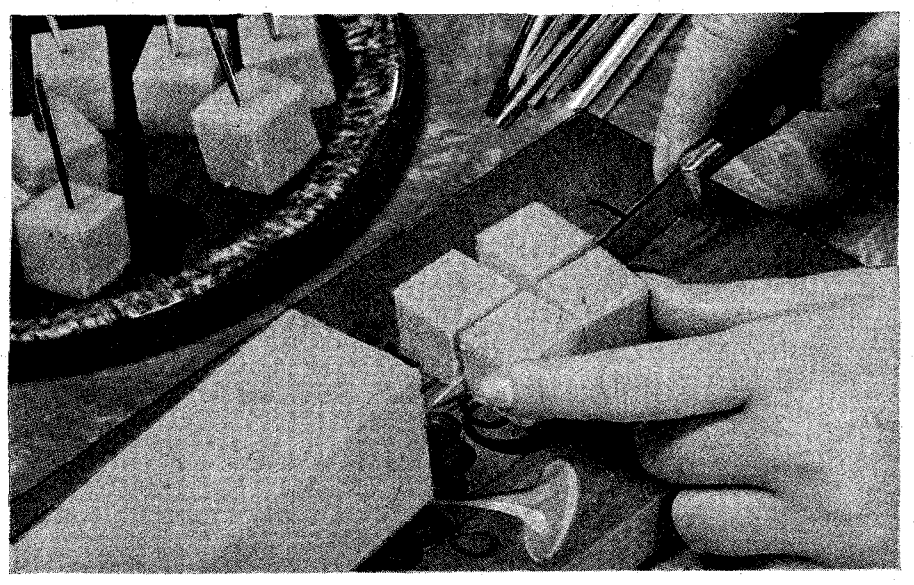
Near the traditional Cracker Barrel wedges in your grocer's dairy case look for the handy new 10-ounce stick. You'll love it!

Mellow in silver foil
Sharp in gold foil
Extra Sharp in red foil

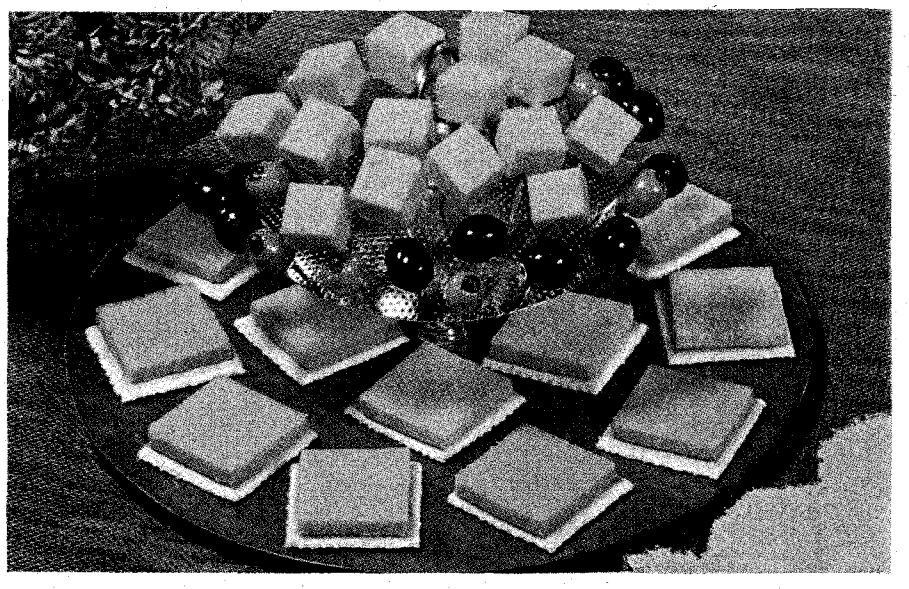


The gold aluminum foil brings you sharp cheddar for macaroni. And the stick is *so easy* to shred.

Such great cheddar you enjoy it straight—just sliced on crackers. And the slices fit beautifully.



You get cubes in a jiffy with the new Cracker Barrel stick. And how guests appreciate this great oldtime cheddar!



Sliced or cubed, these tempting cheddar appetizers are quick to prepare—so attractive served together.

Naturally from Kraft...the finest of natural cheddar

Cracker Barrel Brand

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LYNDON JOHNSON: How Does He Do It?

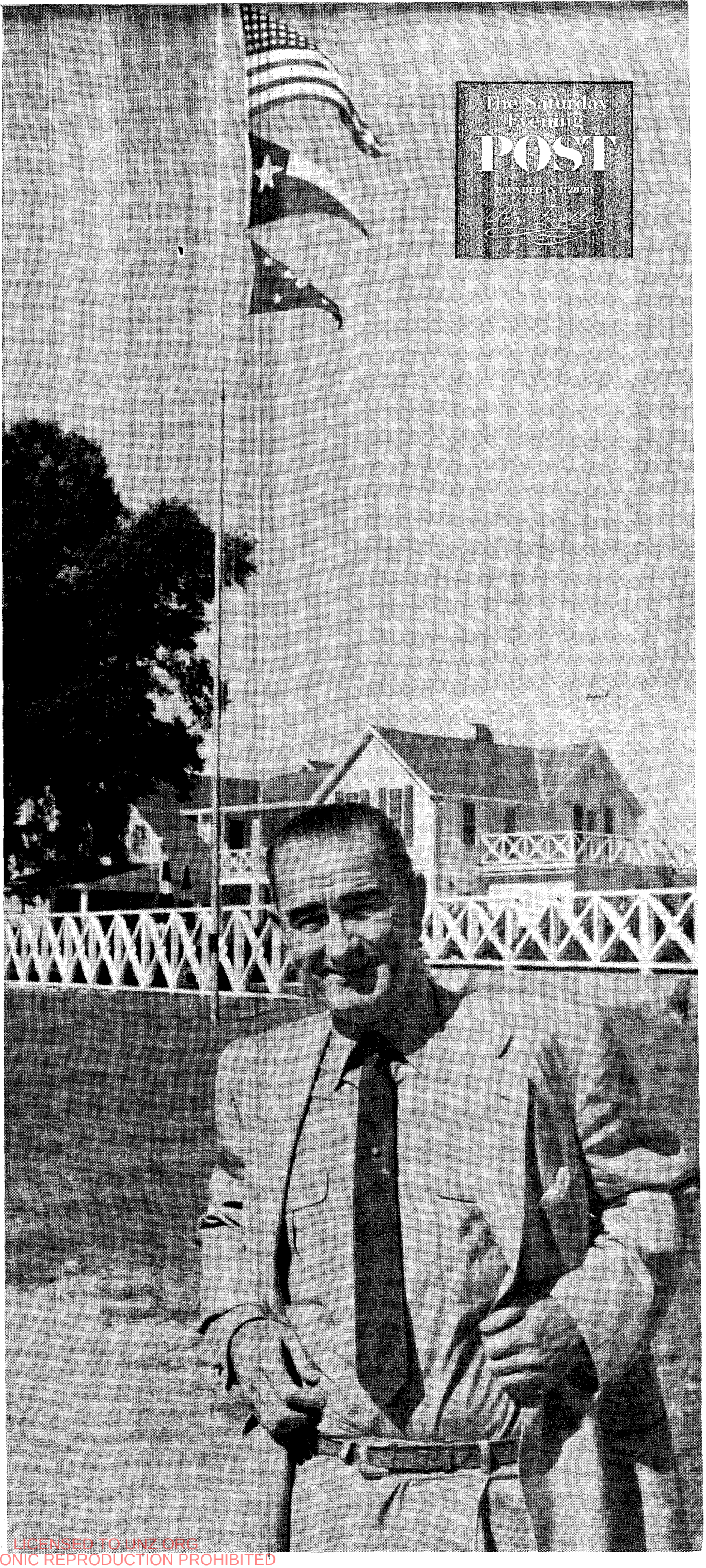
As majority leader in a Democratic Senate, this remarkable Texan has been called the second most powerful man in the nation. What's behind Johnson's drive? Does he ignore the heart attack that nearly killed him? A Post editor reports.

By STEWART ALSOP

Who is the most powerful man in the United States today?

The obvious answer is: "The President." That is no doubt still the correct answer, simply because the powers of an American President are so enormous—even a President who cannot succeed himself and whose party has lost control of Congress. But Sen. Lyndon Baines Johnson, majority leader of the United States Senate, a tall, dark-faced man with long ears, certainly runs the President a close second, especially now that the voters have given him a huge majority to lead. There are those who argue that Johnson is in fact, if not in theory, the country's most powerful man, because he loves to exercise power and President Eisenhower does not.

In any case, Lyndon Johnson is not only a very powerful man; he is also a singularly interesting and remarkably puzzling human being. In any group of people—a college class, a business office—there is apt to be one person about whom everybody talks and argues. In the Senate the favorite subject of every senator—other than himself—is Lyndon Johnson. You can start a noisy argument, when two or three senators are gathered together in one place, just by asking: "Tell me, how does Lyndon do it?"



Johnson at his Texas homestead and birthplace. Beneath the U.S. and Texas flags is his own personal pennant, flown only when he is on the premises.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A man who can't smell the mood of the Senate has no business being leader," says Johnson (right), here with a fellow Democrat, Sen. Hubert Humphrey, of Minnesota.

On Capitol Hill it is not necessary to define the word "it" in the above sentence. In the ten years he has been in the Senate—not a long time by Senate standards—Johnson has achieved a unique and historically unprecedented position in that august body. The majority leadership has by no means always been the road to power and glory. In the case of Johnson's two immediate predecessors, Scott Lucas and Ernest McFarland—remember them?—it was the road to obscurity. Yet Johnson has made of the majority leadership one of the great central command posts of both the Democratic Party and the United States Government.

He controls, either directly or at second hand, the whole party apparatus in the Senate—he is chairman of the Policy Committee, the Steering Committee and the Democratic Conference, and he has devout Johnson men in the party secretariat and the campaign committee. Johnson is thus the Senate's undisputed Mr. Democrat. And now that he leads a whopping 64–34 majority, he has as good a claim as any senator has ever had to the title Mr. Senate.

This is part of what old hands on Capitol Hill mean when they ask one another wonderingly, "How does Lyndon do it?" But it is not all. For what is really astonishing is that Johnson has somehow achieved his unique position of power without creating in the process a bitter anti-Johnson faction. A senator—almost any senator—is a prima donna almost by definition. Why else enter the risky, underpaid political trade? Prima donnas do not like being overshadowed by showier and more important prima donnas. And yet, while there have been rumblings and grumblings against Johnson since he took over the Senate Democratic leadership in 1953, there has never been even the ghost of a real anti-Johnson movement.

"Every so often," Johnson says, "you writers get hard up and you begin writing about the 'liberal revolt against Johnson.' Well, every couple of years we have a caucus, and there's never been a single vote against me. What kind of a revolt is that?"

What makes this lack of any challenge at all to Johnson's leadership the more mysterious is the fact that he is by no means the kind of man who ruffles no feathers, who is unfailingly nice to everyone—he can be very rude and rough indeed. "I don't know why I take it from Lyndon," one powerful senator mused recently; "I wouldn't take it from anybody else." Yet the strangely assorted crew of Democrats whom Johnson leads not only take it from Johnson; they hand it back in the surface appearance of a unity unprecedented among the traditionally squabbling Democrats.

It has been said that Johnson has only plastered over the cracks. But the right and left wings of the Democratic Party are separated, not by mere cracks, but by profound canyons and monumental gulches, and to bridge these yawning chasms is a truly astonishing achievement. To do so, Johnson has wrought genuine miracles of legislative leadership—to cite (Continued on Page 38)

The senator and his wife, Lady Bird, at the gate of his ranch near Johnson City, which his grandfather founded and defended against marauding Indians.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHNSON SPEAKING

Author Alsop (left) and his subject.

Here, in Senator Johnson's own words, are his recorded answers to searching, intimate questions about himself.

Post Editor Stewart Alsop interviewed Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson at length when he was gathering material for the article on the nation's second most powerful man. Here is Johnson on how he does his job as majority leader.

"You writers like to write about Lyndon Johnson's Black Magic, and so on; about Lyndon Johnson's scheming, and maneuvering, and manipulating. But it's not like that at all. Of course, when we get the football in our hands, we just don't sit back with it—when we don't hit the line, we throw a forward pass. But mostly the job of being majority leader is just doing what's right—that and hard work. . . . There's no mystery about being Senate leader. You've got to be interested in the other man's problems, you've got to treat him fair, and you've got to know enough of what's going on to do your job right. You've got to know when to keep your mouth shut too. The Senate's the cruelest judge in the world. A man's a fool to talk to other fellows about any subject unless he knows more about that subject than they do."

Here is Johnson when asked whether he had become more conservative since the days when he went to the House as an all-out New Dealer:

"Well, any man learns by experience. I've had ten years in the House and ten years in the Senate, and one thing you learn by experience is that politics is about people. I believe strongly in our system of checks and balances—otherwise a simple numerical majority might get out of hand. But I've always thought I had a social conscience—I ought to have, I know what it is to be poor. And I know one thing, you don't want to sit on your hands, you have to keep moving forward. If there's something that has to be done, the Republicans always have reasons why you can't do it now—it's too hot, it's too cold, it's raining too hard. Sometimes you get a little impatient.

"For me there has been more satisfaction in politics than in anything else. I've always wished Lady Bird and I had a son. If we had a boy, I'd want him to be a politician or a teacher or a preacher. . . . Someone who deals with people, who has an influence on the course of events. I get more satisfaction out of doing things for people than anything else. You see that power line up there. I helped to get that line for the people here. That was when I was in the House, and I was one of President Roosevelt's favorites. I went in to see the President, and before I saw him they warned me: 'When you get in there he'll filibuster you to death—you won't get in a word, and Pa Watson will have you halfway down the hall before you realize it.'

"Well, sir, I went in prepared. I had a picture of a dam and a transmission line—the President loved to look at pictures—and I meant to show him first the dam and then the line, and tell him how the power from the dam went right over the heads of the people, and they couldn't get any, though they helped pay for it—water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink; power, power everywhere, and the people can't get it.

"So I showed him the picture of the dam and started to speak, but I got no further than 'Mr. President,' when he broke right in and said, 'That's a multiple-arch dam, Lyndon, and I do believe that's the biggest multiple-arch dam I've ever seen.' And he went on and on about multiple-arch dams—I'd never known much about multiple-arch dams, but I knew I was being filibustered all right. But finally I got in my line about water, water everywhere and power, power everywhere, and he told Missy to get John Carmody on the line—he was power commissioner. 'John,' he said, 'there's a young congressman in my office, Lyndon Johnson, he's an old friend of mine.' Then he went on to ask Carmody why the people couldn't get the power, and Carmody said that there were too few farms and too little demand to justify distributing power in the district. 'Well, John,' the President said, 'there's no rule that doesn't have an exception—and besides, John, those people down there breed pretty fast, you know.'

"So we got the power. And look what a difference it's made. Land used to be six dollars an acre and now it's eighty dollars. In those days there was nothing but little houses with Chic Sales, like the house down the road I showed you, where I was born. I remember my daddy sitting on the porch, helping the old folks fill out their claims for Indian-war pensions. When one of those pensions was allowed, it was a great day for the whole neighborhood—like winning the annual football game or something."

On his old friend and mentor, Speaker Sam Rayburn:

"For more than thirty years now, when something bad has happened, the loss of a baby, the loss of a mother, the loss of a father, the loss of an election, every time I have sought him out. He never asks to see me—he just says, 'You going to be over this way?' Last time I was there I said I was tired, and the Speaker didn't like it. 'Never say you're tired,' he said. 'I never say I'm tired. You say you're tired, and pretty soon you get to feeling sorry for yourself, and then you're through.' It's true, too, he never says he's tired, though he does three men's work. . . . Now here's something I can say that is surely a compliment. I don't think I've ever asked the Speaker for a judgment about anything, a political matter or a personal matter, that he's ever been wrong."

On foreign policy, and his relations with the Eisenhower Administration:

"We've junked the old Taft practice—that the duty of the opposition is to oppose. As a result, some people say I've been petticoatin' around with Eisenhower. Well, that's not true. Take foreign policy. I feel that the Administration is not giving the country the leadership it deserves. . . . But I want to make absolutely sure that the Communists don't play one branch of the Government against the other, or one party off against the other, as happened in the Korean war. I've read the Constitution. I know where the basic responsibility for foreign policy lies.

"The real danger is that the other side is going to underestimate us—it's happened before. The danger is they'll think we're fat and fifty and fighting among ourselves about free enterprise and socialism and all that. We might mislead them, so they'll think, these Americans are just the country-club crowd. That's a mistake our enemies have made before."

On the rewards of his job:

"It's my job in the Senate to keep the thing moving. You might say it's my job to prove that democracy can work. You have a lot of work to do with a lot of different people—Republicans as well as Democrats. But it gives you a sense of achievement, like almost nothing else, when the system is working the way it ought to work."

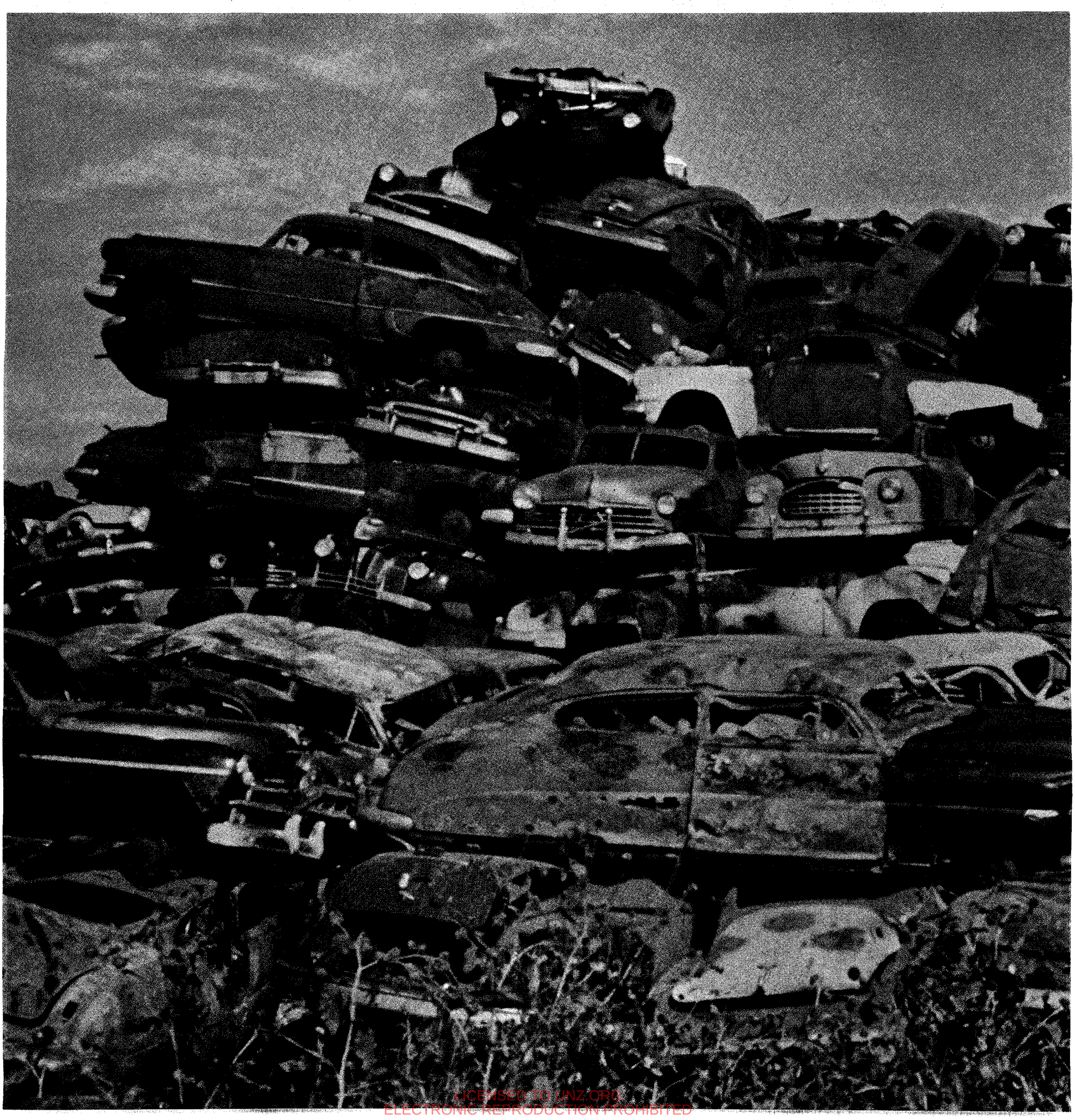
And here is Johnson when Alsop asked him where he got his extraordinary drive:

"Well, I suppose you'd call it pride. Almost everybody has pride—I suppose you want to do a good job as a writer. But some people have it in an unusual degree."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

Last Parking Place



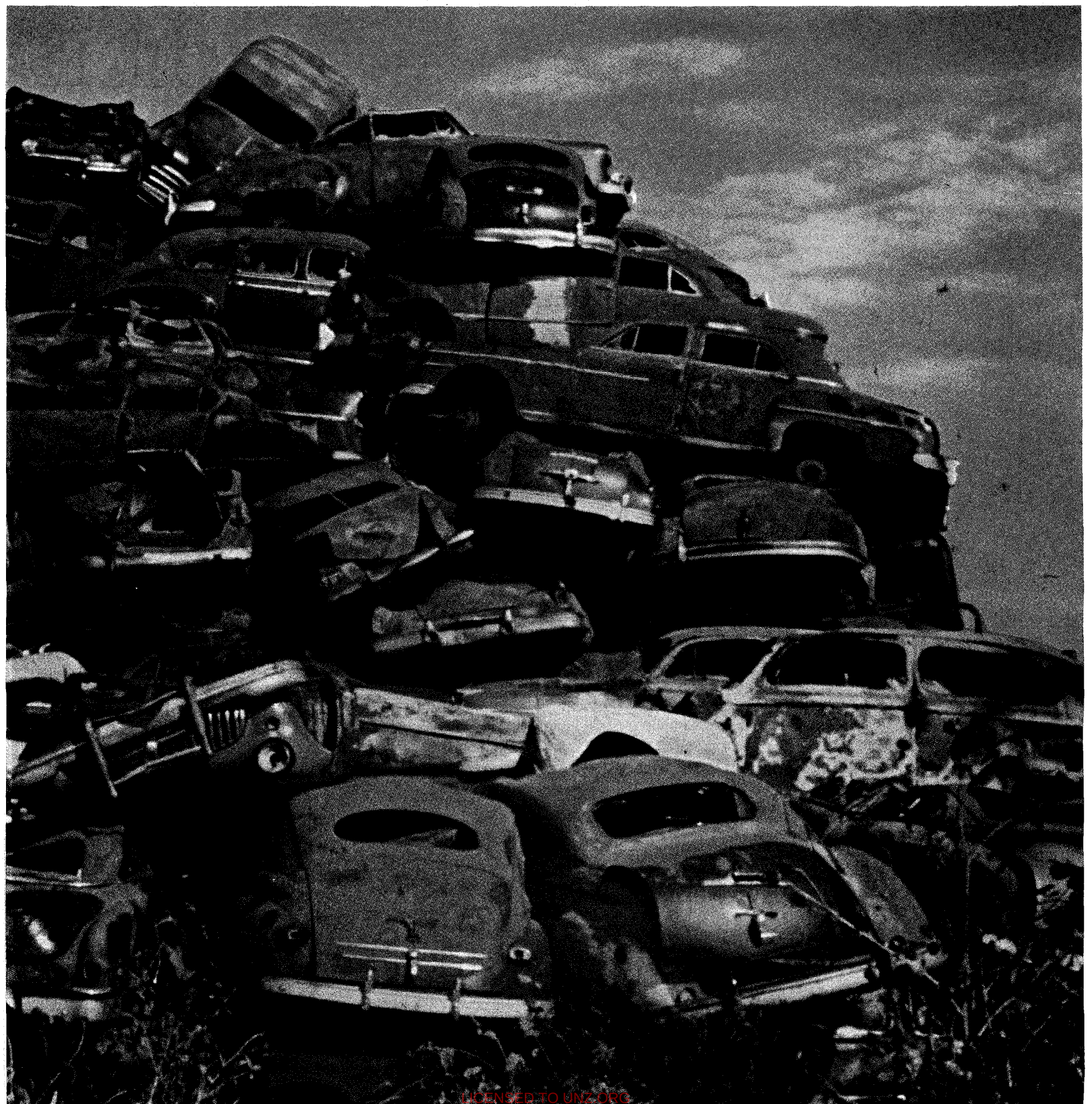
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shiny and new they rolled off assembly lines into the hands of prideful owners. At first, dented fenders were intolerable; blemishes were instantly eradicated, rattles banished as soon as they appeared. But as the cars grew older, the marks of age accumulated. Yesterday's dreamboat became today's "transportation."

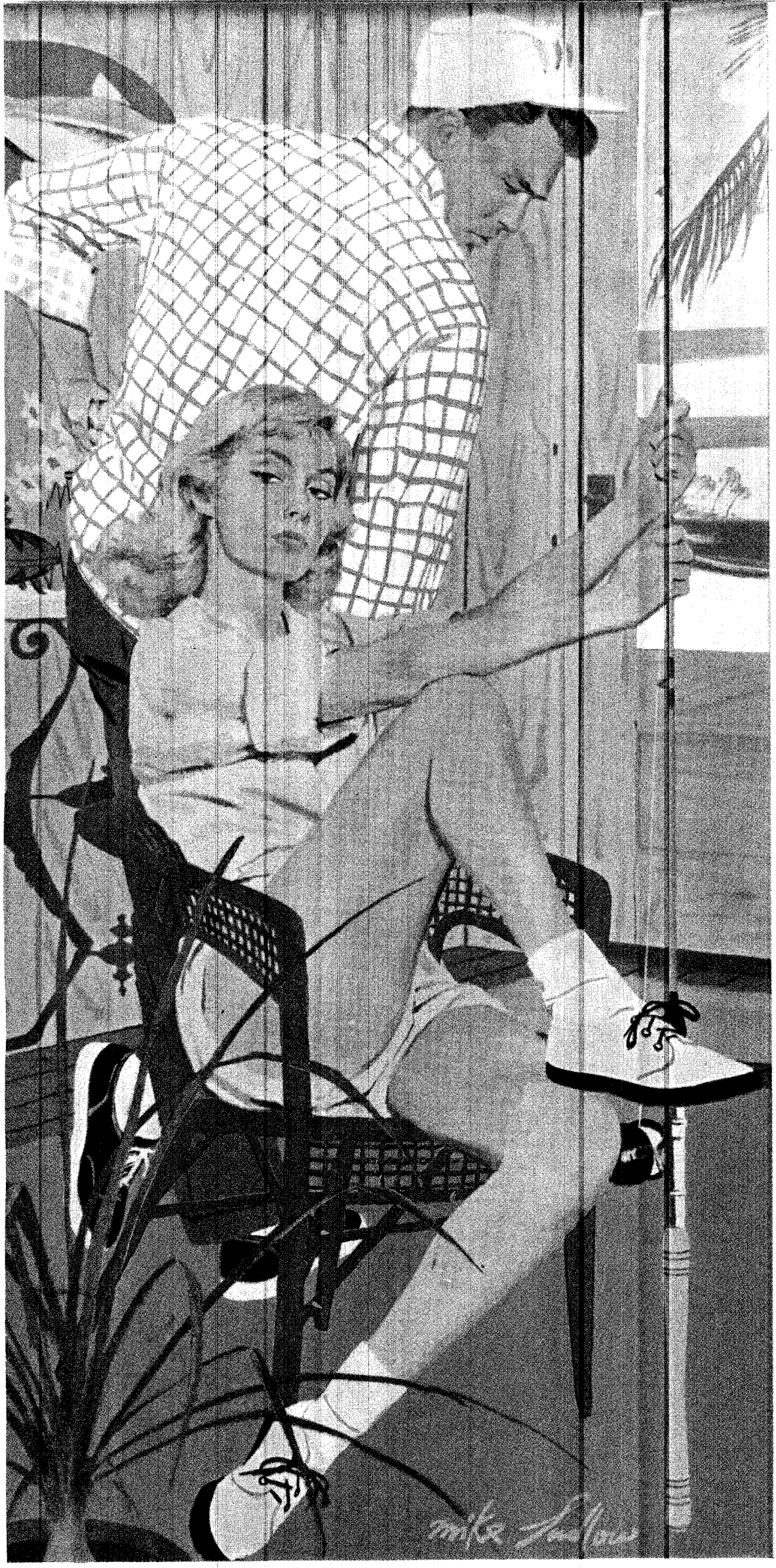
They passed from owner to owner. The attention they received became more casual. Dents remained; rust spots grew; rattles became a part of each car's personality. Still they faithfully performed their assigned functions—crisscrossing millions of miles of highway, taking children to school, sweethearts on dates, wives to supermarkets, salesmen on their appointed rounds.

This is the end. Stripped of their vitals, their upholstery burned out, they are here heaped on the lot of the Newtown Iron and Steel Corporation at Jamaica, Long Island. A giant compressor will squeeze them impartially into 600-pound blocks of scrap.

The scrap will be added to new steel, and soon the substance of these automobiles will go on to new uses. Perhaps the next new skyscraper you see rising may be made, in part, of your old family car. ◎ Photograph by Ron Hyman



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"What are you?" Casey growled, "a woman or James Cagney?"

THE LADY'S CHOICE

Pamela had to decide whether she wanted to be independent—or be a wife.

By BASIL HEATTER

Mr. Carver exploded. His nose, already bright purple from the sun, seemed to swell up like a giant, raspberry lollipop. A vein in his forehead beat like a wrathful tom-tom. When he opened his mouth the roar was everything I might have expected—a real credit to the Chairman of the Board of the Carver Pipe & Steel Co.

"You are P. Smith?" he bellowed like a distraught sea lion.

"I certainly am," I said.

"But you're a woman!"

"Right again, Mr. Carver."

"P. Smith," he groaned. "P for Pauline, I suppose."

"Pamela."

"Well, you got me here on false pretenses, Pauline or Pamela or Philomena or whatever you are. I've never fished with a woman yet, and I ain't gonna start now." His grammar was fast giving way before the flood of his wrath.

"I don't think there are any false pretenses involved, Mr. Carver. You wrote to P. Smith, fishing guide. I didn't say anything in my answer about being a man."

"But you didn't say you were a woman either," he growled in his business-is-eight-per-cent-behind-the-last-quarter voice.

"I take it that you've hired guides before now, Mr. Carver."

"I sure have."

"How many?"

"Dozens."

"All by mail?"

"Certainly by mail. I'm a busy man. My secretary handles these things."

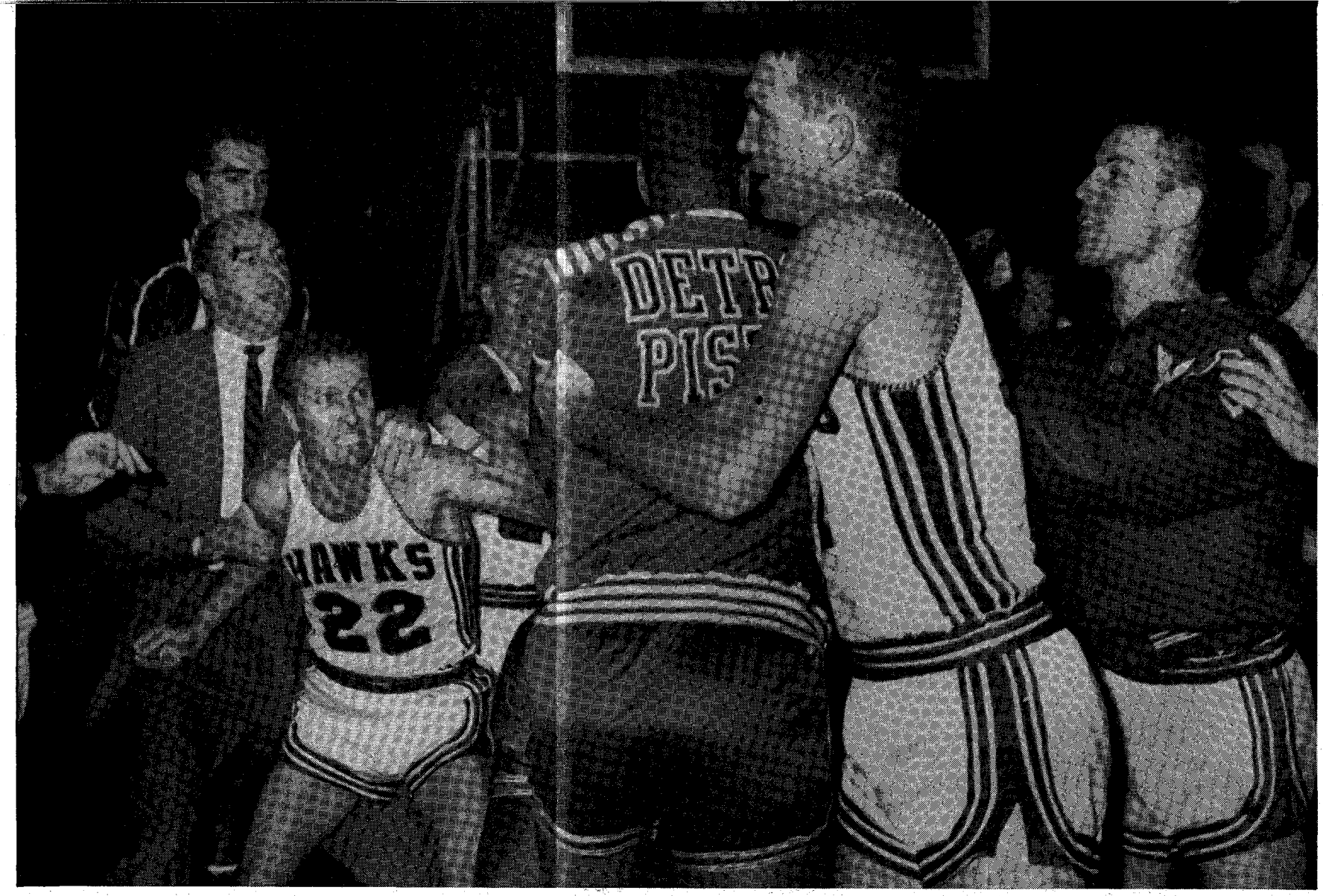
"And how many of them stated in their replies that they were male?"

"None."

"Well, there you are."

Mr. Carver's nose had now taken on a really alarming color. It looked like an overripe tomato on an August day. "But they weren't women, dammit," he bellowed. (Continued on Page 59)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Despite his relatively miniature stature, Martin (No. 22) is not afraid of giants. Here he squares off at the Pistons' seven-foot Walter Dukes (blocked from view).

The story of Slater Martin, oldest and smallest man in the National Basketball Association. Never a top scorer, he's still one of the game's most valuable players.

Basketball's Little Whirlwind

By Stanley Frank

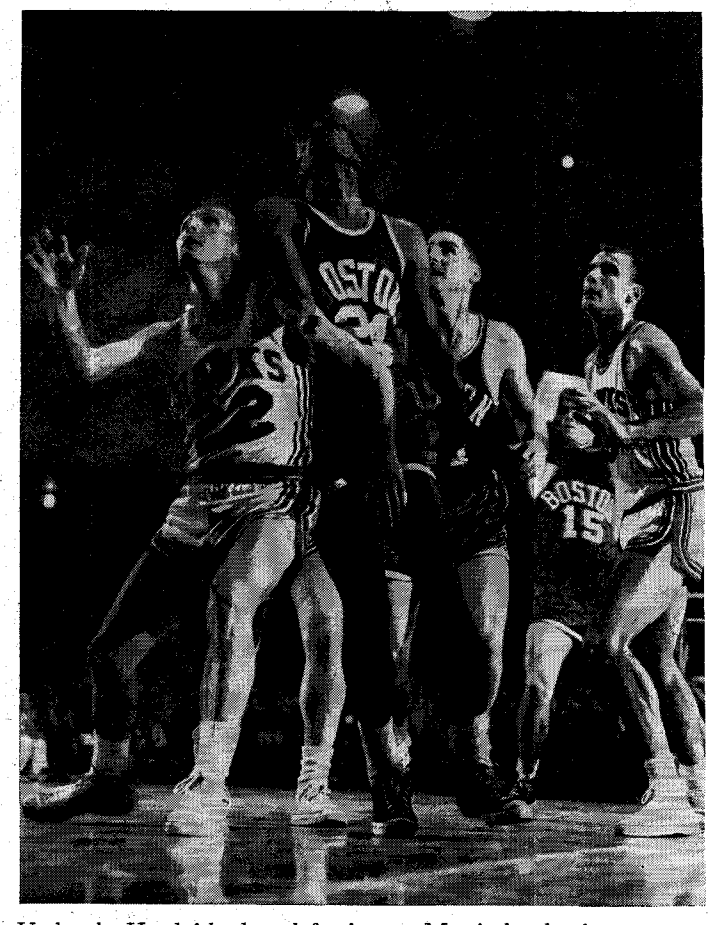
Professional basketball is a singular business dominated by youths who are seven feet tall on tiptoe and can ring up points with the regularity of pinball machines. In such company, Slater Martin seems as miscast as Brigitte Bardot portraying a missionary lady who introduced Mother Hubbards to the South Seas aborigines.

For ten years Martin has been one of the smallest players in the National Basketball Association—a runt of five-ten among hulks averaging six-five in height. At thirty-three, he is the oldest major-leaguer in a game that saps stamina with frantic running. Poor vision has always impaired his scoring, and contact lenses have not improved his shooting.

A sensible man, confronted by these limitations, would have been disabused of the notion of playing basketball for a living. Martin, a stubborn type, plugged away, and now here he is, getting more money and recognition with the St. Louis Hawks than ever before in his career. He has an affinity for winning that cannot be evaluated by the scoring statistics. Such stars as Bob Cousy, Paul Arizin, Dolph Schayes and Ed Macauley, who all broke into the league either with Martin or a year later, have played on only one championship team each. When the Hawks won out over the Boston Celtics in the final playoffs last April, it was Martin's fifth championship—a total unmatched by any man in the N.B.A. today.

"Martin has been the key man of my team for two years," says Ben Kerner, owner of the Hawks. "Look at the facts. We were in last place when we got him in a trade in December, 'Fifty-six. Four months later we came within a point of

(Continued on Page 64)



Under the Hawks' basket, defensive ace Martin battles the Celtics' Sam Jones for the rebound. "Anyone who's willing to hustle can do a decent job on defense," says Slater.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOREIGN LANGUAGES THE EASY WAY

By THOMAS J. NAUGHTON

Spanish teacher Vera Villegas drills her class of responsive second-graders at Hicksville, L.I.

Above is language specialist Filomena Peloro. She set up the Hackensack language program.

This New Jersey community teaches French or Spanish to every child in its elementary schools. And the kids learn them almost as well as they do English.

The classroom was the old-fashioned kind, big and high-ceilinged. As I sat down toward the back of it the fourth-graders—about twenty-five of them—were clearing their flip-top desks of books and papers. At the front of the room the regular classroom teacher, a placid-looking lady with graying hair, sat at her desk doing some paper work. During this next period she, like me, would be only a bystander—and there would be no class activity except talk.

The talk was what I had come to listen to. For some time I'd been hearing about classes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

in foreign languages for grammar-school children. I was curious to see one in action. But I wanted a fair sample—not a class of whiz kids, or of children who might have learned to speak another language at home. This class, in an ordinary public school in Hackensack, New Jersey, filled the bill—average American-speaking ten-year-olds in a normal American-speaking town, about to have a lesson in Spanish.

Into the room swept a dark-haired, attractive young woman—Miss Filomena Peloro, in charge of Hackensack's grammar-school foreign-language classes, whom I had met a little while earlier. She was carrying a couple of dolls in Spanish dress, a little map of Spain drawn on cardboard, and a few other odds and ends. She flashed a bright smile.

"*¡Buenos días, niños!*" she called out cheerfully.

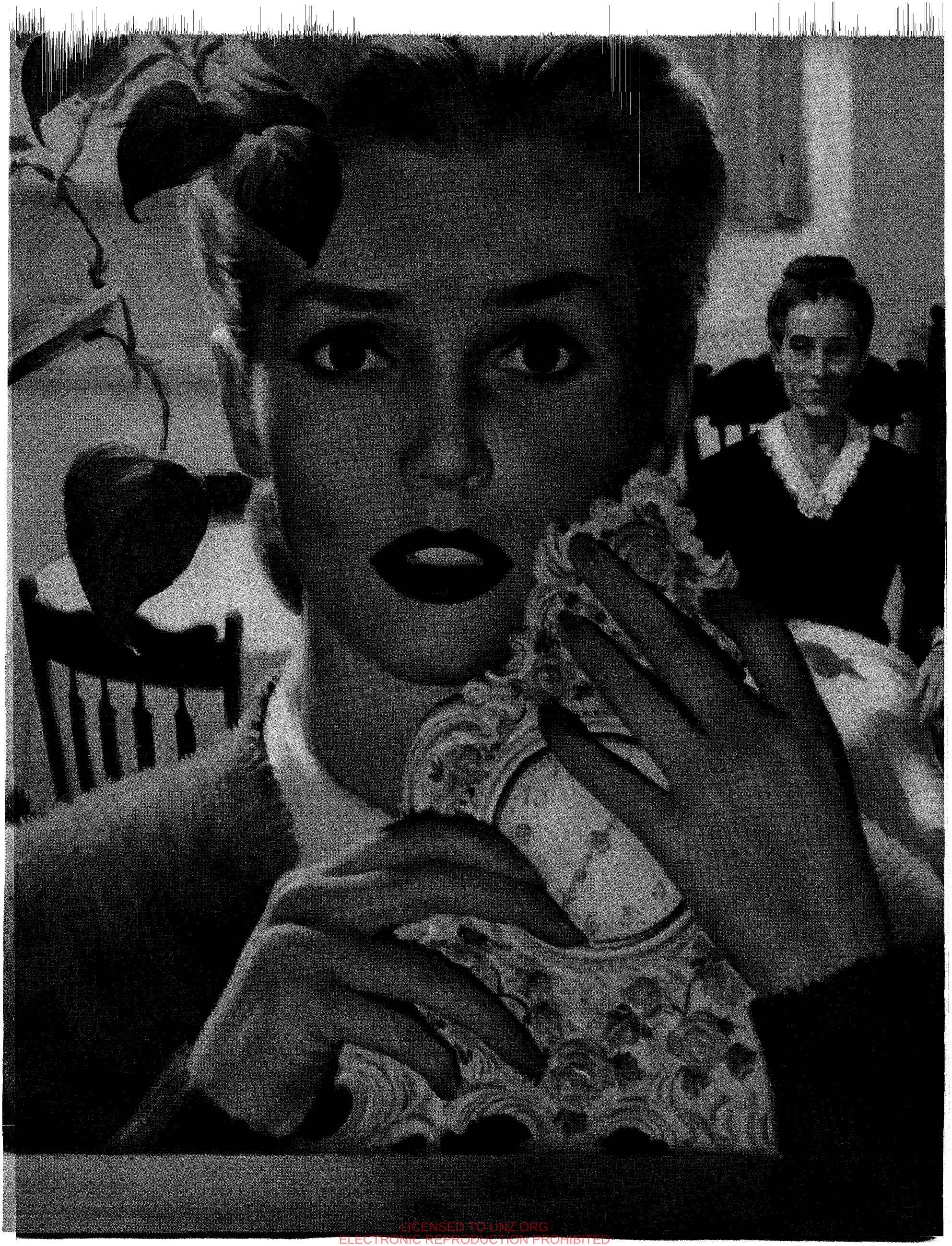
"*¡Buenos días, señorita!*" chorused the kids. The class was under way.

Spanish began to rattle around the room—teacher to pupil to teacher, pupil to pupil, back and forth. I know a little Spanish, but all I could do was stare; the talk was much too fast for me to follow. Holding up the dolls, Miss Peloro asked (Continued on Page 62)

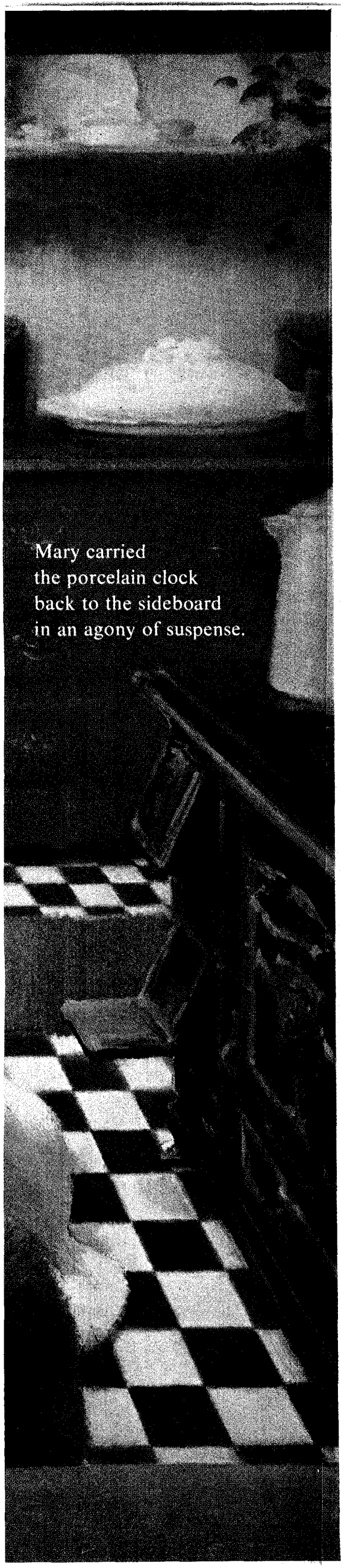
These second-grade children are speaking French with Madeleine Devitt of the Hackensack school s

The emphasis is on the accent. Below, Doris Dunn works on pronunciation with a group of Hackensack's first-grade Spanish students.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mary carried the porcelain clock back to the sideboard in an agony of suspense.

By JAN COX SPEAS

The Family Nobody Liked

The son always scowled and his mother nagged. Then they hired a girl who wanted desperately to please.

She stepped down from the bus into the hard brilliance of a late afternoon in autumn. With the uncertainty of the stranger, she took a few steps, then hesitated beside one of the benches lining the sidewalk. Dropping the flimsy suitcase, she rubbed her hand and wrist absently.

Behind her the bus choked noisily to life and moved away. Closer to tears than she had been since she left the hospital, she cradled her arm against her body and took a deep, steadying breath.

The town looked alien and indifferent. The old courthouse drowsed under its crimson elms, and at the bottom of the street she caught a glimpse of the river, the far side glittering in the sun while the nearer bank darkened in the long shadows. Across the street were stores and a bright yellow gas station, but they seemed deserted. It was impossible to believe that such a person as Ben Fletcher existed, or that the café he had told her about was anything but a shadowy fantasy she had conjured up out of desperation.

Then a man came out of the courthouse and walked toward her. He reached the bench where she stood and walked around her; he glanced at her as he passed, a swift incurious look, and went on to the corner. He paused there. Then he turned and came back.

Feeling very conspicuous, she picked up the suitcase, trying to look like a person who knew where she was going.

He stopped before her. Then he said, "Can I help you?"

The knowledge that she could not even deceive a stranger was somehow worse than all the rest. She stopped, too weary to lie. "I'm looking for Ben Fletcher," she said flatly.

"Then you're heading in the wrong direction." He reached for the suitcase and took her arm to turn her. "I'll show you."

"Don't bother," she said quickly. "I'll find him myself."

"It's no bother," he said. "Would you like to sit down first and rest for a few minutes?"

For a moment she thought she would cry. "No," she said finally. "It's just that the trip was so long, and I ——" She didn't finish; once again it seemed too much of an effort to lie.

Crossing the street, he led her past the gas station and then turned a corner and stopped. "This is it," he said, and held the door open for her.

She looked at him directly for the first time. He was a tall, heavy-shouldered young man with a dark face and scowling black brows; everything about him, from the deep lines around his mouth to the big calloused hands, seemed grim and harsh. But his eyes were a clear cool gray.

"I expect you'll find Ben in the back," he said. "Ask one of the girls."

Going inside, she watched as he put the suitcase down behind the door. Then he turned to her again and smiled. It was a brief smile, but she saw at once that the deep lines in his face had not, after all, been etched there by harshness.

"Good luck," he said.

Startled, she wondered if he had only to look at her to know all about her, to know that she had (Continued on Page 72)

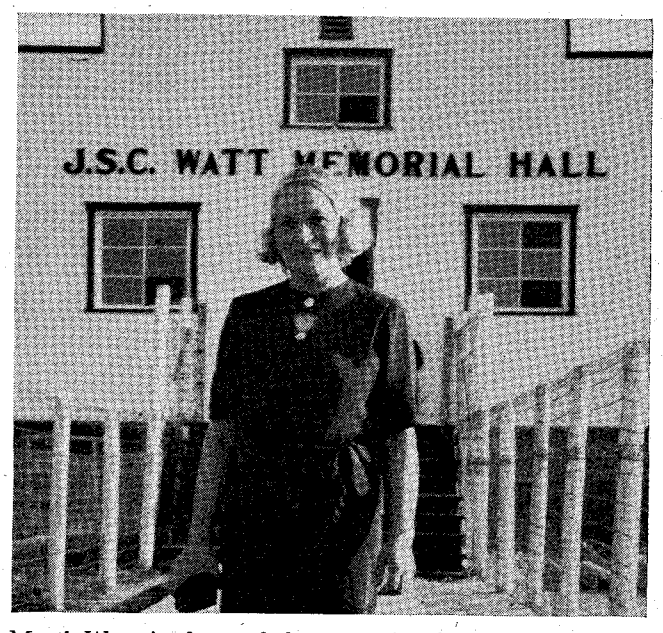
Illustrated by R. G. Harris

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Angel of Hudson Bay

The true story of Maud Watt and her courageous husband, who saved a people from extinction.

By WILLIAM ASHLEY ANDERSON



Maud Watt in front of the recreation hall which she gave to the Cree Indians at Rupert House. This is now her home.

The late James Watt (left) with Ralph Parsons, a Hudson's Bay Co. official who strongly supported the campaign to rescue the Crees from starvation.

He had called together the council of the band of Crees who hunted the wilderness around Rupert House on the eastern shore of James Bay and Hudson Bay. They in turn called in their people from the forests and the rivers for an *amis makousham*—a tribal get-together to talk beaver. So here they were, crowded into the old carpenter shop of little Rupert House, the Hudson's Bay Company post which Jimmy Watt had managed as trader since he came from Fort Chimo in Eskimo land. The tall Scots trader stood with arms folded, his back to the smoky wall, and looked thoughtfully at the pack of anxious and hungry Indians. Some were in frayed rabbit skins, some in tattered checked shirts for which they were still in debt to the store. All were hungry. Some were starving. And many were without hope, for this was in 1932, before the beaver had come back.

Five years before, Jimmy and his wife, Maud Maloney Watt, first realized that catastrophe was beginning to stalk the Indians. It was not sudden catastrophe. It was rather like a slow, creeping mold that brought paralysis and the hush of death along the shores and into the forests. Indians—gaunt, apprehensive, wasting away from the diseases of malnutrition—had begun to haunt the post. The trader could not forget that time, for there in the crowd he saw Fred Katapaituk, whose thirteen children had all died, and there (Continued on Page 80)

At left, below, with two Cree beaver trappers, is J. Armand Tremblay, Director of Fur Service, Quebec. He was one of the Watts' stanchest allies.

LICENSED TO GHL.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bob aimed his body at an imaginary spot above the plunger and dived.

DYNAMITE DALTON

By PAT PATTERSON

They thought he was a quiet, peace-loving man—and he was, up to a point.

It was a crying shame. That's what folks around Gerney Rapids said afterward. For three years they had waited to see young Bob Dalton step off the eastbound bus and lock horns with his father. And when it finally happened, they slept through it all.

Perhaps it was just as well. Perhaps it was a good thing that Bob Dalton arrived back from the Korean War early the morning after the Saturday-night dance. By rights, folks shouldn't have expected Bob to stand up to Moose Dalton—not after the way Moose had trounced Bob's older brother, Paul, when Paul came back from the other war. But the folks around the little logging community hadn't talked about that fight for years. Instead, they would remark how quiet and soft-spoken Bob Dalton was. They said it was the quiet ones that got the job done. Folks said Bob Dalton was the man to take the starch out of his bullying father—even though Bob was the youngest and smallest of the Dalton clan.

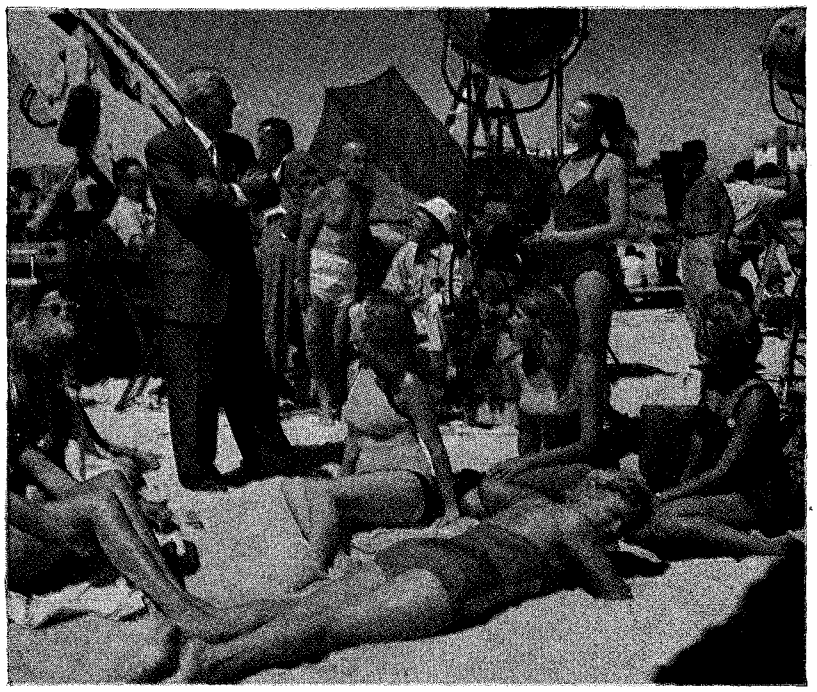
Yes, it was just as well that they didn't see Bob push back his hat to Moose Dalton out there in front of the Gerney Rapids Hotel.

The trouble was that Bob was scared. It showed in the way his lean, khaki-clad frame was backed hard against the gritty fender of the red pickup. It showed in the way he kept brushing at his dark, close-cropped hair; in the tiny muscle that wouldn't lie still in the upper part of his combat-hollowed cheek. And, worst of all, as he spoke, the inveterate fear of his father crashed through the control of his voice.

"I didn't mean to rattle your chain, dad; all I said was ——"

"All you said was, you ain't takin' orders from me no more." (Continued on Page 54)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



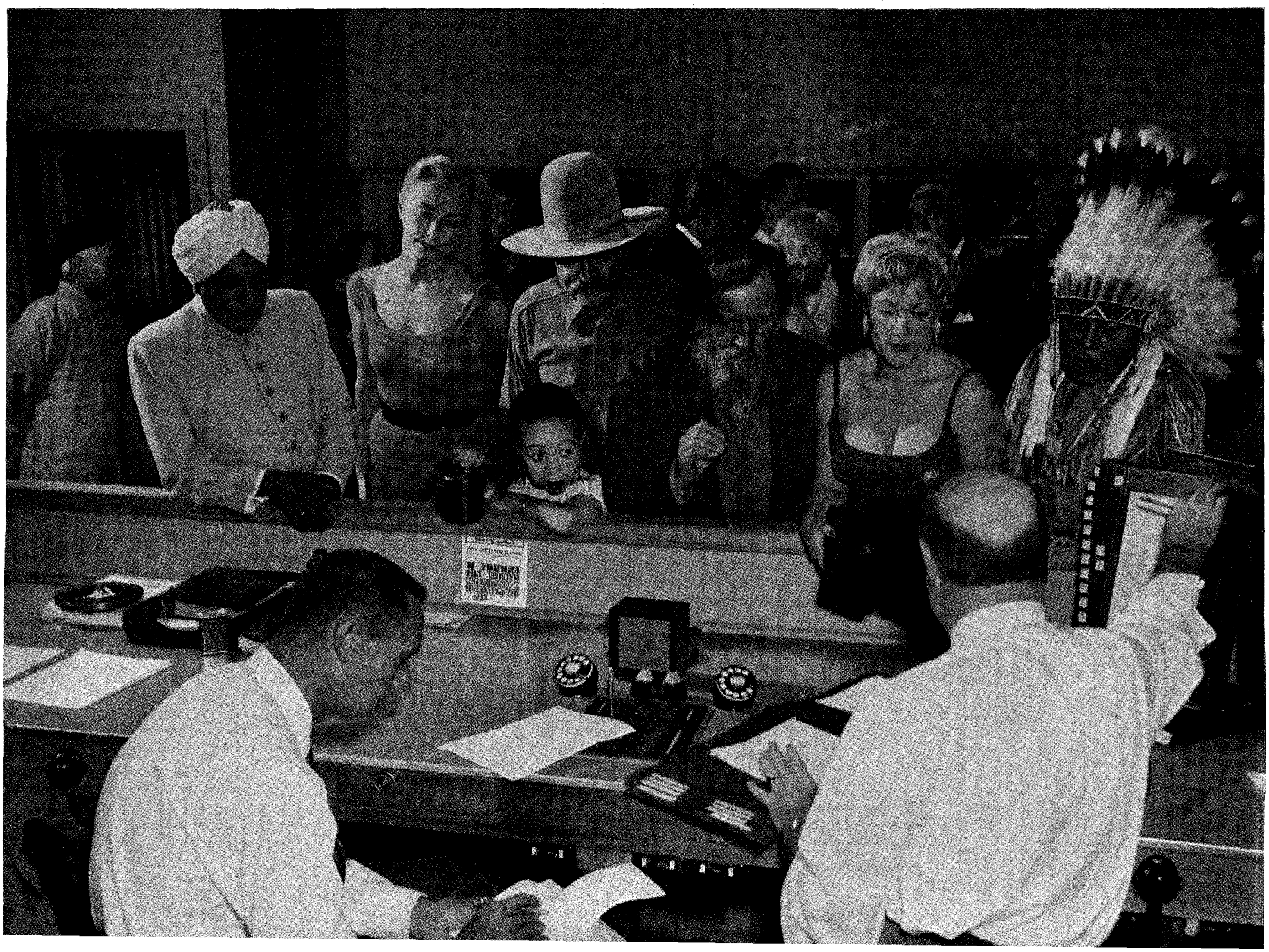
In business suit above is Art Bronson, head of Central Casting. Here he is on location with bathing beauties his agency supplied for the film Imitation of Life.

So You Want to be a Hollywood Extra

The Central Casting Bureau has on tap one of the world's most varied assortments of human types. Few of them make much money, but most still dream of someday becoming a star.

By LEE EDSON

At Central Casting below are, from left: R. Lal Singh, a Hindu writer and lecturer; showgirl Joan Genther; Charlotte Sullivan, a midget; cowboy Tom Smith; Robert Michaels, a former lumberjack; restaurant cashier Helene Drake; and Chris Willowbird, a full-blooded Indian whose movie career began in 1906.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs by Gene Lester

Every workday around half past three in the afternoon Central Casting in Hollywood starts to hum. Teletypewriters chatter. Phones ring; computing machines whir. And orders roll in from movie studios with what are probably the oddest demands ever directed to an employment agency. Paramount wants five stately Japanese girls; Warner Brothers needs an athletic midget; 20th Century-Fox wants a dozen clean-cut American youths with their own black shoes; and Disney is in a hurry for a newborn baby.

Art Bronson, the stocky, silver-haired manager of Central Casting, who after seventeen years has learned to look at his queer business with a tolerant eye, glances casually at these orders which emerge daily from the studios' "three-o'clock meetings" and passes them quickly to his casting directors. Half an hour later a remarkable operation goes into effect. Over the casting-room intercom system come in rapid-fire order the names of extras who have been instructed to phone in between four and seven P.M. Central Casting, which claims to run the busiest switchboard in Hollywood, handles up to 4000 calls an hour. Central's directors know everyone phoning in, what he looks like and what he can do and wear; and, operating entirely from memory, they compare the name with the studio call and make up their minds in seconds. If a casting director says try later, the extra hangs up and phones again. He keeps on phoning every fifteen minutes until he "fits a call," or knows there is no work that day.

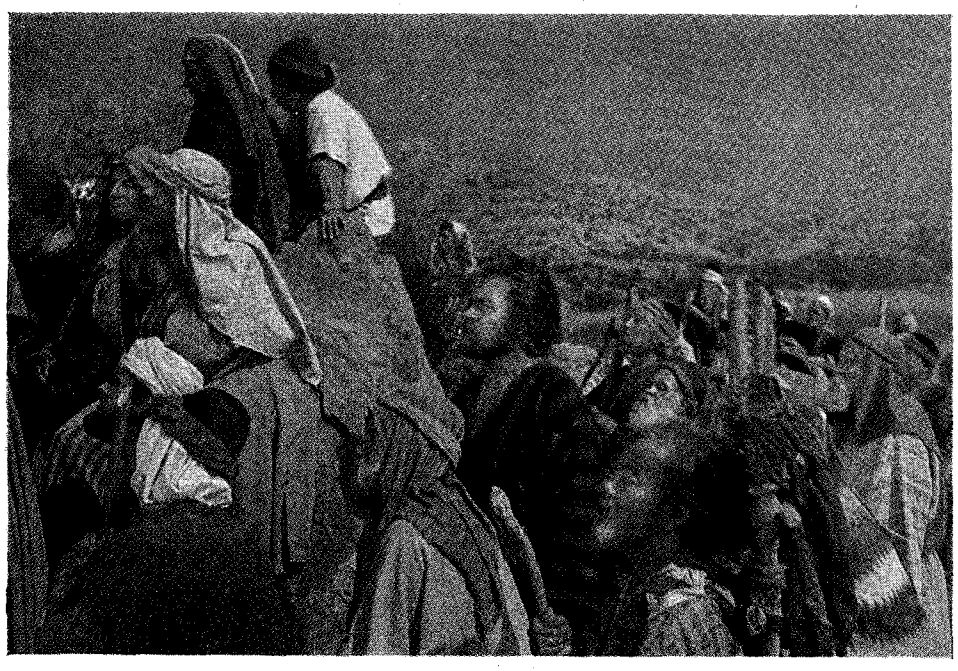
Within three hours by means of this curious but efficient routine, Central Casting will have found and alerted each person requisitioned by the studios. The following morning they will all be on the movie set armed with pay vouchers and ready to perform before the cameras.

Central Casting, a no-fee agency which has been in business for thirty-two years, has a reputation for supplying its clients—the ten major movie studios—with virtually any kind, shape and size of human being, and doing it in a hurry. On its current list of 3000 are not only the chorus girls, cowboys and college lads who make up the crowds, posses, and other familiar background of films, but also such offbeat characters as turbaned snake charmers, elephant riders, Indian dancers, and cauliflower-eared ex-pugilists. Central has a list of children, and another list of octogenarians. It can even furnish parts of people, such as a military back, a pair of poker-dealing hands or the finest surgical fingers outside an operating room.

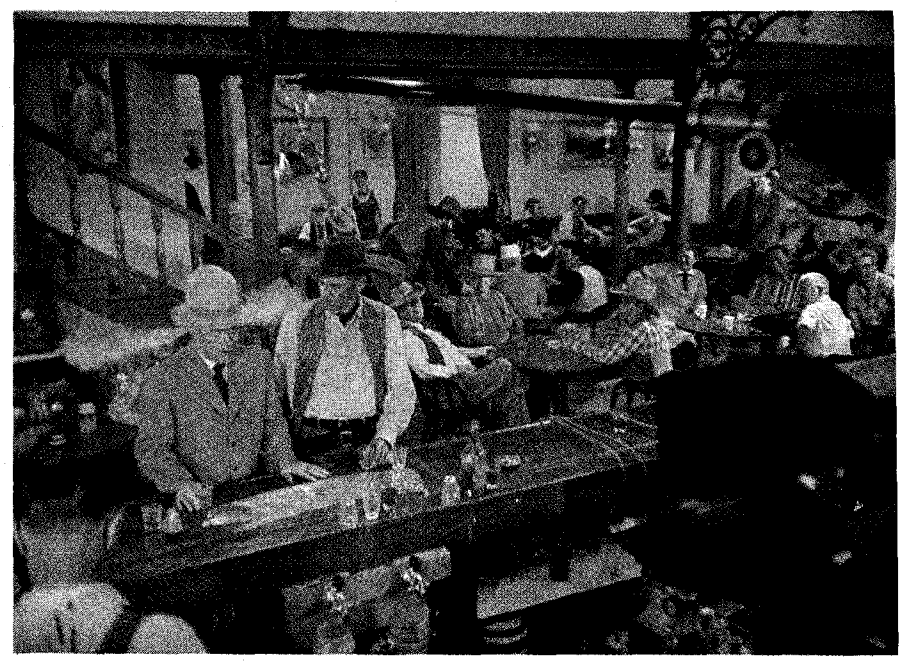
Bronson never knows what a studio will ask next, but he says, "We've never failed to fill a request, and I doubt we ever will."

Bronson will admit, however, that on occasion his optimism has been somewhat shaken. A few years ago, for instance, during the filming of The Ten Commandments, director Cecil B. De Mille wanted 300 muscular men to act as guards and litter bearers. Central sent down some of its heftiest characters, but De Mille didn't think they were muscular enough. "I want men, not sparrows," he said flatly.

Central finally solved the problem by going to Muscle Beach, a stretch of Santa Monica coast where California's strong men flip, flex and vault to (Continued on Page 77)



During the filming of The Big Fisherman, star Howard Keel (center, as Peter) and a bewhiskered cast listen to the Sermon on the Mount. Extras with natural beards get added pay.



In a saloon where the patrons are extras, comedian Bob Hope blows smoke through his ears in a bit of stage business for the film Alias Jesse James.

As barflies in the movie Al Capone (starring Rod Steiger, in shirt sleeves) the extras had to gulp down quantities of real beer, even though the scene was shot at breakfast time.

Extra Bill McCoy (on stage coach at right) earned a $39.28 bonus for catching Robert Taylor's bag during this scene from The Hangman.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAUGHT BETWEEN THE LINES

By W. DOUGLAS LANSFORD

The stubborn little family clung to their house in no man's land. They lived with death all around them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Look at them!" Poole said. "They're at it again!"

I won't lie and say I liked or disliked him at first sight. The fact is I thought him a rather funny-looking, not-too-sharp kid. Not that his fatigues weren't creased and his paratrooper boots shined as though he'd just come off parade, instead of up from a battalion headquarters on the Korean front lines.

He was about twenty-five, I'd have guessed. But I didn't have to guess at whether or not he had ears. What he had were two, round, pink radar antennae sticking out from the sides of a freckled, baby face. The fact that he didn't smile, that his brown hair was crew-cut, showing his head to be almost a perfect cantaloupe, and that his eyes were tiny and as serious as a Chihuahua challenging a Saint Bernard, didn't help things one little bit. And then he spoke—and that really did it!

"Sergeant," he squeaked in a voice that sounded as though it was still in the process of changing, "I'm Lt. George Poole. Get somebody to unload my gear, and show me where the C.O. hangs out!"

He was standing, legs spread, hands on hips, his steel helmet hanging on his canteen, which in turn was attached to a web belt on which also hung a service forty-five and a regulation carbine bayonet knife. I'd be crowding it to say he was five feet five, but his manner was easily something over eight feet ten—and no mistake.

I looked down at him and nodded. "O.K., sir! Follow me!"

"My gear," he said. "Let's not forget my gear. And if you rugged front-line types can't salute, let's at least show you can still approximate an attention—shall we?"

I found out some interesting facts about Lt. George Poole just as soon as I could shake him at the command dugout. The guy who'd driven his jeep up had picked him up at a hospital unit some three miles behind the lines, where the polished little runt had been an officer of the guard. That added, but it was just our unit's luck. He was being assigned to us as the new platoon commander.

"Is he going to hold full-dress parade every morning, sergeant?" asked Hoop Keeler sourly. Hoop was a big, (Continued on Page 66)

Illustrated by Douglass Crockwell

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Makes Basic Research Basic?

By HANS SELYE

INSTITUT DE MÉDECINE ET DE CHIRURGIE EXPÉRIMENTALES
UNIVERSITÉ DE MONTRÉAL, MONTRÉAL, CANADA

Until recently most of us engaged in basic research saw no reason to explain our work or our motives to the public. We felt there was something vulgar in discussing our peculiar problems with people not fully prepared to appreciate all the fine technical points and that it would be an immodest bid for attention. We felt that the singular world of basic research could be understood only by those who live in it. To attempt to explain it in lay language seemed hopeless and even childish—as futile and naïve as to expound the current problems of the American automobile industry to an African chieftain who had never seen either America or an automobile. Now, however, as Bertrand Russell puts it, "Not only will men of science have to grapple with the sciences that deal with man but—and this is a far more difficult matter—they will have to persuade the world to listen to what they have discovered. If they cannot succeed in this difficult enterprise, man will destroy himself by his halfway cleverness."

The basic research of today produces both the lifesaving drugs and the destructive weapons of tomorrow. Its outcome will affect everybody, and in a democracy whose people decide how wealth shall be distributed everybody shares the responsibility of developing the nation's scientific potential. But how can anybody vote intelligently without some grasp of the problems bearing upon that development?

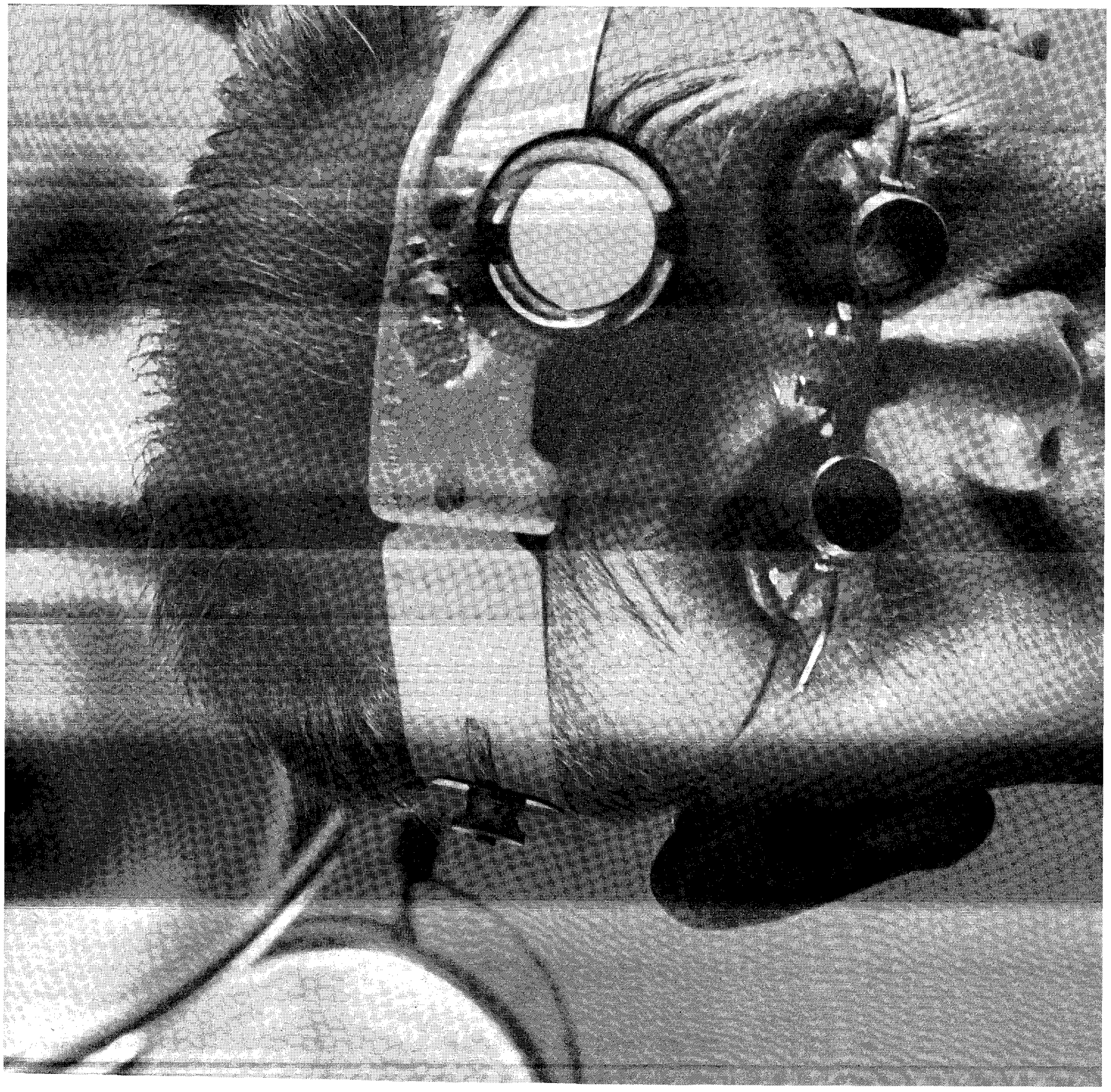
Bridging the gap between the scientist and the general public will not be easy. The former will have to learn to translate his problems into a language meaningful to the layman; the latter will have to realize that, however simplified, the essence of basic research cannot be assimilated without mental effort.

What is basic research? Charles E. Wilson, the former Secretary of Defense, defined it as what you do "when you don't know what you're doing," a sarcasm presumably intended to justify the inadequacy of financial support for basic research. More commonly, *CONTINUED ON PAGE 78*

About the Author

With the discovery—popularly expounded in his book, The Stress of Life—that the human organism has innate defenses against fatigue, pain and disease, Dr. Hans Selye influenced the entire course of modern medicine. His findings have been ranked beside those of Pasteur, Koch and Ehrlich. A Viennese by birth and a naturalized Canadian subject, Doctor Selye now directs the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery at the University of Montreal. Photograph by Arnold Newman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Secret of Glacier River

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Ravenhill didn't want to rely on this emotional girl who mistrusted him. But he had to.

"Look, Ravenhill," Marshal Wiggins said, "Foley don't intend you should leave Glacier Lake alive."

Ravenhill had flown to the Alaskan lake from Doctor Craig's camp just across the border in Canada. His mission: To get proof of Flynn Foley's vicious plot against the scientist and his daughter Carol. Unknown to the doctor, a fortune in gold lay under his important archaeological diggings. Foley, in league with the doctor's assistant, Dud Jessop, secretly prevented the recording of the scientist's claim to the land, substituting his own. The next day he would order the doctor off the archaeological bench and destroy the diggings with his gold-sluicing machinery.

When Ravenhill arrived at the lake he suddenly found himself a prisoner of his old nemesis, Marshal Wiggins, who was mysteriously subservient to Foley. But Wiggins regretted his involvement with Foley and begged the captive to help him. This was the chance Ravenhill was waiting for. But first he insisted the marshal reveal the nature of his link to Foley. Ravenhill's life depended on Wiggins' answer.

III

They paused briefly for lunch. The marshal did not take the time to heat the coffee. They resumed their card playing, while Ravenhill's inner tension mounted. He had awaited many showdowns, but none with greater stakes than those impending here.

It was around two o'clock when the marshal threw down his cards in a bitterly humorous gesture of defeat.

"All right," he said. "You've outheld me. I'll tell you how it stands with Flynn and me."

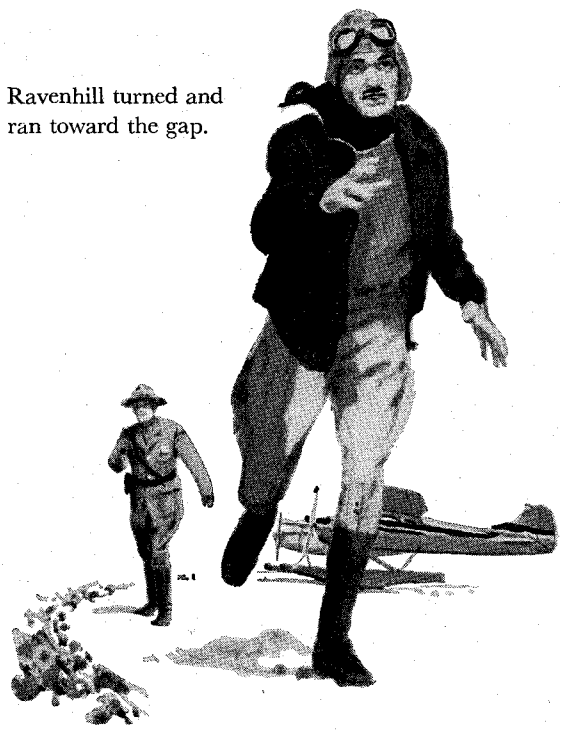
Ravenhill sat back, relaxed, his cigarette poised. "Proceed."

"Flynn and I were pardners before I went into the service," Wiggins said. "When we were both young, reckless and full of beans. I don't mean partners—it's *pardners*, a word cheechakos don't understand. You know what it means."

Ravenhill nodded. "You froze and starved together. You saved each other's lives on the trail. You ate dog meat."

"But our trails split after I was sworn in," the marshal went on. "I chose my way and Flynn chose his, and Flynn's was a hard way. I knew he was a criminal at heart, and it came out fast, after we split up. But three-four weeks ago I made my big mistake. Flynn came to me ——"

He paused and slowed to a halt. It was coming hard. Ravenhill sat motionless, waiting.



Ravenhill turned and ran toward the gap.

"Flynn came to me with a proposition," the marshal went on. "He had a sure thing, up here on Glacier River. He showed me a sample of the gold. He didn't mention bone hunters. He had to have eight thousand more capital—fast, to start washing the ground. He swore he could return it in thirty days. I believed him—and loaned him the eight thousand."

"You mean," Ravenhill accused, "that solely because you'd invested eight thousand in the venture ——"

"No," the old marshal said. "I'd give ten times that, if I had it, to be back where I was thirty days ago." Now, finally, he came to the crux of it. "The eight thousand wasn't mine. It was Government money. Part of an estate, in cash, that I hadn't turned over yet. I borrowed it and loaned it to Flynn."

"My word!" Ravenhill said. "That was an error, certainly. This eight thousand has to be returned—when?"

"Within thirty days. When I retire, my books have to balance." The old marshal lowered his head to his hands. "Can you see now why, when the eight thousand was already spent, and Flynn told me I had to go along with him here ——"

"Yes," Ravenhill said. "You're in a dilemma, and I'm the fly in the ointment. Get rid of me, somehow, short of murder."

He ruminated for a space in silence, toying with the cards, while the marshal peered at him hopefully. "Yeah?" he prompted.

"All I can offer is a gleam through the mist," Ravenhill said. "You'd have to take a long chance. You'd have to place your bets on me to a certain extent. How sincere are you in wanting to be where you were thirty days ago? With a clean record?"

"Name it," the marshal said. "I'm sunk now. Whichever way I go from here, it's bound to get better."

"Very well," Ravenhill said. The time had come to shoot at the moon. "If I should happen to escape, there'd be no need for me to appear in an Alaskan court."

"Flynn wouldn't buy any 'escape' business," the marshal said. "That's why I'm guarding you: Flynn knows I can't let you escape. You'd figure some way to cross up Flynn tomorrow. You might even end up with the whole pot."

"I might," Ravenhill agreed. "Is that bad? For Marshal Wiggins, I mean? Did Flynn Foley consult you before tossing your good name, your thirty years' service and your official scalp into the pot?"

The marshal stared at him. "Keep talking," he invited. "You mean, if you crossed Flynn and somehow ended up with the whole pot ——"

"Of course. You know me, Wiggins. You'd get your ante back. What's eight thousand in a pot of this size?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She turned on him furiously, "D'you expect me to believe a word of this?"

"But how d'you figure you've got a chance at all the loot?"

"Isn't any chance sufficient?" Ravenhill countered.

"Yes," the marshal agreed. "But there's no possible way I could let you 'escape' without Flynn smelling a rat."

"There is a way," Ravenhill said. "No offense, old chap, but an escape could be managed which would enrage Foley, certainly, but wouldn't cause him to suspect you were a party to it. He'd merely charge it to—er ——"

"My dumbness," Marshal Wiggins supplied, without resentment. "I got a record there, that's for sure. But I still can't figure ——"

"No violence is necessary," Ravenhill explained. "If there happened to be a handsaw hanging on the wall yonder, and you happened to be out of hearing, I could drag this bunk over to the wall, saw through this headpost and be on my way. The handcuffs would be inconvenient, but wouldn't restrict my freedom of action."

"Where am I while you're sawing through the bedpost?"

"Pulling my ship higher on the sand. At my request. It looked like it was about to drift away. You'd forgotten about the saw. We all make mistakes."

"Particularly me," the marshal said. "But where'll I say you were heading for?"

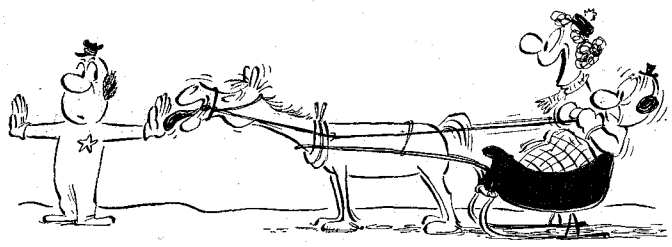
"You don't know," Ravenhill returned. "You found me gone. Let Foley worry."

Minutes later the marshal abruptly rose to his feet. Head (Continued on Page 69)

Illustrated by Mac Conner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts



Winter Sports News on the Local Scene

Maple Street today reported ideal conditions for winter sports as snow fell and crowds of young enthusiasts jammed its superb downhill run with sleds. Here are the reports from the area:

427 Maple. Heavy snowbanks on the north slope of the lawn, with about six inches of good packing on top, excellent for snowballs. There are two well-marked trails. "I told George," says Mrs. Ethel Abernathy, "this was no weather to wear a Homburg."

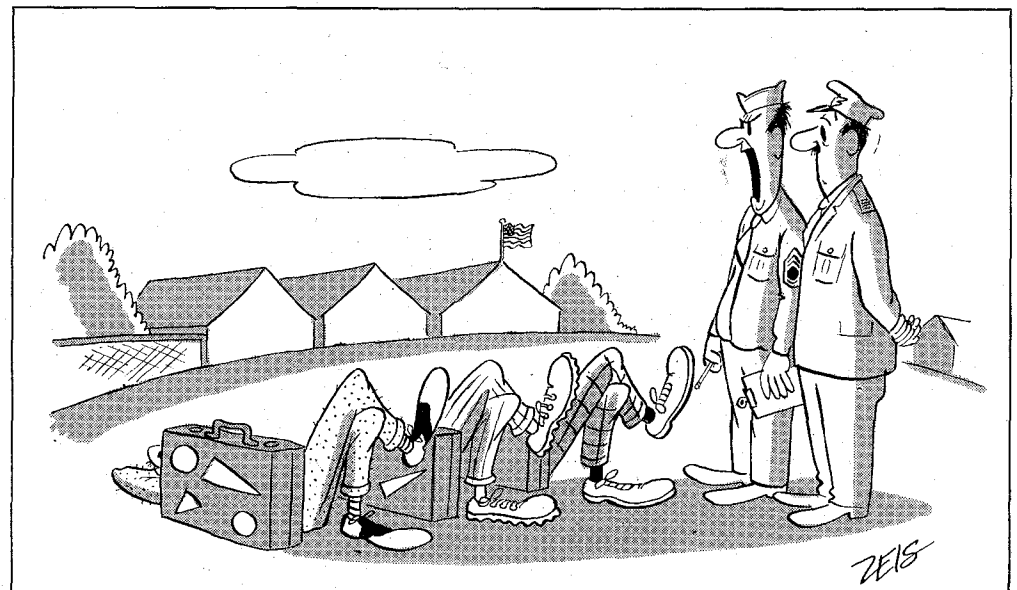
418 Maple. Reports two inches of good powder on the face of Mary Ann Millman, nine, which disappeared when a warming trend developed as Mrs. Henry Millman came upstairs.

415 Maple. "We have deep drifts, just right for snowshoeing, between the front porch and the sidewalk," says Mrs. Alfred Burdock, adding that this was unusual for the area, and that Mr. Burdock would be asked to account for the situation as soon as he got home.

406 Maple. The ice is exceptionally hard and fast between the back door and the clothesline, better known as Sudden Death Run. Mrs. Philip Giddings states, however, that an experienced sportsman can make it in reasonable safety by holding on to the holly bushes with one hand. "Which is why," she explains, "my Christmas decorations look so dog-eared."

Summary. Unchanging weather promises this weekend will see great activity on Maple Street. Early this evening throngs of sports lovers were already seen moving toward snow areas laden with equipment. Says Mr. James Plumpwell, of Plumpwell's Hardware, "I haven't got a shovel left in stock."

RONALD M. DEUTSCH



"That's not what I meant by 'at ease'!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

9 Belated Acknowledgment to '58

The year is new, the month is late,
But I'm still writing '58.

BETTY ISLER

Sing a Song of Significance

Remember the old musical comedies? There were a dozen pretty girls who sang and danced. There were two comedians who told jokes, and there was a plot about how George Van Smerd had to get married within two weeks or lose five million dollars from his father's will. It was all simple, melodious and romantic. Made you feel gay.

No more. Musical comedies have significance today. They mean something. It's like a birthday cake with a summons in the middle of it.

They have subjects like juvenile delinquency and doctors' ethics. Years ago they had one subject: Love.

Recently I saw one whose subject was the sad plight of railroads. Another that died in tryout was about viruses. The one I saw last had the failure of marriage as its subject. Everyone in it was unhappily married and flirting with everyone else. The heroine sang a song like:

"Why is life so lugubrious
When it could be so salubrious?
Why is every butterfly crushed
And every nightingale hushed?
Why is my heart like a bride's leaden biscuit?
Shall I leave my husband? Think I should risk it?
Suppose he might slay me with insect spray
To get the new house we bought jointly today?
Oh, why did I ever wed?
I must have had rocks in my head. . . ."

Then a chorus of homely young girls in blue jeans and green make-up come on and sing:

"Oh, love is a bed of neuroses
Scattered with cactus, not roses.
Love is a crust of moldy bread
Eaten by someone who's touched in the head.
Love is a gimmick
A pain in the stimmick.
Love is a cake that failed to bake,
A bellyache, an obvious fake
That ultimately discloses
Love is a bed of neuroses."

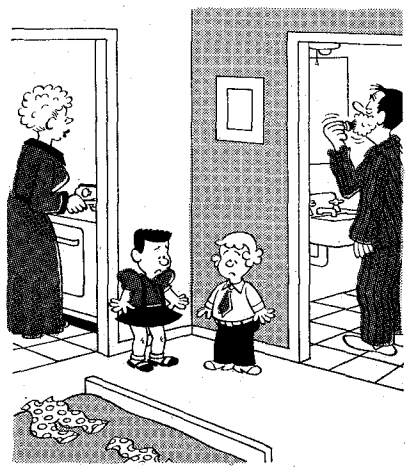
This is all very clever and advanced, but I come out of the theater wistfully wondering whatever happened to "moon" and "June" and "a wedding very soon."

And don't they have any pretty, healthy showgirls any more? The new ones shouldn't be allowed out except on Halloween.

GIDEON GAY

GUESS WHO

By BILL HARRISON

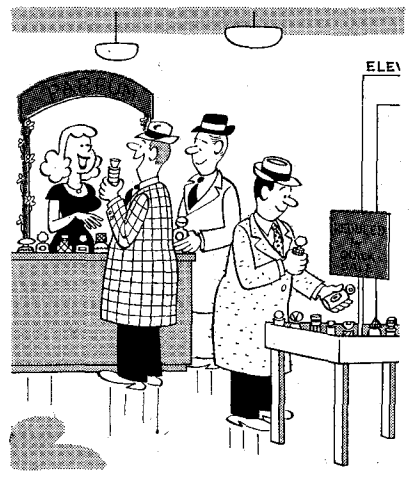


. . . dressed the children

. . . just became a grandmother

. . . will get paid

. . . wants to borrow the car



. . . has been married longest

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have you had your soup today?

Wouldn't *you* like a bowlful right now? It's Campbell's Chicken Vegetable Soup. Taste it! That wonderful, old-fashioned goodness of tender chicken and sun-ripened vegetables. Those melt-in-your-mouth ribbon noodles. And that broth . . . delicious! Everybody, from baby to Grandfather, loves a good, hot bowl of soup . . . if it's Campbell's. And it's so quick — so thrifty! Ready in 4 minutes . . . less than 7¢ a serving!

Once a day, every day, SOUP— *Campbell's*, of course!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Karl brought the gun down on his head with a chopping motion.

Now they were helpless prisoners of a Red agent, who had ways to break their wills.

ESCAPE INTO DANGER

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

"I want that microfilm now," Communist spy Akim Papadopolous told Marc Hollis. To Marc, a prisoner on Akim's boat in San Francisco Bay, this was the bitter climax to his desperate search for the microfilm stolen from top-secret Project M. Unless Marc yielded the film, Akim would turn loose his strong man, Karl, on the two other captives, Tresa Welar, a Hungarian refugee whom Marc had befriended, and Jamie, Marc's blind brother. Also aboard were Ellamae, Akim's niece, and Natalie, Marc's ex-fiancée. Natalie's false testimony had originally sent Marc to prison for perjury.

On shore, U. S. counterspy John Dayn was trying to locate Marc. Dayn had sprung Marc from prison in the hope that he could lead U. S. agents to the film. The plan almost worked: Marc found the film where his best friend, Boyd Rafferty, had concealed it. But then Marc fell into Akim's hands. Now Marc had a crucial decision to make: should he betray his country to save Jamie and Tresa?

CONCLUSION

Akim adjusted his hand-knit, imported red tie. He gave Marc, sitting on the edge of the bunk, a cool professional appraisal. He thought, with disappointment, *This is going to be too easy. Marc Hollis looks broken already. Too bad. It might have been very interesting, breaking a scientific mind like his and putting it together again in our pattern. I did it once, with that Latvian engineer; only later the fool jumped out the window and wasted all my work.*

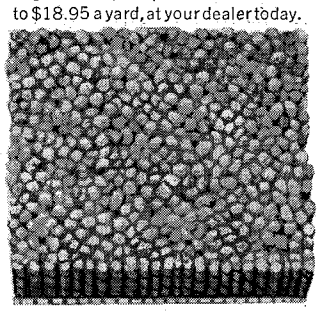
Akim moved about the small stateroom, his short, powerfully built body moving with his peculiar walk. He said softly, "Are you enjoying our hospitality, Jamie? Have you been treated well?" (Continued on Page 44)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Hate her dress! Love her Bigelow!"

Give the lady credit, she may have a silly fashion on her back,
but she's got beautiful Bigelow Carpets on the floor. When it comes to lovely styles,
textures and colors, you just can't go wrong with a Bigelow.
Everybody lives better, looks better, on a Bigelow.

For a luxurious pile of pleasure, see Bigelow Carpets priced from $6.95 to $18.95 a yard, at your dealer today.



PEOPLE WHO KNOW...BUY **Bigelow** RUGS AND CARPETS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lyndon Johnson: How Does He Do It?

(Continued from Page 15)

only two examples, the solid Democratic vote, without a single dissent, to censure Joseph R. McCarthy in 1954; and the passage in 1957, without a real filibuster, of the first major civil-rights legislation since the Reconstruction Era.

How, then, does Johnson "do it"?

The place to start an attempt to answer that question is on and about the LBJ Ranch, the majority leader's home base, near Johnson City, Texas. For the LBJ Ranch is a most curiously revealing place, where you can read the past in three distinct layers, as archaeologists read the past in the layers of the earth's surrounding envelope. In those three layers you can also read a lot about the kind of man Lyndon Johnson is.

You can read the first and oldest layer in two double-thick stone forts, with thin slits for rifle fire. The forts were built about a hundred years ago by Samuel Ealy Johnson the First, founder of Johnson City, and Lyndon's grandfather, to protect the first settlers in Johnson City from the frequent Indian raids. Lyndon Johnson loves to show the forts to visitors to the LBJ Ranch, and he likes to tell how his grandmother, caught by surprise by an Indian raid, saved her life by hiding in a flour barrel.

His grandmother, mind you—not his great-great-great-great-grandmother. For what surprises visitors from older sections of the country is the startling newness of Johnson's part of America. Johnson's grandfather, the builder of the forts, was most thoroughly alive when Johnson was born—according to family legend, he rode around the county telling the citizens, "A United States senator has been born today." Yet in the early days of Samuel Ealy Johnson the First, the rocky, rolling, rather scraggly country around the LBJ Ranch was the true American frontier, and there is still a smell of the vanished frontier all about.

A smell of the frontier also clings to the tall, rather gangling figure of Lyndon Johnson, despite his expensive, elegantly draped suits and the air of political sophistication he has acquired in his years on Capitol Hill. The closeness of his frontier background explains a good many things about Johnson—the restless optimism of the man, and also the roughness and rudeness of which he is markedly capable.

The second archaeological layer at the LBJ Ranch is the ranch house itself. A small part of the ranch house was built at the same time as the forts, and this part is made of the same thick stone for the same protective purposes. But most of the house was built of wood, after the Indians had been safely confined to their reservations. It is a formless, pleasantly rambling house, obviously constructed without benefit of architect's blueprints. Lady Bird Johnson, the majority leader's charming wife, has fixed up the ranch house with paint, shutters, balustrades and various flounces and furbelows. But its essential character still shows through.

Here is a plain, no-nonsense ranch house, of the kind ranchers built in the days of the longhorn and the beginnings of the great Texas cattle industry. This was the Texas of Samuel Ealy Johnson the Second, Lyndon's rancher-politician father, who, as Lyndon's mother wrote, "by example and precept urged his son to enter the field of politics." The Texas of Lyndon's father was still a wild and woolly place, and, at least when he was a young man, some men would no more venture forth without their guns than without their trousers. Much of the LBJ Ranch could be rented out as the background for a Wild West movie, and the ranch house itself is most decidedly a Western ranch house—it has nothing at all in common with the pillared and magnolia-draped Southern plantation house of tradition.

By the same token, there is a great deal of the West of the longhorn days in Lyndon Johnson, and very little indeed of the Deep South. Geographically and in other ways, Johnson is indeed a Southern politician. But the fact remains that Johnson's country and Johnson's background are far more Western than Southern. There are, for example, hardly any Negroes at all in Johnson's part of Texas, and one suspects that in his heart of hearts Johnson's attitude toward the racial problem is not really very different from that of a man from Oklahoma, say, or even Nevada. Yet the racial problem is the central reason why, bar a miracle, Johnson will never be President.

Off to one side of the ranch house is the third archaeological layer—a large, kidney-shaped swimming pool, its water kept at a tepidly comfortable temperature by an elaborate heater. The area around the pool is handsomely landscaped and

... ...

To One I Love

By Fabens Boles

You have shown me much,
You and the snow,
Cool composure and
Pure white warmth,
Serenity that glistens,
Imperturbable covering ——
And underneath,
A place to grow.

... ...

planted to carefully tended carpet grass, and beyond the grass there is an open garage for no fewer than eleven vehicles. Telephone outlets make it possible for Johnson, a compulsive telephoner, to conduct business neck-deep in the warm water, while piped-in music soothes his nerves and those of his guests; and while secretaries, assistants and white-coated servants scurry about the pool, obeying an endless stream of instructions from the majority leader.

At the swimming pool the frontier Texas of Johnson's grandfather and the longhorn Texas of Johnson's father both seem remote. The swimming-pool layer is modern Texas, oil Texas, rich Texas, a society in which luxury is not only to be enjoyed but also displayed; a vigorous but notably unspiritual society, in which money and power are the measures of success, and success the measure of a man. There is a lot of this Texas, too, in Lyndon Johnson.

Ever since he was a boy, Johnson has been driven by a need to succeed, and to succeed in such a way that all the world would know of his success. "My daddy used to wake me up at dawn," he says, "and shake my leg and say, 'Lyndon, every boy in town's got an hour's start on you.'" He has been trying to catch up ever since. "I'm always pressed for time," he says. "An hour late and a dollar short, that's the way I've been all my life." The need to succeed is matched, as is often the case, by a hatred of failure. Johnson recalls the time when his school debating team lost the state championship by one vote. "When that last judge voted against us, I was so disappointed I went right into the bathroom and was sick."

Except for what it will buy—especially the gadgets he adores—money does not greatly interest Johnson. He does not need to worry about money—his wife Lady Bird has a fortune, small by Texas standards, but large by those of less fortunate areas, and she is a brilliant business manager. Given the parental "precept and example," it was in any case inevitable that Johnson's need to succeed would find its outlet in politics rather than money-making. "There are some things I want to do," he says, "and some things I don't want to do at all. But I do want to succeed at my job, as a politician, as a majority leader."

The effort Johnson expends in order to succeed at his job has to be seen to be believed. In 1955, Johnson suffered a massive heart attack—"as bad as a man can have and still live," is the way he describes it. He is completely recovered now. "I've got several thousand dollars' worth of insurance since the attack," he says, "and the insurance companies aren't in the business of giving money away." Even so, his doctors, his friends and Lady Bird keep urging him to slow down.

Once in a while, Johnson makes a visible effort to do so—on the Senate floor his long, urgent stride will suddenly slow to an easy amble, or in his office he will abruptly interrupt the Niagara-flow of his talk and lie back in his chair to scratch his belly contemplatively. But these sporadic essays in relaxation are soon forgotten, as Johnson again plunges headlong into his work, talking, dictating, gesticulating, giving orders, telephoning endlessly, striding down the Capitol corridors, grabbing a senator by the arm to murmur advice or instruction, putting a long arm around another's shoulders to tell a funny story, but always relentlessly, restlessly on the move. Yet all this frenetic activity is not mere action for action's sake. Almost always it has a rational, carefully calculated end in view, and almost always the end is achieved.

These, then, are the first three things to understand about Johnson—that he is a frontiersman by instinct, with the roughness and restlessness of the frontier; that he is a Westerner at heart rather than a Southerner; and that he is driven and harried by the need to succeed. He is all three of these things, but he is something else—a genuinely extraordinary man, in the plain meaning of that word.

Really extraordinary men are not often found these days among politicians—the voters seem to prefer ordinary men, and some politicians go to great lengths to conceal any remarkable qualities, as some girls pretend to be dumber than they are. But Johnson is not an ordinary man, in any way at all, and he never pretends to be.

Visiting the LBJ Ranch, this reporter was reminded of another visit—to Chartwell, Sir Winston Churchill's country place—which may partly explain Johnson's quality of nonordinariness. Mr. Churchill—as he was then—was marvelously and unashamedly proud of everything about Chartwell, especially his own gadgets and contraptions—a peculiar system he had invented for making a small stream run uphill; a bicycle wheel he had rigged up with lights and mirrors for frightening herons off his trout pond; another Churchillian contraption for uprooting small trees, and so on. But he was proudest of all of his goldfish pond. While a Scotland Yard man fed grubs to the monstrously fat goldfish, Churchill pointed to each fish in turn, named the price he had paid for it and estimated its current worth. "See that one there," he would say, almost hopping up and down with pleasure, "the one that looks rather like Clement Attlee. I paid only ten shillings for that one—worth fully two pounds now, I dare say."

Lyndon Johnson is as different from Winston Churchill as the LBJ Ranch is different from Chartwell, which is very different indeed. Yet there are odd echoes of Chartwell on the LBJ Ranch. Johnson is also a passionate pisciculturist, and he takes a personal interest in the care and feeding of the enormous catfish and black bass with which his four artificial ponds are stocked. He, too, loves gadgets and contraptions. He has rigged up a loud-speaking system, for example, which permits him to give orders at any time to anyone in the house or even in the swimming pool.

But it was on a tour of the property, an exhausting experience no guest can hope to escape, that this reporter was first consciously reminded of Chartwell. Again and again, Johnson drove his limousine at breath-taking speed across the rocky land to within easy smelling distance of a bunch of cattle, blowing the horn and shouting at the beasts, to make them stand up. He would then behave precisely like Churchill with his goldfish—pointing out each animal in turn, occasionally comparing its appearance to that of some fellow politician, and telling his visitors just what he paid for it and precisely what staggering profit he expected to realize. And whether Johnson is displaying his deer herd or a pumping system or even the graves of his ancestors, his visitors have the same feeling that visitors to Chartwell have—that they are expected, nay commanded, to exclaim and to admire.

No one would be so foolish as to suggest that Johnson is another Churchill, but they do have one quality in common. Neither has ever grown up, or ever will.

Johnson is, of course, no political Peter Pan, any more than Churchill—on the contrary, a certain longheaded foxiness is another quality both men share. Yet this unabashed ungrown-upness, this exuberant egotism is the quality which chiefly makes Lyndon Johnson an extraordinary man, and it is also a priceless political asset to him, as the same quality has been to Winston Churchill. Indeed, more than anything else in Johnson it answers the question: "How does Lyndon do it?"

There are other parts of the answer to that question, of course. On another page, Johnson himself tries to answer the question. "Hard work" is certainly a part of the answer. So is "knowing enough of what's going on to do your job right." Johnson is famous for his staff—the biggest, the most efficient, the most ruthlessly overworked and the most loyal personal staff in the history of the Senate. A large part of his staff's job is to make sure that Johnson knows "what's going on." But Johnson does not rely wholly on his private intelligence service. "A man who can't smell the mood of the Senate," he has said, "has no business being a leader." Some senators swear that Johnson's sense of smell is such that he knows how they are going to vote before they know themselves.

Johnson also uses, of course, those essential instruments of power, the carrot and the stick. He is not only "interested in the other man's problems" but he also in many cases has the means at hand to solve, or not to solve, those problems. He has the final say on committee assignments, which can make or break an ambitious senator, (*Continued on Page 43*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEET THE ONE THAT MAKES DRIVING FUN— COSTS LESS TO BUY, MUCH LESS TO RUN

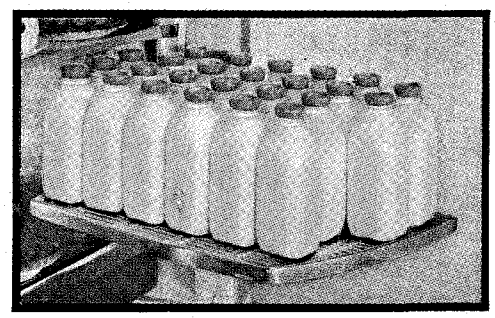
THE LARK *BY STUDEBAKER*

Here's common sense on wheels in a smart new size and style. Big six-passenger room inside, but far shorter outside than conventional cars Far easier to handle, too. Parks where others can't, makes a cinch of traffic And far more friendly to your pocketbook. Scads of scamper in either the six or V-8 *on regular, low-cost gas*—miles and miles on a mere hatful. Built to cut insurance, maintenance and repair expense, bring family driving costs down to a carefree, sensible level All this, with unique, lively styling (looks like no other car) and tasteful luxury interiors. See, drive, compare The Lark today at your Studebaker Dealer's and discover your new dimension in motoring. It's smart, sensible, spirited—The Lark.

Other models—2-Door Sedan, Hardtop and Station Wagon. *Prices start under $2000*

COPYRIGHT © STUDEBAKER-PACKARD CORP.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



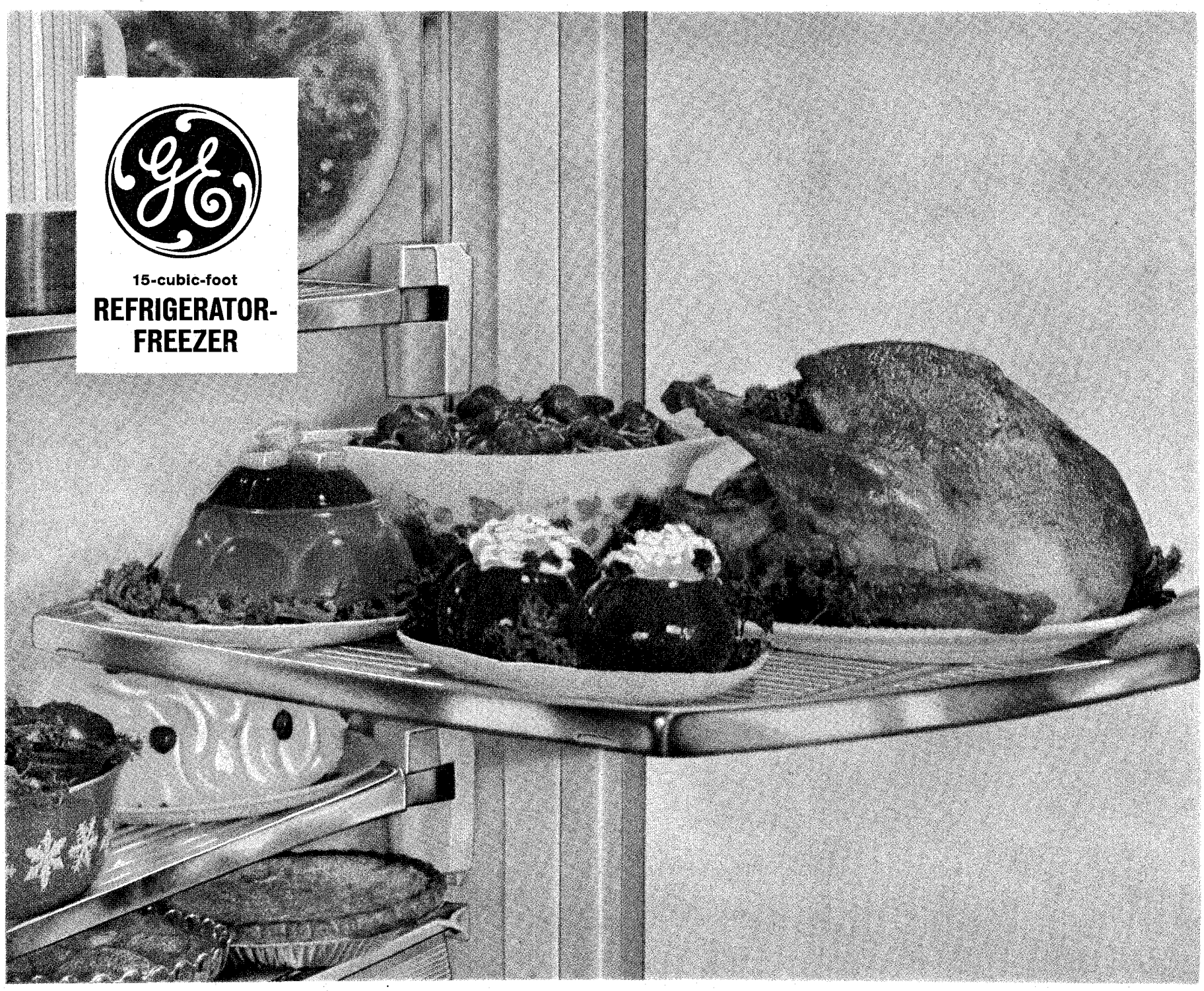
Swing-Out Shelves

Bring food right out front! Shelves are easily adjustable—and strong.

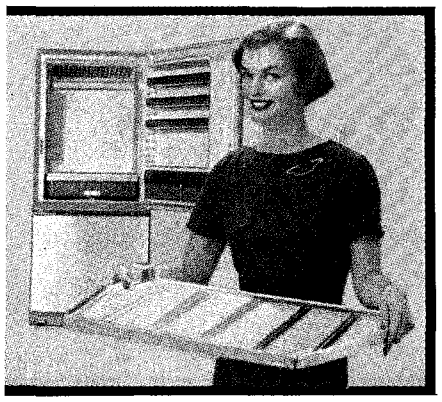
All shelves lift ou

NEW SWING-OUT SHELVE

in today's General Electri



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

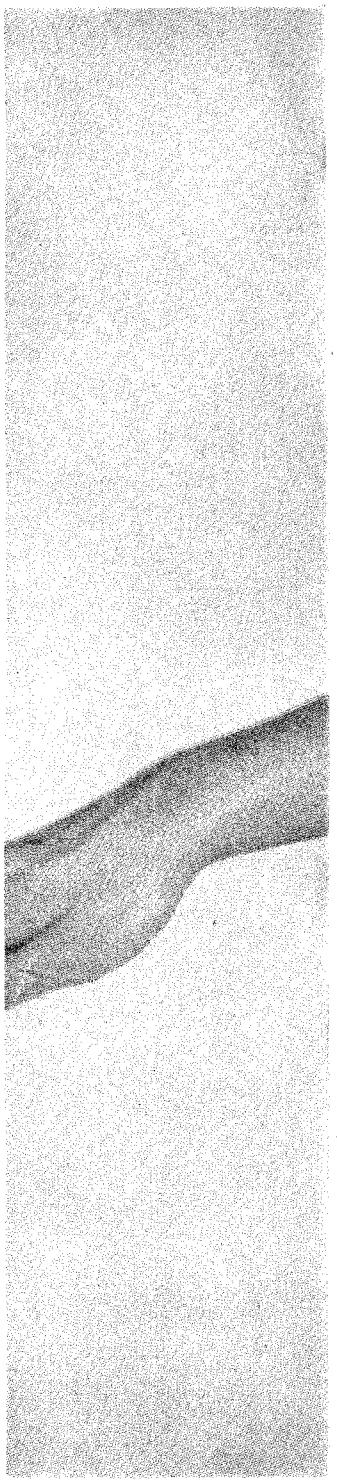


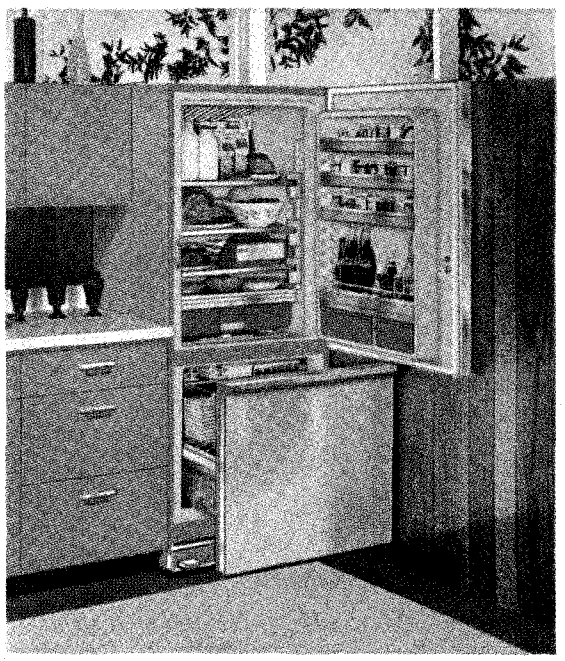
or easy cleaning of refrigerator interior or shelves.

BRING FOOD ALL THE WAY OUT

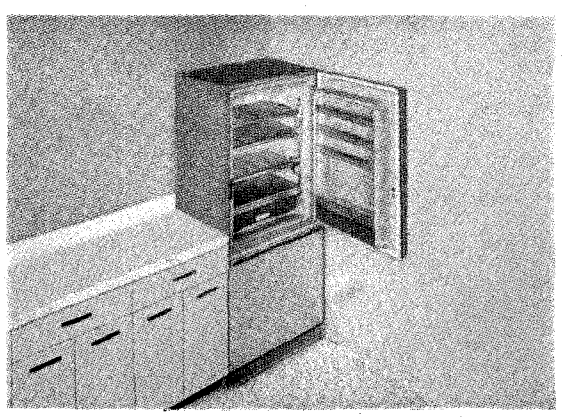
Refrigerator-Freezers!

Newest feature of the Automatic Defrost Refrigerator gives you convenience you've never known before!





Big Roll-Out Freezer glides right out of the big, new G-E Refrigerator-Freezer. Has 5-cubic-foot capacity . . . holds plenty of frozen food safely at zero degree. Two big compartments are removable for cleaning . . . make storing and organizing easier and quicker.



Straight-Line Design fits flush into corner. No coils on back, no dirt-collecting waste space. The front lines up evenly with cabinets—does not stick out into kitchen. No waste space at side for door clearance.

LOOK! These wonderful new General Electric Shelves practically *hand* all the food to you!

You can swing them all the way out of the Automatic Defrost Refrigerator—smoothly and easily. Every single item of food is right in front of you where you can see and select what you want without spilling or fumbling.

Completely adjustable—up or down!

Need more space between shelves (or less space)? Just press a button . . . lift or lower a shelf—and get the exact shelf spacing you want. What's more, you can rearrange the loading of these shelves to suit yourself . . . put milk bottles on bottom shelf, for instance, where they're easily accessible.

Easiest-to-clean refrigerator!

To clean the inside of the refrigerator, just *lift out* all the shelves. This leaves the inside free and clear. And you simply carry each shelf to the sink for individual washing.

Shelves are so sturdy!

General Electric Swing-Out Shelves are strong enough to hold more than you'll ever need to put on them. They'll easily support a full shelf of milk bottles. In fact, they're tested to hold more than 150 pounds!

You'll find Swing-Out Shelves in the new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers—at your General Electric dealer's. He also has other models in a wide variety of prices and capacities—and in G-E Mix-or-Match colors. See him soon—and ask about low budget terms and trade-in allowances.

Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maybe it was fate. Fred and I were roaming around that Sunday when we spied a newly finished house. "Just for fun, let's look at it," I said.

I guess every woman likes to go through a new house – hoping to get ideas. But the more we walked around *this* one, the more it seemed as though we *belonged* here.

The rooms were big and bright and sunny, with a wonderful open-air look about them. And a *gigantic* kitchen with more appliances than I ever saw. And places to *put* things.

All through I was oohing and ahing. There was the separate bedroom Meg had been longing for. And the sheer, sheer luxury of an extra bathroom. And all those *closets!*

And it was *clean* . . . so gloriously just-built-clean. With none of the ages-old dust and dirt we'd been battling with for so long. With no creaks . . . and no cracks. *No one else had ever lived in this house.*

Finally Fred turned to me: "Like it?" "Do I!" I said. "It's everything I've dreamed about – but can we . . . should we . . .?"

Fred grabbed me. "Listen, Honey. I'm thinking about *you.* And I'm thinking about the children. This is *so* much better than the place we've got. What are we waiting for?"

Gold Bond
BUILDING PRODUCTS

Buy a new home . . .
life's happiest investment

"What are we waiting for, Honey?" said Fred . . .

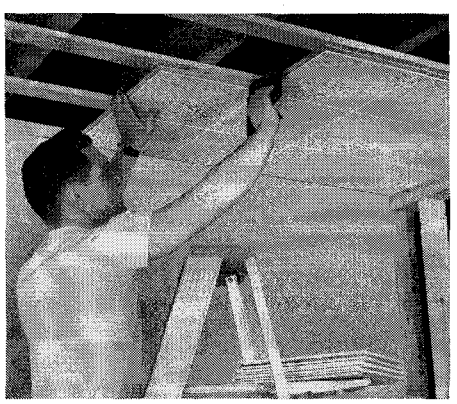
"Let's buy the house now!"

National Gypsum Company, Buffalo 2, N. Y.

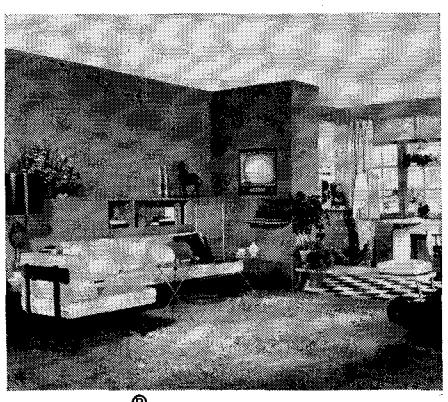
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The best new homes are built with Gold Bond's fine family of building products

Gold Bond Asbestos Siding gives homes lifetime beauty. Fireproof, won't rot or decay, never needs painting for preservation. Provides added insulation, too. Plasticrylic finish protects colors.



Gold Bond Decor Ceiling Tiles add new beauty to ceilings . . . insulate . . . and make rooms pleasantly quieter by soaking up disturbing noises. They come in a wide range of textures and patterns.



Gold Bond® Interior Walls of gypsum lath and plaster or gypsum wallboard are the mark of fine construction. They are fire-resistant, smooth, sturdy . . . can be painted, textured or wallpapered.

National Gypsum Company
Buffalo 2, New York

Gold Bond
BUILDING PRODUCTS

(*Continued from Page 38*) and there are all sorts of other rewards and punishments that he has at his disposal.

But Johnson also has another instrument of power, which is all his own, and which is known on Capitol Hill as "Treatment A." A good many members of the press, as well as Johnson's fellow senators, have been subjected to Treatment A. Johnson's relationship with the press is, indeed, an interesting subject in itself. A reporter who writes that Johnson likes gold cuff links or expensive suits, which he does, is certain to arouse Johnson's tornadolike fury. Yet Johnson is perfectly capable of telling a self-respecting reporter that he is a mere creature of the "kept press" who writes whatever his reactionary publishers dictate—a remark about as tactful as calling a lady a harlot.

One would suppose that this combination of extreme sensitivity and remarkable tactlessness would be a perfect formula for a bad press. In fact, the press "takes it" from Johnson as from no other politician. Indeed, if there is a valid complaint about the press coverage of the majority leader, it is that his numerous friends and admirers in the press corps tend to write, not what "reactionary" publishers want them to write, but what Lyndon Johnson wants them to write.

A certain dread of being subjected to Treatment A is no doubt one reason why this is so. This reporter experienced Treatment A during the post-Sputnik era, when Johnson's defense hearings were dominating the headlines. The reporter wrote an article, to the effect that Democrats as well as Republicans were vulnerable on the defense issue, which contained the following two fatal sentences: "As for Johnson, his voting record on defense has been good. But he is obviously open to the charge that he only summoned his Preparedness Subcommittee to make a serious inquiry into preparedness after the issue had been dramatized by the Sputniks."

On the day the article appeared, the reporter was summoned to the majority leader's small, ornate, oddly impressive office in the Capitol. Treatment A started quietly. The majority leader was, it seemed, in a relaxed, friendly, and reminiscent mood. Nostalgically he recalled how he had come to Washington in 1937, a mere freshman congressman, and how Franklin D. Roosevelt had prevailed on the chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee to put "young Lyndon Johnson" on his powerful committee. That was, it seemed, the beginning of Johnson's interest in the national defense, which had continued ever since.

By gradual stages the relaxed, friendly and reminiscent mood gave way to something rather like a human hurricane. Johnson was up, striding about his office, talking without pause, occasionally leaning over, his nose almost touching the mesmerized reporter's, to shake the reporter's shoulder or grab his knee. Secretaries were rung for. Memoranda appeared and then more memoranda, as well as letters, newspaper articles and unidentifiable scraps of paper, which were proffered in quick succession and then snatched away. Appeals were made, to the Almighty, to the shades of the departed great, to the reporter's finer instincts and better nature, while the reporter, unable to get a word in edgewise, sat collapsed upon a leather sofa, eyes glazed, mouth half open. Treatment A ended a full two hours later, when the majority leader, a friendly arm around the shoulder of the dazed journalist, ushered him into the outer office. It was not until some days later that the reporter was able to recall that, excellent as Johnson's record on national defense undeniably is, the two sentences he had written had been demonstrably true.

Anyone who has experienced Treatment A will understand how almost any senator prefers to vote Johnson's way rather than undergo the treatment, short of a vote which will spell political suicide at home—in which case he is most unlikely to be subjected to any pressure at all from Johnson. But even Treatment A is not the last weapon in the Johnson armory.

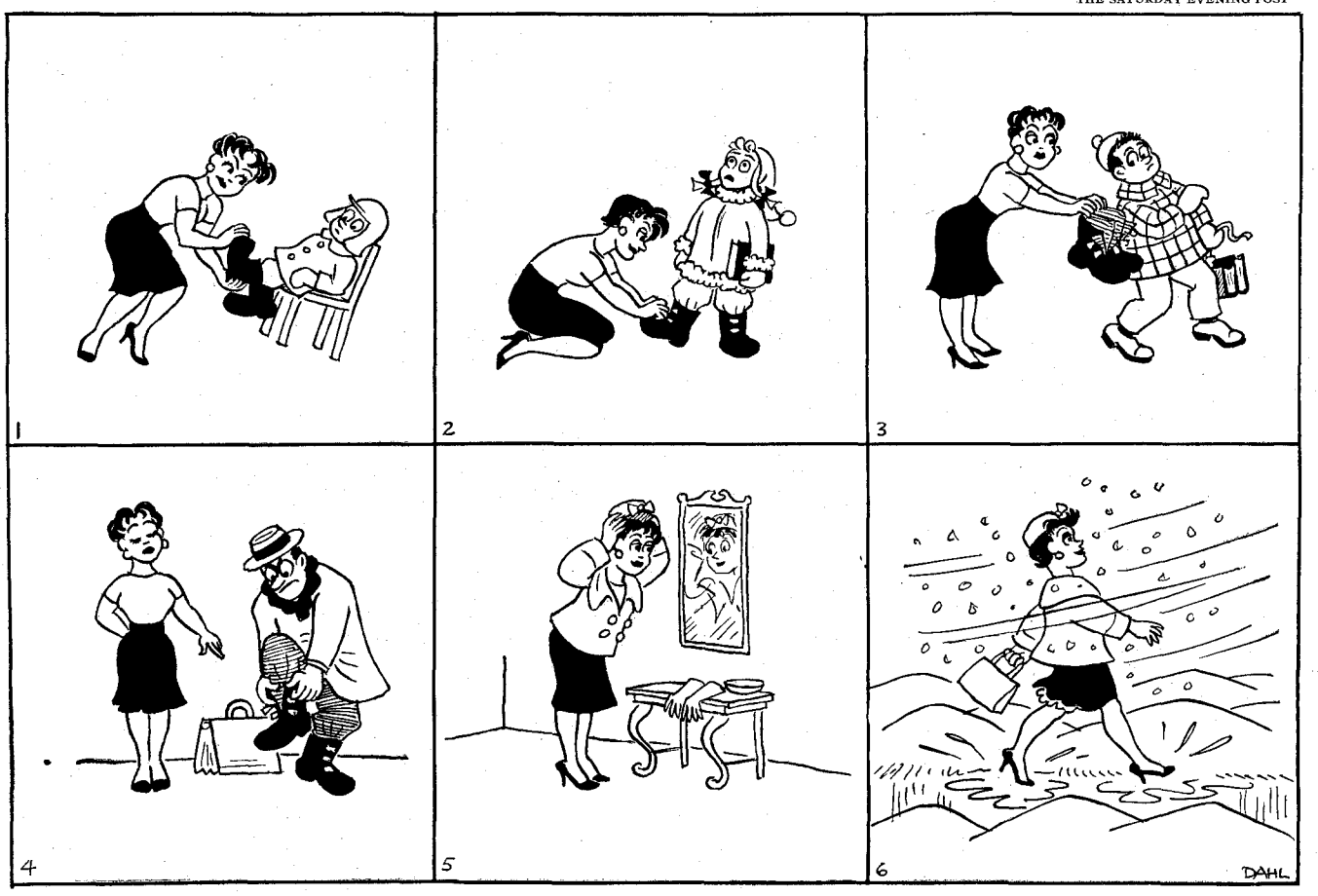
When Johnson is asked to name the people who have influenced him most, he names his mother and father, his wife Lady Bird, House Speaker Sam Rayburn—an old friend of his father's and Johnson's long-time mentor—and President Roosevelt—"he was like a daddy to me." But he always puts his mother first. His mother, who died only a few months ago, was indeed a remarkable woman, according to all accounts. A family album, which she compiled and which occupies a place of honor in the ranchhouse living room, contains the following revealing sentence about her son Lyndon: "Exuberant in spirit and highly gregarious, he loves harmony, but also is not averse to a hard fight to win and assure harmony." At first glance the sentence seems a marvelously maternal way of saying that her son is a man who likes to have his own way. But it is more than that.

When Johnson had his heart attack, Sen. Earle Clements, of Kentucky, rose to pay him tribute. "I doubt," Clements said, "if there is a member of the Senate, on either side of the aisle, who does not look on Johnson as a friend." Clements' tribute was an exaggeration. There are probably half a dozen senators who, irritated by his overbearing ways, do not like Johnson, and there may be one or two who secretly hate his guts. But unlike most such tributes, Clements' was not a gross exaggeration. The great majority of senators do indeed regard Johnson as a personal friend. Johnson has a real talent for friendship, and that talent is the final weapon in Johnson's huge armory.

As his mother wrote, he is "highly gregarious"—he really likes people, and people like him. Most people like Johnson because, even at his most infuriating, he is good company—he is a witty man, a brilliant mimic and an interesting if somewhat overpowering conversationalist. Some people like him because he is an unashamedly sentimental man, capable of precisely the right sentimental gesture. As a freshman senator, Johnson traveled all the way to Georgia to attend the funeral of Sen. Richard Russell's mother—and thereafter the powerful Russell was principally responsible for Johnson's elevation to the leadership in 1953.

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Lyndon works through the individual's emotions," an observant friend has said. But he is able to do so because his own emotions are quite real. "Show me a man who can't cry when he sees a widowed woman with little children and sores all over their little bodies," Johnson says, "and I show you a fellow who ought not to be in public life." No doubt this is corn, but an ability to believe his own corn is a huge asset to any politician.

But the real key to Johnson's talent for friendship lies in that phrase his mother used, "exuberant in spirit." People like Johnson above all for his boylike, irrepressible exuberance, his quality of never having really grown up, a quality which somehow makes the tired old world an exciting place again, even to tired men. To match his exuberance, Johnson also has a capacity for being hurt, not as grown men are hurt, but as small boys are hurt—he can make a journalist who has written unkindly of him, or a senator who has not voted his way, feel oddly guilty, as though he has been caught red-handed beating up a ten-year-old. And this, too, is an important part of the answer to that question which can never be fully answered: "How does Lyndon do it?"

Two questions, which are easier to answer, remain: Does Lyndon Johnson want to be President? And does he have a chance to become President?

The answer to the first question is a flat "yes." Of course he wants to be President. It is silly to suppose that a man in his position, with his instinct for power and will to succeed, would not want to be President. Johnson himself, of course, has repeatedly and vehemently denied that he is or ever will be a candidate. But one suspects that his vehemence derives from the fact that Johnson, who is quite capable of considering his own situation with shrewd objectivity, is aware of the answer to the second question, which is an almost equally flat "no."

The reason the answer is "no" is very simple. The Northern liberal-labor groups in the Democratic Party are strong enough to exercise a veto power over the presidential selection. In any presently foreseeable circumstances, they will veto Johnson.

In a way this is grossly unfair—but then, politics is the unfairest business in the world. Most knowledgeable observers would agree that Johnson is probably the ablest politician in the Democratic Party. Johnson is also an undoubted patriot, in a rather simple and old-fashioned way—he believes in the defense of his country against its enemies as instinctively as his grandfather believed in defending Johnson City against the Indians. Moreover, by any reasonable definition, Johnson is a liberal himself.

He went to Congress in 1937 as a down-the-line New Dealer, a rare bird in Texas in those days, which is one reason why Franklin Roosevelt became a "daddy" to him. Since then he has moved from left to center. He supported the Taft-Hartley Act, for example. Indeed, he made it the principal issue in his first successful try for the Senate, in 1948—he won by eighty-seven votes, thus earning the sobriquet, "Landslide Lyndon." Yet Johnson has been reasonably true to his New Deal origins—within the limits imposed by his Texas origins.

But those limits are such as to make a Northern liberal-labor veto of a Johnson candidacy almost automatic. A Texas politician has no choice but to take positions—on the oil-depletion allowance, for example—which fly in the face of Northern liberal doctrine. Above all, on the civil-rights issue there is a line which no Texas politician can safely cross. Plenty of East Texans believe that Johnson has crossed it already, with the civil-rights bill he maneuvered through the Senate almost singlehanded. But Johnson cannot conceivably cross the line to the point where he will meet the minimum requirements of the Negro leaders and the Northern liberals.

In short, the accident of his Texas birth almost certainly bars Johnson from the White House. In the next two years, to be sure, Johnson will occupy a position of maximum political visibility, in which he will be able to exploit his genius for dominating and dramatizing the issues. In these circumstances, some of Johnson's admirers believe that somehow Johnson will achieve the impossible, as he has done before; that he will be nominated "just because Lyndon is Lyndon." But friends who know him well are sure that Johnson, with his hatred of failure, will not become an active candidate and thus risk the humiliation suffered by his friend Richard Russell as the Southern candidate in 1952.

Not long ago Johnson pointed to the double-thick walls of one of the forts his grandfather built, still intact, after more than a hundred years. "You ask me why I work so hard," he said, "why I try all the time, why I have this drive. Look at those walls. Grandpa had the pride to do it right, so what he did would last. I want to do it right, too, so what I do will last."

For any politician the final indisputable sign that what he does will last is the Presidency of the United States. However vehemently he may deny presidential ambitions, one suspects that Lyndon Johnson, if he never becomes President, will go to his grave with a small sharp twist of pain in his heart. And yet, though the doors to the White House are almost surely closed to him, it is already certain that the lanky figure of this intense, sensitive, exuberant, rough, proud, gregarious, complex man will cast a long shadow over the times in which we live.

Escape Into Danger (Continued from Page 36)

"Except for the mixed vegetables," said Jamie cheerfully. "Are you Akim?"

The boy might be blind, but he was no fool and no coward. Tresa and Marc could not have had time to say much, but Jamie remembered Akim's name. His total lack of fear was very annoying. After three days of being cooped in this small room in utter silence, by Akim's orders, Jamie should have been a trembling wreck, to work on Marc's sympathies.

"What's this about mixed vegetables?"

Jamie laughed. There was something in the laughter that made Akim shudder; something in the man's young, handsome face, unscarred by his blindness. There was a strength in this quiet, gentle young man that Akim could not touch.

"Get him out of here," he said savagely to Karl. "Put him in my cabin. . . . No. Leave him here and we'll go there."

"Better here," Karl said. "It may be messy. You got carpet up there."

"You heard what I said!" snapped Akim. "Just bring Marc Hollis. Leave the girl here."

Karl yanked Marc to his feet and led him, stumbling, from the cabin. Tresa put out a hand to touch his arm, but Jamie remained where he was, silent, waiting.

Akim paused by Tresa. He let his voice become soft, persuasive, intimate. "You look different in that blue skirt and blouse."

"I am not different," said Tresa.

Akim pushed back his dark, gray-streaked hair, careful not to disturb the wave. He looked down at the immaculately polished shoes on his small feet. "I was in Hungary not long ago."

"I'll bet you were," said Tresa.

"You have perhaps some relatives still there. It is possible that I might have some influence."

Tresa said, "Influence? You are a discredited spy. The FBI will break up your whole apparatus now. You do not dare go back to Russia."

"I am going only to Hong Kong. You will like Hong Kong. Wonderful things to buy, from all over the world." He pulled her toward him. He said, very low, "You think I am one of them. But I am not. Is it so wrong to want the good things of the world? I could give you jewels, clothes, luxury."

"If," said Tresa clearly, "I had a knife, I should cut out your heart."

Ellamae sighed. "Leave her to me, Uncle Akim. If anyone can convince her, I can."

A pity, for the Hungarian girl was very attractive, in an elfin way. The long sea voyage would be boring, and she would have been a pleasant change, after two years of Natalie. Well, she would at least keep Ellamae occupied, Akim thought wearily. Jamie and Tresa could listen to Ellamae for a while, instead of him. If Akim heard another word about what the Party said ——

> People who think nothing of going into debt are usually even less concerned about getting out of it.
>
> O. A. BATTISTA

In the corridor he met Natalie, huddled in a long silver mink coat.

"Hurrying me so I could only bring one suitcase!" stormed Natalie. "All my beautiful clothes, and I have one suitcase! Sailing on a crumby, evil-smelling tub like this! No maid! What do you think I am?"

Akim was tired of Natalie's spoiled ways. The prospect of being cooped up for days on this boat with her and Ellamae was not a pleasant one.

He snapped at her, "I think you're exactly like the rest of us."

"But I'm ——"

"I know. Natalie Poole, heiress. Not any more, you aren't. The cover is broken, my dear. It is unfortunate, very. If John Dayn had not thought of letting Marc Hollis escape and following him, I could have gone on for years. And so could you. Ah, well. It is done. We can't go back. They know who I am. And they know that you helped me. You can't go back, any more than the rest of us."

Natalie stood in silence for a moment. She jangled a diamond bracelet, as if defensively. "I still have my money!"

"I don't know about that. Perhaps they will generously allow you to liquidate securities and have the money sent out of the country. But perhaps they will tell you to come and get it, if you want it. As I said, you're in the same boat as the rest of us now, Natalie. On the same boat and in the same boat. You can work for a living or starve. You can depend on your own wits or beauty, as you like."

"But you said—you told me ——"

Akim laughed shortly. "I have loved many women, Natalie. You were never one of them. I needed your money and your name and your help. I said to you the things it was my job to say to you. That is all you ever meant to me. You are a fool to do what you have done, and I could never love a fool. But I am generous. You may come with us or you may go back and face prison. It is your choice."

Natalie said, "I'll go to the authorities. I'll tell them about you. All about you!"

Akim laughed. "You know very little, really. I have seen to that. You can't tell them anything about me that they don't already know. But they will be delighted to get their hands on you."

He moved down the corridor, apparently not noticing the angry words which Natalie threw after him. "Why, you miserable—cripple, you!" she said. "You ugly, misshapen little frog! If you think for one minute that I ever —— Marc will get me out of this. Marc!"

She slammed her cabin door. Akim did not turn, did not answer her. But his face, as he opened the door of his own cabin, was still purple with fury, as it always became when people referred to his deformed back.

Ellamae crossed surprisingly shapely knees. Through her thick rimless glasses, her brown eyes looked earnestly at Tresa. She pulled down the ill-fitting jacket of her ill-fitting suit. She said, "Sometimes I despair of you."

Tresa said crossly, "If you give me another pamphlet, I shall be ill. All over the cabin."

Jamie said, "You are Akim's red-haired niece?"

"Yes. I'm Ellamae Ritter."

"Is your hair auburn or red-gold?"

"Red-gold," said Tresa. "And if she let it grow out from that atrocious chopped fashion and curl above her shoulders, it would be very beautiful."

"I'm sure her hair would be beautiful," said Jamie. "Red-gold has always been my favorite color in women's hair. . . . Your voice sounds so tired, Miss Ritter. Could I perhaps get you a glass of water?"

"Me?" asked Ellamae, surprised. "I'm all right. We in the Party have no time for sickness."

Jamie said slowly, "The Party? You mean you're a Communist? But you do not sound like one."

Ellamae snapped, "I'm a Communist and I'm proud of it. Communism is the way of the future. You have but to think to see that it is the best way. The only way."

"Communism is just another dictatorship," said Tresa. "The worst kind of dictatorship, for a few unscrupulous men control not only all the wealth and land and power but the lives and even the minds of all the people. I saw it in Hungary."

Ellamae faltered, but only momentarily. "Hungary was regrettable. Very regrettable. But we were only answering a plea for help against the capitalistic agitators. A plea by the legal government of your country."

"The free nations of the world do not agree with you," said Tresa scornfully. "The United Nations ——"

(*Continued on Page 46*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sweeping finned lines, pioneered by Cars of The *Forward* Look, aren't just for looks! Based on aerodynamic principles, they make a real contribution to the remarkable stability of these cars on the road. You get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation!

Cars that can do *what they look like they can do*

Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.
The quality Cars of The *Forward* Look
from Chrysler Corporation . . . A drive will bring
out the difference great engineering makes.

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DESOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPIRIAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 44*)

"A capitalistic plot."

Jamie said quietly, "We must be kind to her, Tresa. She is sick."

"I am not sick!"

"Communism is a moral sickness," said Jamie. "Someday you will see this, Ellamae. Until then, you must let us be your friends and help you."

Ellamae said, almost hysterically, "You help me! Why, you poor fools, can't you see that I'm here to try to save your lives? To keep you from being turned over to Karl? You have never seen him work. I have begged Uncle Akim to let me try first."

Tresa said, "What you need is for a man to sweep you off your feet, to hit you, to tell you every move you make for the rest of your life. Then you would have no need of the Party to do your thinking for you. And you would grovel at his feet as you do at Akim's, an adoring dog."

"How dare you!"

Jamie said gently, "I'm sure Miss Ritter's political feelings are a matter of genuine conviction, not expediency."

"Yes. It is a matter of conviction. My own conviction. Uncle Akim never made any effort to influence my thinking. Never. Uncle Akim was quite surprised, really; his work is so far removed from the actual Party. I made my decision in college, where I earned a B.A. and M.A. degree *cum laude*, with Phi Beta Kappa."

Tresa waved her small hand. "All right, you're smart. Except that you can't think. Why do you imagine Uncle Akim is working for the Communists? For principle? Don't be silly. For money. That's all—money. If he could get more tomorrow from the other side, he would."

"You have no right to say that. It is party policy to keep Uncle Akim's party membership in the background. It suits the plan. But that does not mean he is not loyal."

"Doesn't it?" asked Tresa. "Go to him then and take him a message. Tell him I must see him alone. Then you listen while I talk to him. I shall offer him his freedom, his good life back, a chance to work for the other side at a profit. You shall see what he says!"

"There is no need to test Uncle Akim. I have known him all my life."

"Have you? Or have you ever known him? Does he love you or does he just use you?"

The door opened and Karl came in. His surly face took on a leer when he saw Tresa. He slumped across the room and stood beside her. He moved his hands down his hard, muscular body. He put a hand on Tresa's head, not gently.

"Karl!" said Ellamae. "We have not come to that. Not yet."

Karl grinned mirthlessly. His diction was nearly unintelligible. "You can have the young guy. I want this one."

Jamie said, "Is this man bothering you, Tresa?"

Karl said, "Well, look who's talking. Old no-eyes."

Ellamae said sharply, "That is enough, Karl. You have been drinking again. Probably gambling with the crew too. Get out of here before I notify my uncle."

Karl laughed, a short barklike sound. "If I hadn't gambled with that Boyd, Akim wouldn't have got near the microfilm. Think Akim'll care about this Hungarian dame? That's why we get along, him and me. He does the thinking and I do the fighting and the living. He don't mess with my women and I don't mess with his. I got some unfinished business with this hellcat."

Jamie said, "Can you come over here, Tresa? By me?"

Tresa said, "But you can't ——"

"I used to have a lethal left hook. I was on the college boxing team. Of course, that was before —— Well, we'll see," said Jamie cheerfully.

Karl moved across the room with catlike steps. He brought his fist up in one practiced, efficient gesture. Jamie went down in a limp heap.

Ellamae screamed, "Of all the cruel, senseless, stupid —— Get out of here! Get out of here! Now!"

Karl backed up a little before her fury. "Hey, look who's sore. Little Miss Icicle! Never thought you could get that warmed up, babe."

Ellamae hit him full across the mouth. She shoved him with both hands. "Get out of here! Get out of here!"

Karl caught her wrists easily. He pulled her closer, so that his breath was on her face. He kissed her brutally, long and hard. He flung her aside as he might have thrown a rag doll.

Ellamae said, sobbing, "When Uncle Akim hears of this ——"

Karl said savagely, "What can he do about it? Hit me? That misshapen little crumb. He bawled me out about shooting that fellow last night as if I was the dirt under his feet. Me, that's spent nine of my best years doing his dirty work."

"He got you out of a reformatory," said Ellamae, "and he can put you back in jail. For murder. He will, too, if you don't get out of here. Now!"

Karl's small eyes darted suspiciously around the room. "He wouldn't do that," he said, without conviction. "He needs me."

"There are plenty of strong men to be bought," said Ellamae contemptuously. "Maybe some who aren't quite so quick about shooting men in the back and hitting blind men."

Karl rubbed his forehead. "You ain't really sore about that blind guy? What did you think we brought him here for? Checkers?"

"Get out!"

Karl backed away from her flailing fists. He went through the doorway, looking back at her in a puzzled fashion.

Ellamae ran across the room to kneel beside Jamie, her hands making little, fluttering, helpless movements. Tresa went to the door, looked for a bolt, and failing to find one, tried laboriously to push the chest of drawers in front of it.

"Come—and—help me!" she gasped. "Jamie is dying!"

"He's just unconscious. Come and help me. How long do you think it will be before that Karl is back?"

"Will that chest keep him out?" asked Ellamae.

"Of course not. But he will have to make a racket, pushing it in, and perhaps your uncle will hear. Akim will not care what happens to us, but to you perhaps."

Ellamae said in a small voice, "Sometimes I wonder how much Uncle Akim really cares about me. Sometimes I wonder if anyone really cares about me."

"Help me push!"

Together they pushed the chest—which unfortunately, was not a heavy one—against the door. Ellamae ran back to Jamie, making more fluttering motions. Tresa went into the washroom and came out with a glass of water, which she threw in his face.

"You will get him wet!" said Ellamae.

"Perhaps," said Tresa thoughtfully, "I was wrong. Perhaps the man you need will not have to hit you. Perhaps it will be enough for him to need you."

Jamie moaned and put his hand to his jaw. After a moment he sat up, feeling his face ruefully.

"Is your jaw broken, do you think?" Tresa asked.

"I don't think so. I guess my lethal left hook isn't all it used to be."

Ellamae said, "You never had a chance to use it. Of all the cowardly ——"

Jamie reached toward the sound of her voice. His fingers touched her face. She let them move over it gently, as if memorizing the features.

Jamie said, "You are such a kind person."

"I'm not kind at all."

"No," said Tresa. "She is not a kind person, Jamie. Where her heart should be there are little wheels going clickety-click, clickety-click. And in her brain, a tape recorder. She probably doesn't believe in God or anything except the Cause and Uncle Akim."

Jamie shook his head. "You judge too harshly, Tresa. You are wrong. She is kind. Very kind. Why else would she defend me?"

"She did not defend Hartford Cook when Karl shot him in the back," said Tresa. "She was probably there when they beat your friend Boyd Rafferty to death for a piece of microfilm. As she will probably be there in a few minutes when they beat you and me, so Marc can see them."

Jamie put a hand on Ellamae's trembling one. "Do not be afraid. I am your friend and I will help you."

Ellamae choked. "You—will ——"

"Tears," said Tresa. "Real tears. From stone. If I had not seen them, I would not have believed it."

"Tresa!" said Jamie. "Bitterness will not help. Bitterness has never helped anyone. Ellamae is our friend and she is going to help us now."

Ellamae said, "I'm not—anyone's friend, Jamie. I must do what I believe."

"Of course," said Jamie gently.

Marc thought, *The medicine is working. My headache is getting better. But those were the last two pills. If only I don't need any more. . . . Not let Akim know. Better for him to think I'm confused, that he has me completely where he wants me.*

Akim said, "You understand my position, Mr. Hollis. Because of the unfortunate accident of encountering you on the relatively minor matter of this microfilm, I am having to leave this so-pleasant country of yours. I had a good life here, and I liked it. I have, of course, taken the precaution of depositing my considerable gains in Swiss banks. I can have a good life elsewhere. But I am a professional. I want to go on working at my trade. I am good at it. It is true that it is very painful for me to leave my lovely paintings, my luxurious apartment, my records, my custom-made clothes. Yes, and the audiences. Those audiences of silly women who laughed when I wanted them to laugh, cried when I wanted them to cry. I shall miss them."

Akim is lonely, Marc thought, *and he needs to talk to someone. Someone safe, like me, because I will soon be dead. As soon as he gets the microfilm.*

Akim's sharp black eyes held their usual cynicism. His voice was as suave and persuasive as ever. "You understand, Mr. Hollis, why it is now not only important that I find the microfilm. It is essential. With it, I shall return a triumphant hero who has sacrificed his all for the Cause. Without it, I am an empty-handed, bungling fool. You can see that I must have the film. That I intend to have it."

Marc kept his head in his hands, giving the medicine all the time he could, and covertly studying the cabin. It was large, as cabins go; evidently the captain's. It was carpeted and there was a bookcase and a blue leather lounge chair. There was only the one door, which Akim had bolted as he came in.

Marc said, "Suppose you didn't have to leave? Suppose you went to John Dayn and offered him the microfilm and our lives in return for your own immunity?"

Akim curled his lip angrily. "He would take the microfilm and your lives, and he would put me in jail or hang me. I have seen this man operate, in Germany, in Japan. He is tough enough to be one of us. John Dayn makes no deals."

"He isn't the only one we could deal with. If I could promise you ——"

Akim laughed. "Your promises should be worth a good deal. An escaped criminal, a wanted man. Have you heard the radio today, Mr. Hollis? Wanted, Marc Hollis. Let us stop talking nonsense. You found the microfilm. I know that, for Natalie told me she saw you with it in your hand. You got it from one of the books, she said. You did not leave it inside the living room. Our search was fast, but thorough. We caught you in the hall directly outside. There was no hiding place there. So you still have it. Give it to me at once."

Marc put his head up. Apparently he looked better than he had meant to, for he saw Akim look a bit startled.

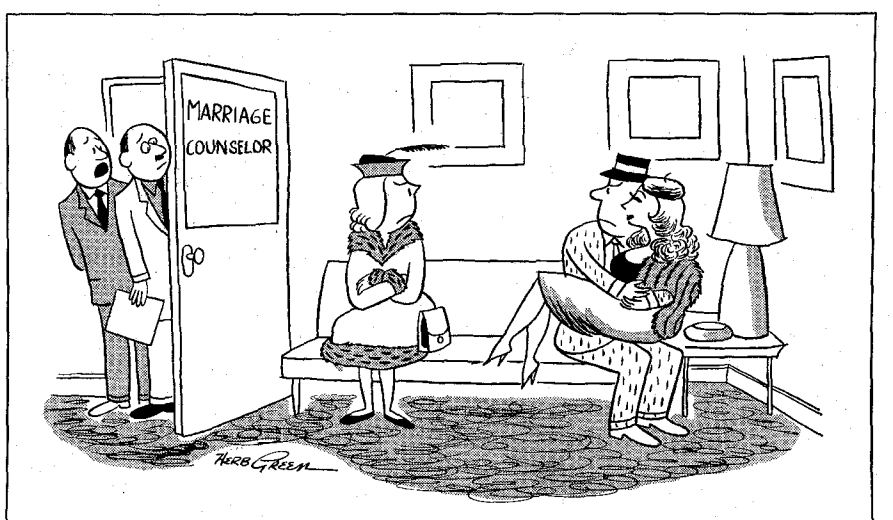
"You know I don't have it on me," said Marc, holding his head carefully. But Akim was watchful now. "Your goon Karl searched me thoroughly enough, and your niece searched Tresa."

"Then where is the microfilm?"

Marc shrugged his shoulders.

Akim said softly—too softly, "I had hoped it would not become necessary to resort to harsher measures, Mr. Hollis. Your blind brother has already been through so much. A pity he must go through more."

Forgive me, Jamie. But if we're to have any chance at all, I've got to get you up here, where there might be some possible escape. (*Continued on Page 50*)

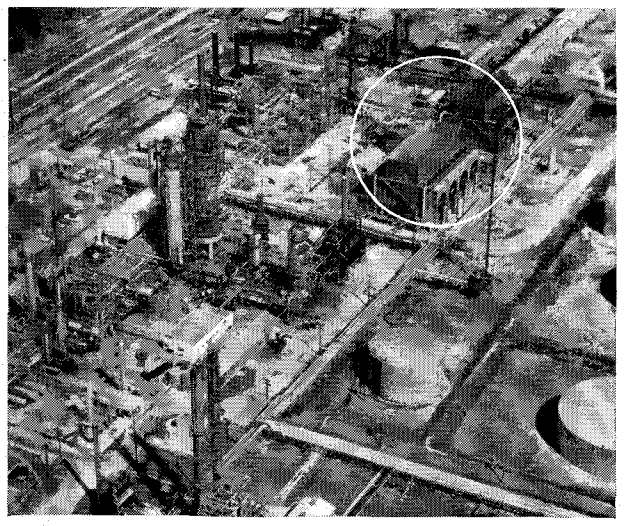


"Here's one marital problem that will tax your ingenuity."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INGENUITY AT WORK



Circle shows location of water cooling towers at PURE's Smiths Bluff refinery at Nederland, Texas

This Pure Oil refinery "drinks" 180 million gallons of water a day

That's enough to supply Denver, Des Moines, Memphis and Miami combined

Our big Smiths Bluff refinery uses an ocean of water for cooling components in making gasoline, motor oil and the hundreds of other products it turns out. Extravagant? Not a bit. It needs only a small amount of new water each day. Giant cooling towers, like the ones you see above, permit us to cool and recirculate the same water over and over again.

You can see how much this means if you start to figure up a monthly water bill for the nearly 5½ billion gallons we'd need otherwise—enough for every home and business in four good-sized cities.

PURE is constantly looking for, and finding, better and more economical ways of doing things. That's why we're able to bring you better quality products and at the same time keep prices down. It's a big reason why you can be *sure* with PURE at the nearly 16,000 Pure Oil dealers in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.

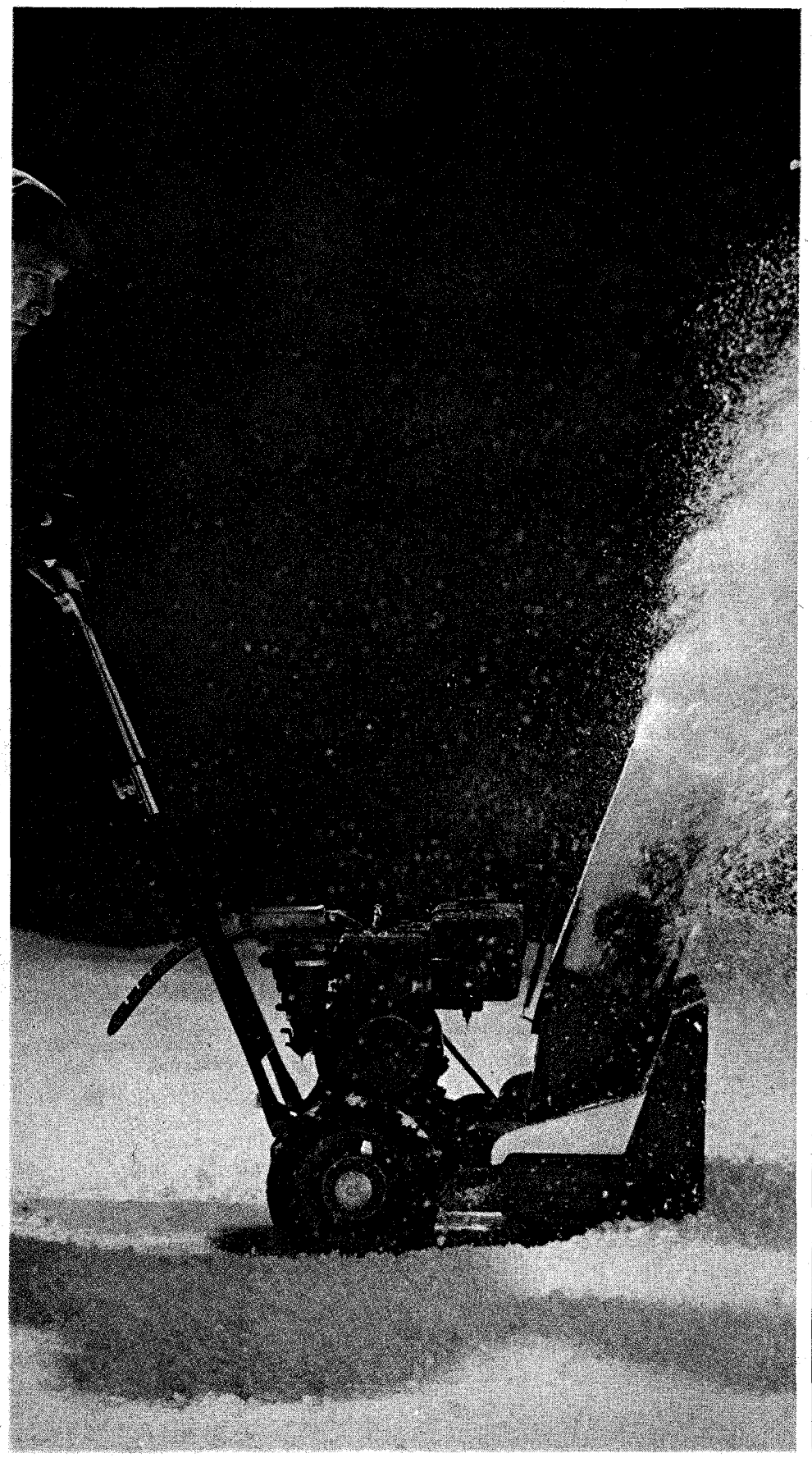
PURE

BE SURE WITH PURE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

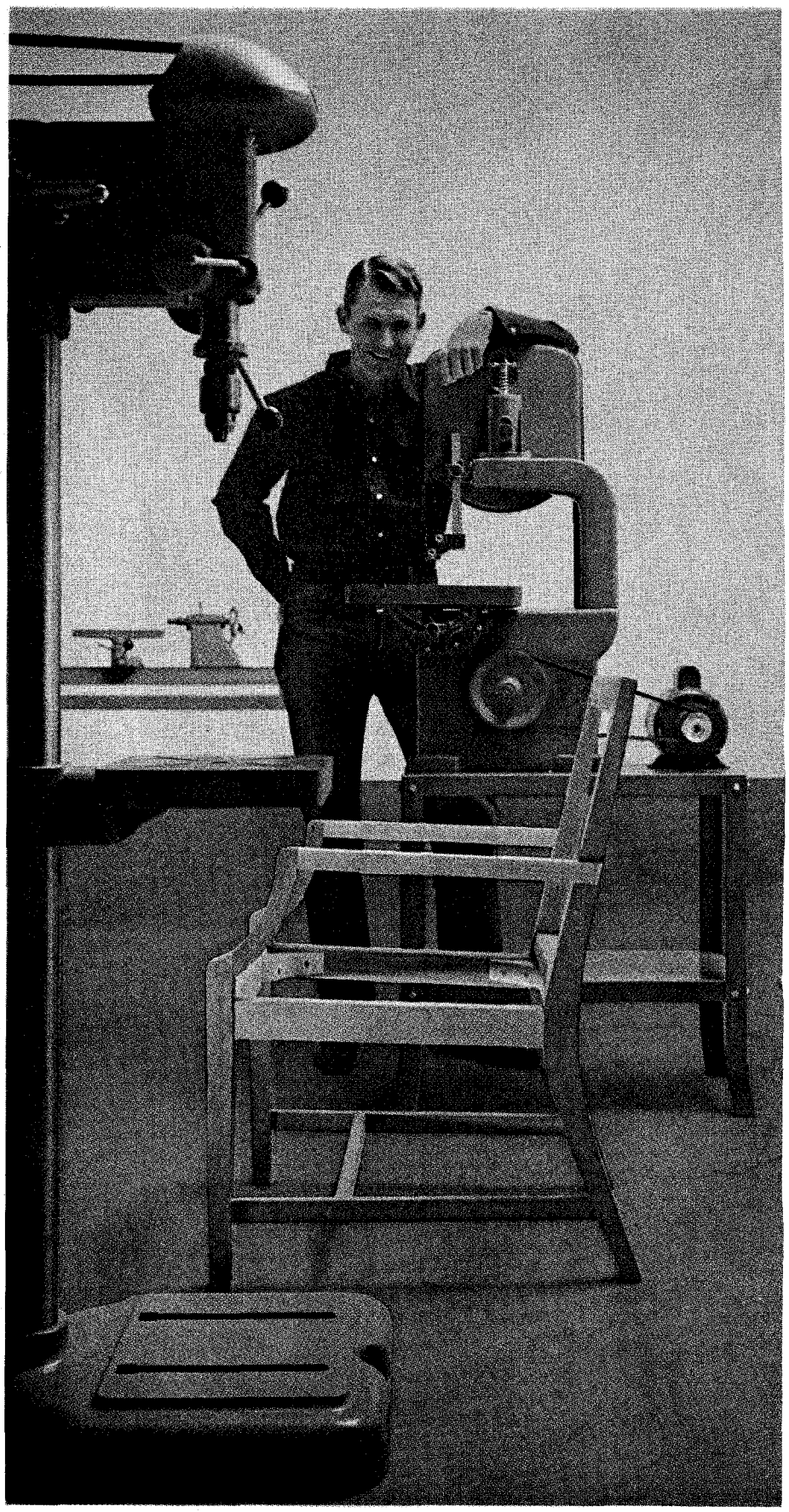
Today's USS steels

lighten your work . . .



No huff, no puff! Clearing snow around your home is no task at all when you have a power snowplow to do the *work*. In snowplows, as in other outdoor tools that help you to keep your property neat, today's versatile USS steels bring you a rare combination of strength, long service life and remarkably light weight.

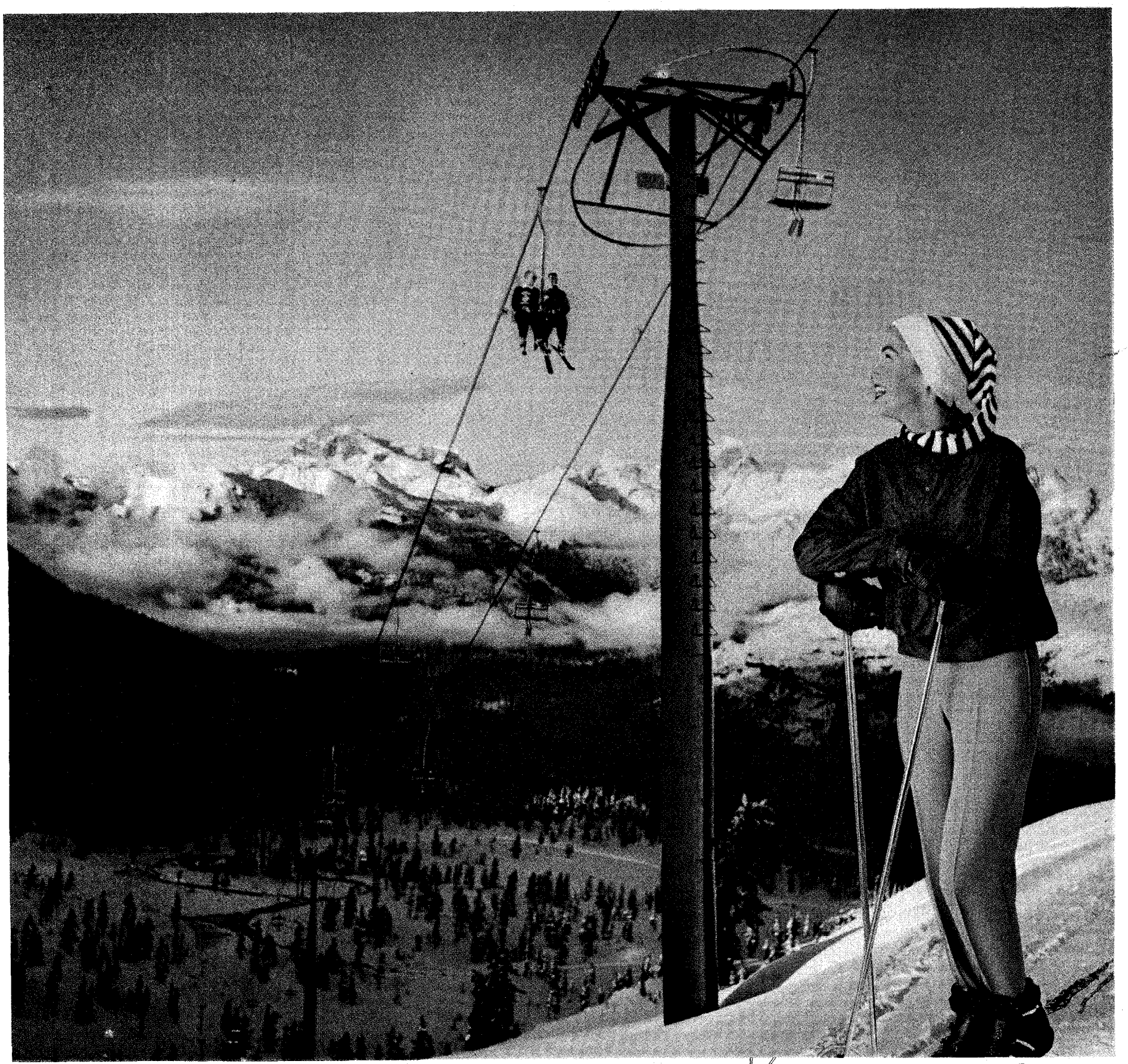
brighten your leisure.



So nice to have around the house—that's a man who can make a home more livable, more beautiful by building furniture himself. You can have such a man (and without trading in your present mate)! Just take him to your nearest do-it-yourself center and show him modern, easy-to-use home workshop tools of steel. He'll get the idea.

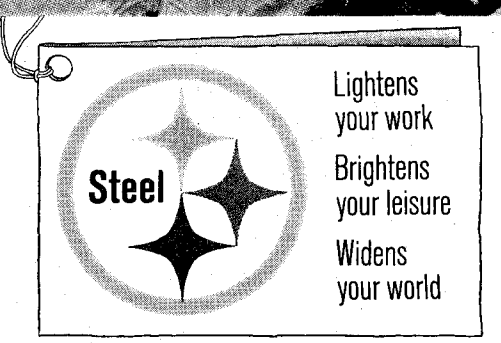
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

► widen your world . . .



Fun on the run. Do you ever think how much modern steels help us to enjoy this big, wonderful world? Take skiing for example. In the tow . . . in your ski poles . . . even in your skis, reliable, modern steels help you to enjoy the thrills of snowtime fun. Wherever you go, whatever you do—*any time* of the year—stylish new products made of today's USS steels help you to get more fun out of life.

USS TRADEMARK **United States Steel**



The Steelmark on this tag tells you a product is made of steel. Look for it when you buy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 46*) Akim spoke a few terse words into an intercom. He said sharply, "What do you mean, they are barricaded in? Order my niece to come up here immediately. And to bring the Hungarian girl and Jamie."

Marc's mind heard the words, without comprehending them. Barricaded in? Ellamae with them, and not a prisoner? What did this mean?

Jamie had a huge black-and-blue mark on his jaw. Ellamae held his arm, guiding him defiantly. Tresa walked beside them. For Tresa, she looked quite subdued. Jamie stood by the door, listening, substituting his ears for his eyes, Marc realized. Counting the receding steps.

Akim roared, "What is the meaning of this? Ellamae?"

Ellamae stood by Jamie. She said, in a rush of words, "I have never interfered before, Uncle Akim. You know I have never interfered before. I have done my job. All my jobs, whatever was asked of me. I have stood by, while men were beaten and killed, because I was told to. But they were not blind!"

Akim's hand groped for his desk. He said automatically, "That's enough, Ellamae."

Ellamae's voice rose. "It is not enough! I'm warning you, Uncle Akim! Find your microfilm without hurting him, or you will be sorry!"

Akim sat down heavily. "Ellamae, I can't believe —— I'm not hearing this. I'm not!"

"You're hearing it. You know me, Uncle Akim. You should. You raised me. And you must know I mean this."

Akim pulled himself from his state of shock. He stood up, seeming to tower, despite his short height. He roared with the full strength of his powerful voice, "That's enough!"

Ellamae shrank back against Jamie, who did not shrink at all.

"I——" said Ellamae.

"Silence!" roared Akim. "Not another word. Such insubordination! What would the Party say? I am in charge here. I shall make the decisions. You will be silent and do what you are told. As usual."

There was a moment in which no one spoke. Then Ellamae said, in a very small, panicky voice, "You will be sorry, Uncle Akim."

"That's enough!"

Ellamae did not speak again.

Akim moved up and down the cabin several times, not speaking until he was completely in control of himself again. When he did, his voice was as always, suave and charming and unruffled.

He stood in front of Marc, smiling, and the smile was once more a threat. "Well, Mr. Hollis? The microfilm."

Marc looked up, but not squarely. He kept his head partially down. He ran his words together in a tired voice, "I haven't got it here. But I can get it."

"Obviously," said Akim. "Though what you did with it—we took that room apart, those books, page by page. There was no hiding place in the hall."

"There was one," said Marc.

Akim moved closer to him. His voice was softer now, but the softness barely covered the eagerness. "Just tell us where the film is, Mr. Hollis. When we get it, you and Tresa and Jamie will be free to go."

"How do I know that?"

"You have my word."

"I'm afraid that I'll need a better guarantee than that."

"Mr. Hollis!" said Akim. "My word ——"

Jamie laughed quite cheerfully. Akim stared at him in fury.

Tresa's gray-green eyes were very anxious. "Do not give him the film, Marc. No matter what, do not give him the film. Jamie and I will be all right. Whatever they do to us, you must not give them the film."

At a nod from Akim, Karl reached out to clap a big palm over Tresa's face roughly. He swore obscenely and pulled his hand away.

"I will bite you again," said Tresa. "I will give you hydrophobia!"

Marc risked moving, slowly. He said to Tresa, "Be still. We are bargaining."

Tresa put out a small hand to steady him, but her voice was bitter. "Bargaining? How can you bargain with the devil?"

Karl moved in again. Marc leaned closer to Tresa. He winked. After a startled moment, Tresa winked back, and was silent, watching.

She thinks I'm trying to trick Akim. Nobody tricks Akim and lives. But to see them beating Jamie or Tresa—Akim can't possibly let us live, because we would know where he was, and boats can be stopped. But when he has the film they might just shoot us. Quick and fast. Not torture by torture, for hours and days.

Marc stood by Tresa now, as Ellamae stood, silently, by Jamie, near the door. Marc's headache was definitely better now.

Akim was less suave. "I shall not ask you again, Mr. Hollis. The microfilm."

"You overlooked one hiding place in the hall outside Natalie's apartment."

Akim shook his head. "It will do you no good to lie to me."

Marc said, "I mean the mail slot. It goes down every floor, to the basement, just like in hotels."

Tresa said, "But I did not see you write anything. It must have been when you were at the desk and you told us you heard someone at the door! While we were running and struggling, you wrote! And later, in the hall, when I saw you slide your hand into your pocket and put it behind you, while we were watching the elevator come up, you mailed it!"

Akim nodded slowly. "Very clever, Mr. Hollis. You put the microfilm in an envelope from Natalie's desk, addressed it, took one of her stamps, and mailed it somewhere. You will now tell us where and we will go and get it."

"I'll tell you where it is. It's at the central post office in General Delivery. Except that you can't get it. You don't know what name is on the envelope."

"What name is it?"

"I'll tell you that when we are in the post office. When I see Jamie and Tresa walking away free, down the street. Then I'll give you the microfilm."

Akim said impatiently, "We are wasting time. . . . Karl."

Karl moved toward Marc, his big fists clenched, his animal eyes shining in pleasurable anticipation.

"Hitting me will really only waste time," said Marc. "You haven't much, you know. By the time you drag the name out of me by torture, you won't dare go ashore and get the film. You're wanted men now, too—you and Karl and anyone connected with you. But now, in the early morning, while the fog is still reasonably heavy and the post office not too crowded, John Dayn hasn't had time to marshal his forces to look for you."

Akim snarled, "If this is a trick!"

"It is no trick. The film is there. There was a pickup at six A.M., the schedule beside the mail slot said. Three hours to go a few blocks."

"What name is on the envelope?"

Marc was silent. Karl moved a step closer, raising his fist.

"Wait," said Akim. "Hollis is right about the time. If the film actually is at the post office, and I don't see where else it could be, we must get it now or not at all."

"It is there," said Marc.

Akim was silent for a long moment. Then he made an imperious gesture. "We will go. We will leave your brother here."

"All of us go," said Marc, "or no deal."

Akim said, "Do not push me any further, Mr. Hollis. Your brother will be released when I get the film."

Jamie said, "Take it, Marc. It's his best deal."

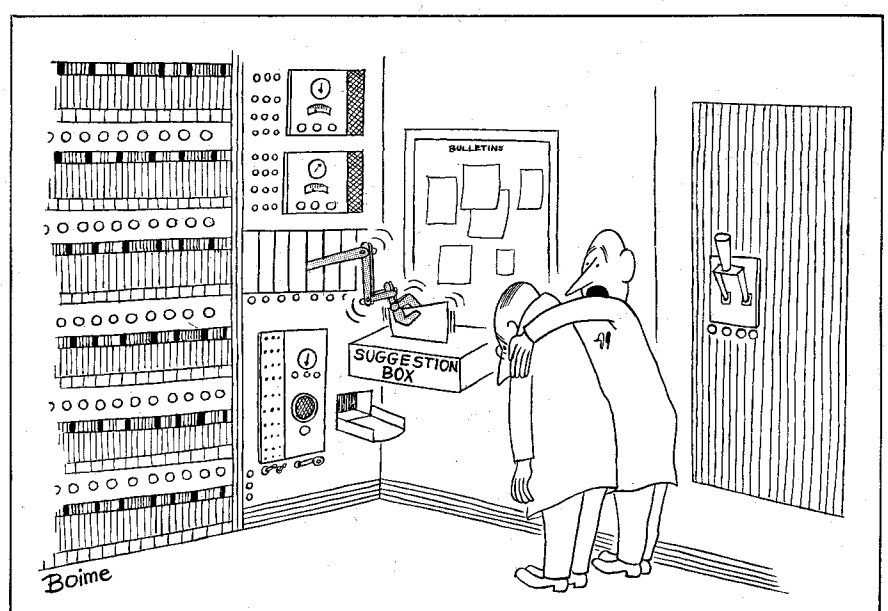
"Not without you."

"It's your only chance. You've done all you can."

"No."

Jamie moved then, suddenly and unexpectedly. He threw Ellamae in the direction from which Karl's voice had last come. He took the three steps to the door easily. It came open in his hand just as Karl, staggering under Ellamae's weight, got his gun clear.

Marc threw himself at Karl recklessly, with no time to plan or calculate. Karl brought the gun down on his head in a chopping movement. Marc grabbed for it, and Karl brought it down again. Marc fell, fighting blackness, groping for Karl's knees.



"Nonsense, professor! This isn't the end, it's the beginning of a new scientific era!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Ellamae screamed and tugged at Karl's arm as he turned toward the door. "No!"

The bullet went high, striking Jamie in the arm. He staggered for a moment, as the blood spurted forth. Then he was out the door and running along the deck.

Marc tried to get up, but fell back.

Ellamae said in a very strange voice, "I warned you, Uncle Akim." She stood now, with the .22 from her purse in her hand. "If you move, any of you, I shall kill you. . . . Karl, I will shoot you in the back. . . . Uncle Akim, you yourself taught me how to shoot."

"My dear, you are overwrought. Surely you would not shoot me!"

"You first of all," said Ellamae, and burst into tears.

Karl knocked the small gun from her hand with a contemptuous gesture, and sprinted for the door. But Ellamae, lying sobbing on the floor, had bought Jamie the precious time he had needed.

Karl said savagely from the doorway, "He dived overboard! The blind guy! I can't see him in the fog!"

"He can't get far," said Akim. "He'll lose too much blood. The water is ice cold, and he won't know which way to go. He'll be swept out on the current."

Marc shook his head, trying to clear it. He tried to get up, and failed again. "Got to—try to save him."

Tresa said softly, "We can't help him now. He did it for you, Marc. So you would be free. He measured the steps as we came in, he stood near the door, he listened to the sounds on deck."

Ellamae said, "C-can he s-swim?"

Like a fish, Marc thought, remembering. *And he's young and strong. But he's wounded and he's blind.*

Akim said, "There is always an outside possibility he might be picked up safely. If he is, we must be on the high seas. The ship is ready to leave. It is only waiting for us. As soon as we have the microfilm —— We shall have to risk it. This time we shall leave the girl here as a pledge of Mr. Hollis' good behavior. Not so effective as his brother, perhaps, but he will know what will happen to her if he tries a trick of any sort."

"No," said Marc. "You said before I had nothing to gain by time. I didn't then. Now I do. Jamie may get through and bring help. Either Tresa comes with us and I see her go free, or you can take the time you haven't got, forcing me to talk, until it will be too late for you to get the film at all."

Akim said "Karl," softly, and Karl moved up beside Tresa. He twisted her arm savagely, until she cried out.

Marc did not move. *Forgive me, Tresa. But it's the only way of saving you.* He said, "She's nothing to me. I've only known her less than three days and she's brought me nothing but trouble."

Akim said, "Then why do you care whether she is freed or not?" and Karl twisted Tresa's arm again.

Marc said, "It's something you wouldn't understand, Akim. Ellamae might, perhaps, if she were herself. It's a matter of principle. If I give you the microfilm, I'm going to get something in return."

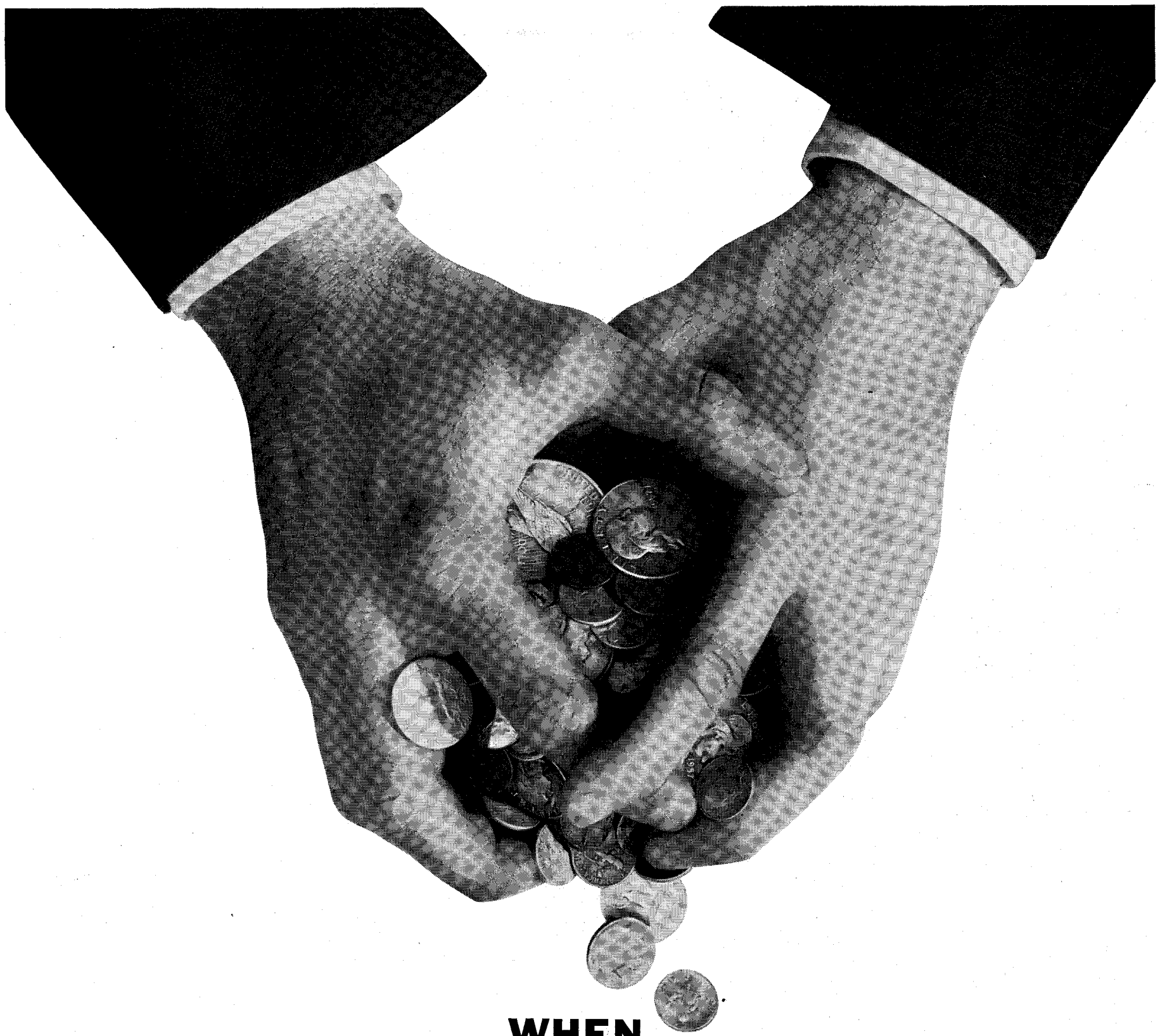
"You will be getting your own life. Do you think I shall shoot you in a crowded post office?"

"My own life is worthless without her to clear me of murder," Marc said. "No, Akim. Either Tresa goes, too, or I don't."

Akim said, "I'll make no bargains. The girl stays here."

There was a knock on the door. A note was handed to Karl, who brought it to Akim. Akim jumped to his feet, forgetting, in his excitement, to be suave. He rubbed his (*Continued on Page 53*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WHEN "PUBLIC POWER" WINS– YOU LOSE!

The promoters of federal government "public power" are trying to get their hands on more of your tax money

Five and a half billion dollars is an important sum of money. Especially when you realize that some of it is yours.

It's the amount of tax money *already spent* on federal government "public power."

And that's just the beginning. The lobbyists and pressure groups who promote "public power" are pushing the idea that Congress should spend *10 billion dollars more* on this costly program —to be collected from *you* and other Americans.

And it's all so unnecessary! America's many *independent* electric companies are able—and ready—to supply all the electricity the nation needs—*without* your tax money.

What can you do about it? Plenty! This waste of taxes goes on only because most people aren't aware of it. Spread the word. Talk with your friends. As soon as enough people know they are paying needlessly for "public power," they will stop it.

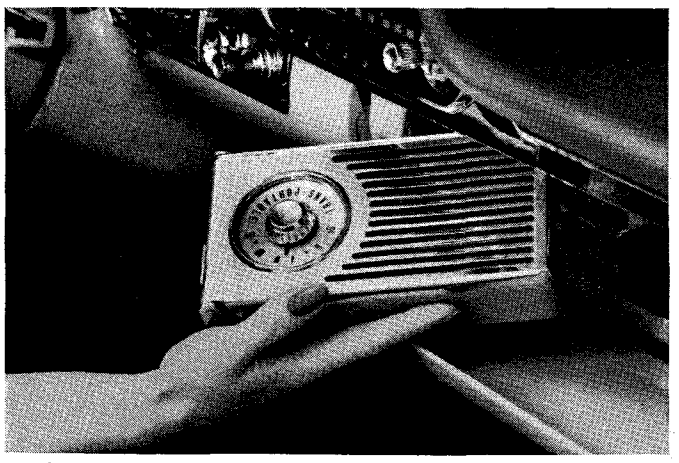
America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies

Company names on request through this magazine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DELCO'S all-transistor car radio is PORTABLE



It's a full-size push-button car radio, but when you remove this unit, you have a powerful pocket-size portable.

Oldsmobile for '59 offers a car radio that's actually two radios in one! It's the new all-transistor Delco—a full-size push-button car radio and a handsome portable that locks safely away out of sight! Now with Delco's engineering achievement, you can enjoy the power and full-range performance of a fine car radio, and get the convenience and pleasure of a portable, too.

When used inside the car, the portable unit slips into its hiding place in the dash and becomes part of the car radio. It uses the car's battery, built-in audio system, antenna and big speaker, and is operated by the regular push buttons.

Away from the car, the portable fits easily into your pocket or purse. For its size and weight, this radio is surprisingly rugged and powerful, thanks to tiny transistors which take up less space and use 90% less power than vacuum tube sets.

Delco's new two-for-one radio plays without warmup or mechanical noises, and provides remarkable tonal range, volume and clarity. True symphony hall listening! See your Oldsmobile dealer soon for a demonstration of this wonderful, all-new, all-transistor Delco exclusive—**the car radio that goes where you go, plays where you play.***

**Also available and individually styled for the 1959 Buick and Pontiac.*

DELCO RADIO

Division of General Motors • Kokomo, Indiana

WORLD LEADER IN AUTO RADIO

(*Continued from Page 50*) hands together. His dark eyes shone. He said, "What a coup! What incredible luck!"

Marc and Tresa exchanged looks, wondering what had been in the note that pleased and excited Akim so much. Had Jamie been found? Or his body?

"Come," said Akim. "At once. We must go."

Karl looked surprised. "You too? Ain't that pretty risky? There are a lot of guys that look like me. But not like you."

The purple color came up Akim's neck and spread across his cheeks. He said sharply, "That's enough! When I want your opinions, I'll ask for them!"

But not even Karl's words would dampen Akim's excitement for long. He said, "This is worth the risk. Any risk. I must be there myself, personally."

"Look," said Karl, "I go and get the film; I bring it back to you here. You think I want it?"

"Not the film, you fool. Not the film. Come. We must hurry. Minutes count, now. If only he will eat a big enough breakfast!"

Who will eat a big enough breakfast?

"Come on. Come on," said Akim impatiently to Marc.

"Not without Tresa."

Akim shrugged his monstrous shoulders. "Bring her. Bring her."

Akim said sharply to Ellamae, "You will wait here. I shall deal with you on my return."

Ellamae shuddered violently. Her voice was her old, high, anxious one. "Yes, Uncle Akim."

Akim said, "We will go now, single file. I shall follow the young lady with my hand on the gun in my pocket. . . . Karl, you will do the same with Mr. Hollis. Just so that if either of you should get any ideas of trying to escape, you will know the other will be instantly dead. We will take a cab to the post office."

The central post office was vast, drafty, ill-ventilated, with confusing signs above the windows.

"Wait here," said Akim. . . . "Watch them closely, Karl. I must telephone."

"Telephone?" said Karl. "Look, we gotta blow out of here."

"That's enough," said Akim sharply. He entered one of the telephone booths. He called a local hotel and asked for the coffee shop.

"There is a white-haired man with a broken nose bone sitting at the second table from the door, at the window. Let me speak to him, please. It is urgent."

There was a moment's silence, and then John Dayn's voice came over the wire, calm, quiet, incisive, "Yes?"

Akim put his fingers over the phone. He gasped for breath. "This—is—Marc Hollis."

"Where are you?"

"They have me cornered—any minute—please help me—seconds count."

John Dayn said, "Where?"

"Heard them talking. That's how I knew—where you were. They're watching you. If you get help, they'll know—they'll kill me. But if you could come yourself, as if by accident—I might be able to hold out a little longer."

"Where?"

"The central post office. It's only two blocks."

"I'm on my way. Hang on."

Akim put down the receiver and dialed another number. This time he spoke in his normal voice. "What did he do?"

"He lit out on a run. Didn't stop to call or speak to anybody. Nobody's following him. He's alone."

"Good," said Akim. "So long as he stays that way, don't interfere with him. Let him come."

Akim came out of the phone booth rubbing his strong hands and looking very pleased indeed. He said to Marc, "Now. We just about have time to get the microfilm."

"Over there," said Karl. "General Delivery."

"First let Tresa go free," said Marc. "I want to see her walking out the door."

Karl shoved the gun in his pocket into Marc's back, hard. "Move."

I can't stall them any longer by refusing. Maybe if I buy a little more time by getting the film ——

Marc looked desperately about the post office. A policeman, an M.P., even a soldier or sailor. Anyone whose eye he might catch, who might at least remember enough to give Akim's description, afterward. But there were no uniforms, and the other people passed without a glance, entirely intent on their own business.

"Get it and let's get out of here!" Karl snapped.

"On second thought," said Akim, "we will wait and let him see us as I get it. I have waited many years for the pleasure of this moment."

Sometimes a clear conscience is due only to a poor memory.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

"Wait?" said Karl. "Let who see us? Are you nuts? We gotta blow."

"It will not be long," said Akim, in his most pleased voice.

It was not long. Not long before Marc saw John Dayn coming across the lobby, a muscular man close behind him, his hand in his pocket. Marc knew the second man was Akim's, and that he held a gun at John Dayn's back.

"Ah," said Akim to John Dayn. "Ah! Even the fox has his moments of weakness, of worry over his men. A typical bourgeois sentimentality."

John Dayn's eyes found Marc's. "It wasn't you who called?"

"No."

"Sentiment," Akim chuckled. "It will get even the most hardened of capitalists, eventually."

John Dayn's voice was cold. "You killed two of my men. It was worth any risk to get you. If I had stopped for help, you would not have been here. I gambled, and I lost."

"And now," said Akim, "you are going to take a sea voyage with us. At the end of it you will issue a statement denouncing the decaying capitalistic way of life. After you have given us much interesting information. What secrets you must know!"

"Never," said John Dayn, through his teeth.

Akim looked more pleased than ever. "We shall see. What a coup! For years I have waited for you to be unprotected, off guard, and finally you were. Now we have you. There is just one more thing. The microfilm. . . . You will get it, Mr. Hollis. Now."

Marc moved to the General Delivery window. He stood behind a fat man in line. The fat man took out his wallet and began to count his money slowly. Marc rammed his elbow into his ribs.

"Hey!" said the fat man. "Look where you're going! Who do you think you are?"

Karl's gun went into Marc's back, hard. "My friend is sorry," he said, "ain't you, friend?"

"Well, he oughta be!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Next, please," said the clerk, and the fat man moved away from the window.

"No more funny business," said Karl in Marc's ear.

Akim might let us live a while if I give him the microfilm. One of us might have some slight chance to live: Tresa, John Dayn or me. Akim has to take his eyes off us to look at the envelope. . . . If I give it to him, they'll at least take us somewhere else to shoot us. We live a little longer. Something might happen.

Marc turned to look at Akim. He saw his deep black eyes, his charming smile, so pleased when he looked at John Dayn, standing quietly unmoving, also watching Marc. And Tresa, her green eyes large and trusting in her small white face.

Marc smiled at Tresa. He touched her familiar, shabby corduroy raincoat. His eyes met John Dayn's. They swept the vast busy post office. To live, to be alive had never before seemed so good, such a privilege.

He turned and spoke to the pale-eyed clerk. "There's a letter here for me."

"What name, sir?"

Marc said, "John Dayn."

"But you're not ——"

Marc heard the roar of Karl's gun at his back, but he did not feel the bullet. He went down painlessly, bonelessly, still on the edges of consciousness, hearing Tresa scream, seeing John Dayn move quickly, expertly. The man behind John Dayn shot a second too late. John Dayn's left arm hung bloodied at his side as he closed in on Akim. Moving like lightning, the fat man who had been at the window turned, chopped at the gun behind Tresa with one fierce hand; with the other arm, flinging Tresa aside. John Dayn used judo; for a second Marc saw the astonishing sight of Akim flying through the air, his short arms flailing, his deep voice screaming. He saw the fat man knock Karl out, effortlessly. As others of John Dayn's men closed in from all sides, guns drawn, the third man offered no resistance, sullenly putting his hands above his head. . . .

It was hours later when Marc came back to consciousness. His whole left side was on fire; the pain was intense. The room was dark and quiet. It was a hospital. There were two beds in the room. Marc focused his eyes on the other. *Jamie. Jamie, breathing and alive, and sleeping peacefully.*

• •

It Works Both Ways

Although, on occasion, a nifty
is said
That I wish, in my envy, I'd
uttered instead,
There also are times when the
epigram's flat
And I'm terribly grateful I
didn't say *that.*

Norman R. Jaffray

• •

Marc saw John Dayn's face above a bandaged arm. Marc said, "Glad—you made—it, sir."

John Dayn smiled grimly. "It was a trap. Our trap, not theirs. I sat in that coffee shop hoping they would call. Our only chance of finding you and Nine-twelve."

"But they said—no one followed you."

"No one did. My men listened in on the phone call. They surrounded the post office and waited for the cheese to walk in to bait the trap. I was the cheese."

"But you might have been shot!"

"I was," said John Dayn, "in the arm. Fortunately I had kept up my judo."

"And Jamie?"

"A fishing boat picked him up. He was swimming toward the foghorn. Of course he's lost a lot of blood and he's very weak, but he'll be all right. Good boy, that one."

Marc was silent, gathering his strength. John Dayn said, "We've got the true story of your trial out of your friend, Natalie. The governor has signed the papers freeing you, and your lab has offered you your old job back. That business at the post-office window took guts, son. You didn't know our men had the building surrounded. You could have just given them the film. You said you weren't interested in politics."

"Tresa says only a dead man isn't interested in politics," said Marc. "At least only a dead man doesn't care what kind of a world he lives in or is willing to hand it over to the Akims. Maybe Tresa is right. Maybe freedom is something you have to work for, and lose, to really appreciate. Anyhow, I appreciate mine now, and I'm going to work for it. If you can ever use me, sir ——"

John Dayn nodded thoughtfully. "I'm beginning to think I've overlooked possibilities in paratroopers. Akim will not talk, naturally. But Karl is talking, and others. We will break the entire spy ring. Thanks to you and Nine-twelve."

"Nine-twelve?"

John Dayn walked over and opened the door. Tresa came in. She wore a green print dress which clung to her slight figure, and high-heeled shoes. She stretched forth nylon-clad legs to show Marc.

"Look," she said. "New nylons. New shoes. High heels!"

"Nine-twelve?" said Marc.

"It's very simple," said John Dayn. "New Americans can be good Americans too. Thank God we have them. When Tresa landed in this country, I had been looking for someone like her. Someone with courage and resourcefulness and acting ability."

Tresa blushed.

"Tresa was working for you!" said Marc. "Then the meeting in that Olympia café was set up!"

"Yes. In a matter of this importance, we can't have too many cross checks. She was talking to Hartford Cook the night he was shot." John Dayn's face saddened. "We just missed you at Natalie's apartment after she called."

Marc said, "Next time, teach her to drive."

Tresa said indignantly, "I can drive!"

"Forgive me, Tresa. There were times when I thought ——"

Tresa nodded vigorously. "It is you who must forgive me. I thought you were going to give them the microfilm. But never have I seen anything so brave as your refusing!"

I was going to give them the microfilm, Marc thought in surprise. *In the beginning, I had no idea but that. To get Jamie free by giving it to them. But along the way something happened. I don't know what.*

"You have to choose," said Tresa simply. "In the world today, no one can be neutral. You are with them or you are with freedom. And if you are with freedom, you must be willing to die for it. As you were."

She knelt beside the bed. Shyly she showed him the medal around her throat. "Saint Theresa," she said. "For so long I have prayed to her to send me a man who was big and strong and unafraid."

"I'm not unafraid. I was scared to death."

"Oh, well," said Tresa cheerfully, "big and strong, anyway. A girl cannot have everything." She slid her small hand into his big one. Her face was very close to his. She said, "Akim and Karl and Ellamae are in jail. I am almost sorry about Ellamae, but Mr. Dayn says perhaps. Always she asks about Jamie, and he about her. Natalie is there too. But with all her money, perhaps you will not have to wait too long for her to get out."

Marc's fingers touched her soft brown hair. He said, "Forget Natalie."

"Yes," said Tresa, with enthusiasm. "Let's." And they did. THE END

Dynamite Dalton (Continued from Page 25)

The huge timberjack shook his white-maned head and lowered his voice to a gentle roar. "I'm strainin' my mainline to get along with you, boy; this is yer homecomin' day. But I ain't puttin' up with any more hogwaller about stump farmin'. You're a Dalton, boy, and Daltons are loggin' men."

For a tense moment Bob gazed about at the unpainted, frame houses strung, without order of alignment or interval, along the narrow macadam that served as Gerney Rapids' main street.

Stand your ground, he was telling himself. *Stand or be mollied for life to a Dalton Logging Company spar tree.*

"Tell me one thing, boy." Moose hitched at his stagged-off jeans. "What you gonna grow out in them stumps that's goin' to make you so all-fired rich?"

Bob swallowed visibly. This was the moment he had dreaded. He forced his eyes to look squarely up at Moose's inscrutable, rimrock face.

"Daffodil bulbs," he said.

"Daffydils?" Moose asked incredulously.

Bob nodded, and watched his father warily—the angle of the massive head, the widespread set of the legs. But, most of all, he watched the thick, brawl-gnarled hands.

"I'm not talking about ordinary daffodils, dad." Bob spoke rapidly, hoping for a sign of understanding. "A man up in Salem, Mr. Brighton, spent many years developing a valuable hybrid. He's letting me grow them on a percentage basis—provided I have some ground ready to show him Friday. If he isn't satisfied with the progress I've made, the deal is off."

Moose whacked his leg, and his laughter rolled like hilarious thunder along the Sabbath-deserted street. "Boy, for a minute ya had me worried. The war's threw a wobble in yer bull block, that's all. You'll be all right once you see all that rooster meat yer ma's cold-deckin' for ya."

Bob struggled with the futility welling up within him. "I'm not psycho, dad. This daffodil-bulb business is going to go big, and I'm getting in on the ground floor."

Moose moved around the front of the pickup with a stride that belied his sixty-two years. He climbed behind the wheel, leaving Bob no choice but to follow.

"Your brother, Paul, was the same way after the other war," Moose went on cheerfully. "Come home with some cock-eyed notion about being a lawyer. He's all right now, though meaner'n a sackful o' bobcats. Been runnin' my woods crew for me. Toughest bullbuck west of the Cascades, Paul is."

He's sales-talking now, Bob thought. *He'll get mean again when I don't buy.*

"I'm going to rent a tractor from Josh Hutchison, and start to work on my forty acres tomorrow," Bob said.

Moose pretended not to hear. "Like the other day," he went on. "Skinny Adams—you know how he hates my guts—well, he was givin' me the razz about havin' a million feet of logs piled up in Blue Canyon. I told him not to get too happy. Told him I had a boy coming home from Korea that can yard that canyon smoother'n a schoolma'am's leg."

They were well out of town now, driving west toward the Dalton place. To his left he could see the Dalton logging road—little more than a dusty trail leading down to Cedar River, crossing the crude log bridge to disappear into the blue-green forest beyond the old, deserted Jamieson farm.

Bob could feel the tautness leaving his legs. He wasn't out of Moose's clutches yet. But, at least, the strategy was clear. There were many sides to Moose's nature, and Bob knew them all. There was Moose the pirate, who could violate a boundary for an exceptionally fine peeler log, or who could brazenly—and in broad daylight—move a neighbor's line fence to suit a Dalton need. There was Moose the bully. And there was Moose the salesman. It was the latter facet of his father that Bob feared least. And it was the latter that he faced at the moment.

He was leaning forward to light a cigarette when they rounded the first of the seven curves before Hutchison Flats. The pickup swerved sharply to the left. He glanced up in startled annoyance. On the shoulder of the highway a girl was trying to quiet her excited mount. For an instant she was framed in the side window of the pickup—a blonde with a trim, boyish figure, leaning forward to speak to the frightened sorrel. Then they were past, leaving only the memory of her profile to tantalize him.

"Shirley Wheeler," Moose said in reply to his unspoken question. "Works at the bank. Skinny Adams' new secretary. Rides that horse all over the country."

They drove past Josh Hutchison's ramshackle barn, rumbled across the Deer Creek bridge, and turned onto the graveled drive that led up to the sprawling, white house atop a knoll.

Moose brought the pickup to a sliding halt beside the house. "Hey in there," he called. "Come look what I brung home."

Paul was the first to round the corner of the house. He was followed by Mrs. Dalton, small and erect, hastily brushing flour-covered hands against a sky-blue apron.

Despite Paul's playful rib-jabbing and stomach-pommeling, Bob managed to answer most of his mother's inquiries as to his well-being. These things warmed Bob, made him forget for the moment the showdown he knew was to come.

It came sooner than he had expected. Paul was lifting Bob's duffel bag from the pickup when he spoke. "Dad tell you he was putting you in charge of the rigging crew?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He told me," Bob said evenly, "but I have something else in mind."

Paul stared slack-jawed at his younger brother.

Moose spoke up. "Got off the bus babblin' something about raisin' daffydil bulbs. I think he's a throwback to some of his ma's relations."

"Where you goin' to grow these pansies, Bob?" Paul demanded.

"On my forty acres; where else?" Bob snapped.

Paul grinned. "Dad never deeded that land over to you. He just said it was yours, that's all."

"By gad, that's right!" Moose ejaculated.

Bob shrugged. "There's other land," he said.

"Not in this valley there ain't!" Moose was bellowing again. "Not in this whole county there ain't! No pussyfootin' throwback o' mine is going to disgrace the Dalton name with any posy farm."

"Amen," said Paul.

Bob whirled on his towering brother. "You've a short memory, haven't you, Paul? Just because you didn't have the guts to break away from your daddy's suspenders ——"

Paul's open hand caught him flush on the mouth, reeling him back against the bed of the pickup. He hung there for a moment, blotting the blood from his lips with the back of his hand.

"Leave the boy alone," his mother called out, but her voice was laden with futility.

"Time the boy growed up, ma," Moose growled. Then to Paul, "Whop him some more. There must be some fight in him somewheres."

Paul waded in. Bob caught the initial barrage on his elbows and forearms, but a paralyzing blow to his ribs caused him to drop his guard. He was dropped to the driveway by a haymaker high on his head.

"Git up and fight like a Dalton," Moose bellowed down at him. "Git up and fight er git out 'o my sight!"

Slowly, dazedly, Bob drew his knees under him and pushed himself up to a hands-and-knees position. "I'll get out," he said to their feet.

Moose kicked the duffle bag toward him. "Then git!" he snarled. "And don't come back till you can walk on yer hind legs like a Dalton."

Bob squatted at the edge of Deer Creek, sponging his battered face with a folded handkerchief. He intended to ask Josh Hutchison to drive him to town—that is, if Josh was sober enough. In any event, he didn't want to go barging up to the door with blood all over his face.

It wasn't until he heard the sorrel's hoofs clattering on the bridge above him that he thought again of the new girl, Shirley whatever-her-name-was. He sat motionless, hoping she wouldn't see him.

"Hi!" she called down.

He nodded, but didn't reply.

In a moment she had tied her horse and was sliding down the bank toward him. She wore blue jeans and a plain white blouse. The blond hair, cropped in a poodle, was her only apparent obeisance to vogue. There was a teasing twinkle in her eyes. And when she smiled, he liked her. He didn't want to like her; at that moment Bob Dalton didn't want to like anyone.

"You crazy?" he scolded. "Coming down here with a total stranger."

"You are Bob Dalton, aren't you?"

He nodded.

"I saw you pass with your father," she said, dropping to her knees and taking the handkerchief from his hand. "Who did this to you, anyway?"

"My ever-loving brother."

"Why, in heaven's name?"

He told her. He hadn't meant to. The words just started and wouldn't stop. He told her about Mr. Brighton, who had given him his long-awaited opportunity to become independent of his domineering father, of Moose's threat to drive him from the valley, of his determination to stay. And finally, he told of his plan to purchase land from Josh Hutchison.

"If you need financial aid, I'm sure Mr. Adams will do all that he can. He has always spoken highly of you," Shirley offered.

A car rumbled across the bridge above them. Bob got to his feet. "We'd better get out of here before your reputation is ruined," he said.

Shirley arose unhurriedly. He took her hand to help her up the embankment, and, because it seemed the natural thing to do, he held it until they reached her mount.

At Josh Hutchison's driveway he dropped the duffle bag to the ground and slid from his perch behind the saddle. "Thanks for the lift," he said. "If I can persuade Josh to sell some land, I'll see you at the bank tomorrow morning."

"And if you don't persuade him?"

"In that case, I won't see you until your lunch period."

"It's a date," she said, and, flashing him a half-tender, half-teasing smile, turned her mount toward town.

He stood for a moment, watching her ride away. Then, conscious of a gnawing loneliness, he shouldered the duffle bag and made his way along the narrow path that led to Josh's unpainted, shake-roofed shanty.

Monday, the bank opened at a precise ten A.M. Josh was late, but Bob didn't mind waiting; good bottom land at fifty dollars an acre was well worth waiting for. He could think of no reason for Josh to back out of the sale. Yesterday, Josh had appeared broke, painfully sober and eager to make any kind of deal.

"Bob!"

He turned toward the doorway and caught his breath. The day before, Shirley had been a likable tomboy. Today, in a cool, light-blue dress, her hair swept in a painstaking disarray, she was downright beautiful.

"Your father is on the phone. He wants to speak with you," she said.

He followed her through the cool gloom of the tiny bank building.

"Yes?" he snapped into the mouthpiece.

"That you, boy?" Moose boomed. "One of my drivers just told me you were at the bank. I was afraid you might be waitin' for Josh Hutchison. That would be a waste of time, 'cause Josh is down to Bennie's right now, gittin' drunk on the advance I gave him for his farm."

"You bought Josh out?" Bob gasped.

"Lock, stock and barrel. No need to fight the lay, boy; I got the word out. No man who likes to eat regular dast sell you a foot of land—'cepting old Skinny Adams, and he don't own any land. Now, about that riggin' job ——"

"You go to hell!" Bob howled, and hung up.

He trudged back to the Gerney Rapids Hotel, where he had taken a by-the-month room. He'd been a fool to think he could buck Moose Dalton.

In his room he composed a long, apologetic letter to Mr. Brighton. He'd play square with Brighton, and then he'd shake the dust off this Dalton-dominated country for good.

The lobby clock read straight-up noon. He was supposed to be meeting Shirley at the bank. (*Continued on Page 58*)

Storkgram
by WESTERN UNION
KANSAS CITY MO 4 200PM=
MR. AND MRS. ROBERT K. ANDERSON=
27 PALMETTO LANE CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA=
YOU'LL HAVE TO COME OUT OF RETIREMENT
LONG ENOUGH TO BE GRANDPARENTS AGAIN.
DICK, JUNIOR 8 LBS. 4 OZ., ARRIVED YESTERDAY.
BETTY FINE. LOVE=
DICK=.
ON EVERY HAPPY OCCASION,
A TELEGRAM
SAYS IT BEST!
For announcing baby's arrival . . . or whenever congratulations are in order . . . the greeting they'll *keep* is the one you telegraph. So convenient, too—just call Western Union and charge it!
P.S. Wire cash—anywhere, in minutes, with a Telegraphic Money Order
WESTERN UNION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only LIFE brings you so close, so swiftly...

You marvel as man reaches for the moon

CAPE CANAVERAL, Oct. 11—Inside the launching blockhouse the last seconds of a day-long count-down built into an eternity of tension. Outside, poised spear-like on its pad, towered 88 feet of monstrous machine—the moon-probe missile, *Pioneer*.

As zero hour broke in a blast of flame and belching smoke, LIFE put you on the firing line to share in man's mightiest step into Space.

In three memorable issues, LIFE moved swiftly to bring you a continuing documentary of man's reach for the moon. Just four days after the launching, as the world still hailed the feat, LIFE sped you *behind* the headlines of the hour to *eyewitness* the event.

Then, in a dramatic 8-page color sequel, LIFE let you share in the lives and hopes of Canaveral scientists . . . their sky-scanning watch, doubts, fears . . . their final jubilation as a 'failure' proved a triumph.

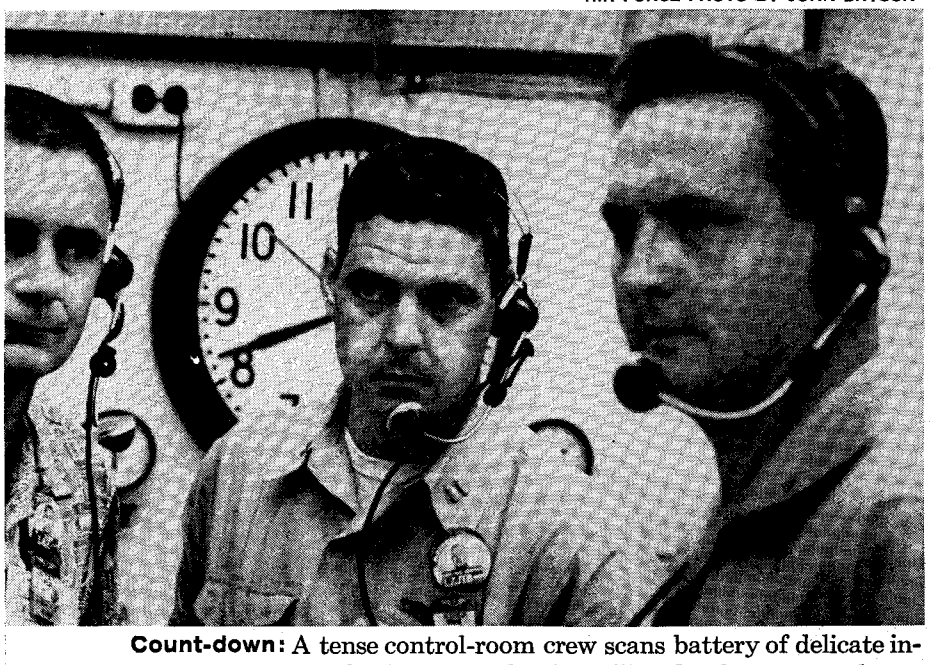
Later, in a cover-story that blazed new trails of its own, LIFE whisked you ahead into the future. Nine authoritative pages—special photos, drawings and text—showed you all the mysteries and marvels of the moon, and man's plan to reach it.

Constant change. Endless evolution. More moon-shots ahead, new wonders in the making. Fast-breaking news that only LIFE reports so swiftly and vividly. Missiles and Medicine, Science and Education. New forms in Art, new shapes in Fashion. Fresh techniques in Business, Sport, Music, Family Living.

Whatever the changes, great or small—wherever and whenever the news—read it first and *understand it better* in the up-to-the-minute pages of LIFE.

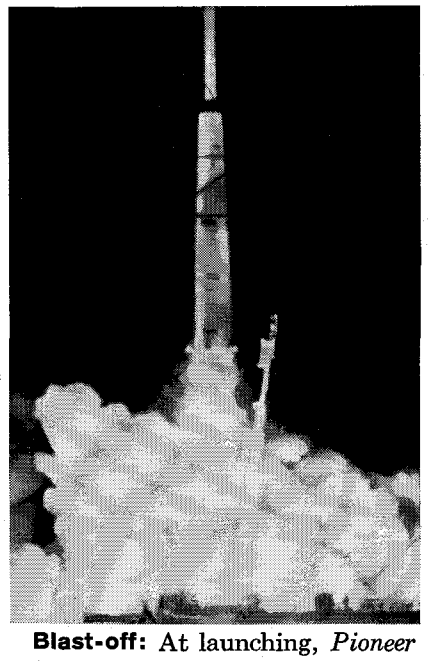
Keep your family alert and aware; broaden their interests by subscribing to LIFE. Watch for a special introductory offer for new LIFE subscribers in the January 31st issue of the *Post*. Take advantage of the offer. Get LIFE for less—and enjoy *all* of life much more.

AIR FORCE PHOTO BY JOHN BRYSON



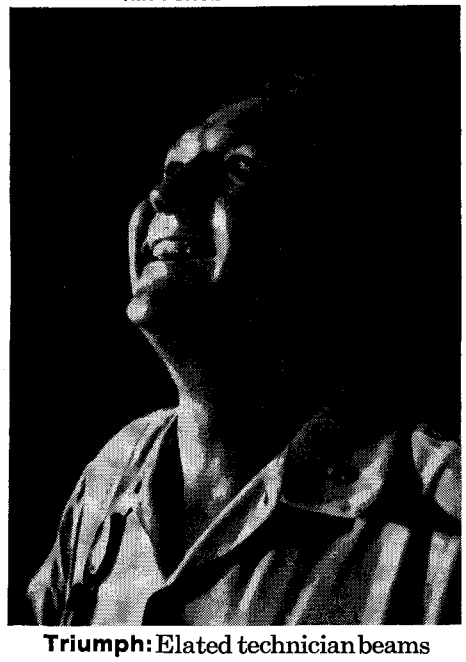
Count-down: A tense control-room crew scans battery of delicate instruments during the final seconds of gruelling day-long count-down.

PHOTO BY AP



Blast-off: At launching, *Pioneer* blazes aloft on its historic flight.

AIR FORCE PHOTO BY JOHN BRYSON



Triumph: Elated technician beams with delight at blast-off success.

Get this week's news in this week's **LIFE**

TO BY RALPH MORSE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 55*) He went out into the sun again and jaywalked across the street.

Shirley was waiting just inside the bank door. "Hi!" she greeted. "Do you always starve your dates?"

The hotel coffee shop was swarming with mill hands when they entered. He found an unoccupied table near the battered jukebox.

"Any luck?" she asked above the din.

He shook his head. "I've had it."

"I know of a place for sale, Bob. Mr. Adams is trying to sell it for the owners, who live up in Salem."

"I know," he said. "The old Jamieson farm. No good, Shirley. Just twenty acres of sod-covered bedrock."

She shrugged. "I tried."

Suddenly he jumped to his feet. "That's it! Shirley, you are a sweetheart!"

"Thanks. Tell me ——"

Skinny Adams was settling back in his ancient swivel chair for a post-lunch nap when Bob burst through the office door. "Mr. Adams," he blurted, "how much do the owners want for the old Jamieson farm?"

The pint-sized banker rose, donned the coat of his shabby, navy-blue suit, and seated himself again before answering. "Thirty-five hundred, Bob. Five hundred down." He glanced cautiously at the open door. "That farm is worthless, Bob. I don't think it's what you want."

Bob leaned over the desk. "I'm going to need your help in pushing this deal through, so I'll confide in you. When dad started to build his bridge across Cedar River, he hit a quagmire of springs on the south bank. He went upstream and bridged across onto the west end of the Jamieson property. We moved the line fence back up the hill about twenty yards. Dad said the old place wasn't worth surveying, so no one would be the wiser."

"So you're going to put the screws on the old reprobate?" Adams grinned.

"I'm going to get my forty acres back, that's all I'm after," Bob said soberly. "How soon can I have full possession of the Jamieson place?"

"Wednesday, if we get right on it."

It had been a hot, dry September, and Wednesday was no exception. The rising sun burned through the motionless blue haze that had already settled over the Jamieson farm—Bob Dalton's farm now.

Bob was kneeling at the side of the Dalton logging road, attaching wires to the posts of a blasting detonator. He expected Moose and Paul along soon, on their way to work in Blue Canyon. Already Moose's trucks were stringing across the river, their trailers piggybacked, easing cautiously from the approach of Moose Dalton's log bridge and onto Bob Dalton's farm. Although they were trespassing, Bob let them go. His quarrel was with Moose, not the drivers. He hoped it wouldn't be necessary to destroy the bridge, hoped Moose would listen to reason.

His task completed, Bob left the blasting paraphernalia at the base of a stump and walked the few yards to the roadway.

He hadn't long to wait. The familiar red pickup turned from the highway, shot down the incline and across the bridge. Bob stepped to the middle of the road.

Moose was driving. He brought the pickup to an impatient halt and climbed out. Paul remained in his seat, poking his head through the open window. Neither spoke.

Striving to keep his voice steady, Bob began his speech. "You are on my property. I am closing this right of way at noon today. You have until then to get your trucks and equipment out."

Paul guffawed.

"Shut up!" Moose growled at him. To Bob, he said, "Seems to me you're on the wrong side of the fence, boy."

"Come off it, dad!" Bob shot back. "I helped move that fence, remember?"

Moose turned to Paul. "Take the pickup to the first turnout and wait for me. I'm going to cuff some sense into this posy-lovin' throwback."

Bob scurried to the detonator, dropped to one knee beside it and grasped the plunger in both hands. "Better stay back," he warned Moose.

The sight of the detonator stopped Moose in his tracks. "Where'd you git the blastin' outfit?" he asked.

"From Josh Hutchison, the same place I got the six cases of dynamite that's under your bridge right now," Bob replied.

Moose glared down at him. "What's yer proposition, boy?"

"I'll give you my equity in this property for the deed to the land you took back from me," Bob said.

Moose looked disdainfully about the tiny clearing and the clusters of undernourished scrub oaks ringing it. "Ain't much of a proposition," he grumbled.

"It will mean a right of way to Blue Canyon. That's more than you have now," Bob pointed out.

Moose bowed his massive head. "I'm an old man, boy," he said slowly. "It takes me a while to figure a lay. I'll need some time to think this over."

"Don't take too long," Bob reminded him. "The bridge goes at noon—sooner if you try any tricks."

Moose turned and walked slowly, dejectedly, toward the bridge.

Bob relaxed against the stump. He was not worried about Moose tampering with the dynamite charges. The bank was a sheer drop of twenty feet. Moose would have to go upstream to the gravel bar in order to get down to the river bed. This would allow Bob ample time to destroy the bridge.

Bob had waited a long time for this moment: to see Moose Dalton bowing, crumbling before another man's will. Yet he felt no elation. Instead, he was suddenly aware that his father was showing his age. There was a telltale stoop to Moose's broad back that Bob had not noticed before. Moose was standing at the end of the bridge now, staring down at the water below him.

And then, it happened: Moose was on the bridge, bugling triumphantly, slapping his legs in glee and galloping toward the very center of the span. "Hey, Paul!" Moose thundered. "Come yard yer pussyfootin' brother away from that detonator." When Paul hesitated, Moose turned and motioned vigorously. "Come on. He won't blow 'er while I'm out here."

Bob sat motionless, staring numbly at the ground between his feet. Moose would never come to terms now. He was too steeped in victory; too saturated with his own cleverness. Bob's only chance would be to carry out his threat to destroy the bridge, and that was obviously out of the question with Moose standing out there in the middle of it. Moose's strategy had become frighteningly clear. Paul would overpower Bob, neutralize him, while Moose disarmed the charges.

Wearily, Bob climbed to his feet. Paul was less than fifty yards away now, walking calmly, unhurriedly, toward him. Bob didn't question Paul's ability to overpower him; Paul had demonstrated his physical superiority all too often.

Moose had seated himself, cross-legged on the deck of the bridge, obviously living the moment to its succulent hilt. "Yonder comes ol' Paul, boy," he taunted. "Ya know what he's goin' to do? He's goin' ta stomp you good. And ya know what I'm goin' to do? I'm goin' to sit right here on my own private grandstand and watch the whole shebang."

Bob stiffened. Perhaps here was the answer to his problem. Perhaps the prospect of viewing a fight would lure Moose from the bridge. He glanced over his shoulder at the scrub oaks behind him. The thicket was open enough to move about in, yet dense enough to screen two antagonists from Moose's view.

Stepping into the road, Bob turned to face his brother. "I'm going to fight you this time, Paul," he said.

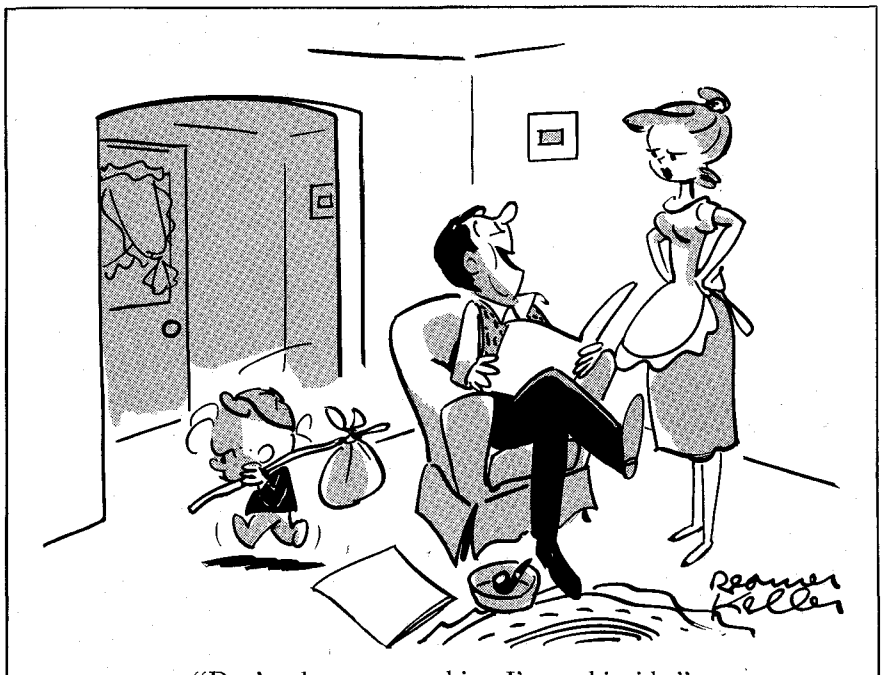
Paul's calked boots made soft, puffing sounds in the ankle-deep dust. He grinned. "Glad to hear it," he said.

Then Bob began his cautious retreat, backing from the roadway toward the scrub oaks to his rear.

Moose kibitzed from the bridge, "Watch him, Paul, I think he's aimin' to run ya to death." But once Bob had maneuvered Paul out of view among the trees, Moose's voice took on a disconcerted tone. "Yard him out in the road, Paul, so's I can see somethin'."

Bob thought Moose sounded nearer, but he wasn't sure. He had to be sure.

It wasn't easy, keeping out of Paul's clutches. The small oaks helped. When possible, Bob kept a tree between himself and Paul. Paul was making angry lunges, throwing himself off balance—and that helped too.



"Don't ask me to stop him. I'm on his side."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hey, Paul! How ya comin'?" Moose's voice came suddenly from the road and near the detonator.

Bob made a desperate attempt to get past his brother. He had allowed Moose to get too close to that detonator. Paul tripped him, and he fell hard. He felt a tearing, crushing pain as a calked boot came down on his left hand. Bob twisted onto his left side, bent double, and kicked savagely at Paul's knees. He heard an agonized grunt, felt his hand come free, and then he was on his feet, running for the detonator.

Moose was already there, jerking at a blasting wire. Bob shot a hurried glance at the bridge. There was no one near it. He aimed his body at an imaginary spot above the plunger and dived. He felt the plunger handle press into his stomach, felt the plunger moving downward beneath the weight of his body. Then an ax-scarred boot came up from the ground and slammed him senseless.

The rumble of Moose's voice was coming from somewhere beyond Bob's feet.

"He blowed 'er, Paul," Moose was saying sadly; "he clean totaled 'er."

Bob stood up and looked about him. Moose and Paul were standing in the roadway, staring toward the river. The clatter of hoofs came from the scrub oaks across the road. Shirley's stocking-legged sorrel churned onto the roadway and sat back hard on its haunches. Shirley swung from the saddle and ran toward Bob.

He motioned her back, accompanying the signal with what he hoped was a reassuring grin.

"Every penny I got is tied up in Blue Canyon," Moose was bemoaning, "and the winter rains are only two months away."

"We can build another bridge, dad," Bob heard Paul reply. "We'll post a guard on it."

Moose shook his head and hooked a thumb in Bob's direction. "He'll delay us. That posy-lovin' boy of mine don't quit worth a damn. I'll have to deal with him, Paul. When you can't whip a man, you have to deal with him."

Bob leaned against the dry, scaly bark of an oak. He didn't feel very much like a winner. His stepped-on hand throbbed with pain, and his face was already beginning to swell; he could feel the heaviness around his eyes. It helped having Shirley there, feeling her concern for him. It took the gripping aloneness away. Someday, he could tell her that, but not now; Moose was approaching.

"What'd you say yer proposition was, boy?"

"My equity in this place for the deed to my forty acres," Bob repeated patiently.

Moose nodded. "Sounds reasonable," he said. "Considerin' I got a million feet of logs weather-checkin' in Blue Canyon, it sounds mighty reasonable."

At this, Shirley came toward them. "I'm sorry about your bridge, Mr. Dalton," she offered politely.

Moose whirled to face her. "Don't go feelin' sorry for me, young lady. I learned me a lesson today. I learned a man can get just as ring-tailed tough over a patch of daffydils as he can over a whole mountain of tall timber. Say!" Moose whacked his leg and turned to Bob. "You ain't had yer homecomin' dinner yet. Sunday, I'll have yer ma fry up some rooster meat." Then to Shirley, "Probably be enough for you too."

Bob glanced inquiringly at Shirley, who nodded in silent assent. He loved her for that, her understanding silence. He couldn't have loved her more.

"We'd be proud to come, dad," he said.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lady's Choice (Continued from Page 18)

"But I'm not a man," I said.

"And no lady either," he muttered.

Bad as I needed the business, I had now gone as far with the bulbous Mr. Carver as I cared to go. The trouble was I had already spent his deposit on outboard gas and grub. It was an awkward situation. "I'll mail your deposit back to you," I said. "Good-by, Mr. Carver."

"Now wait just a minute, young lady. I came down here to fish. My time is worth money."

"So is mine." At the moment, with the way the weather had been and the falling off of the tourist business, it was worth about two cents on the dollar.

"Isn't there a real guide around here?"

I had had it. "Look, you overstuffed, purple-nosed baboon," I said. "I don't care where you fish or who you fish with. Just so it isn't on my property. If you go down the road a mile you'll find a dirty, disreputable-looking shack. In it, if you're unlucky, you'll find something that calls itself a man and has the disposition of Jack the Ripper and the proclivities of Blackbeard the Pirate. His name is Casey O'Bannion, and he claims to be a guide, although very few people who go out with him are ever seen again. I couldn't wish you a worse fate."

Some of what I had said was true—principally that his name was Casey O'Bannion. As for his house—it was an immaculate cement-block structure, painted white and surrounded by an incredibly green lawn. Actually he didn't look so much like Jack the Ripper or Blackbeard. He looked something like Victor Mature minus ten pounds and ten years. And as guides went, I guess he was pretty good. Good enough, anyway, to have cornered just about all the business in our neck of the keys.

Mr. Carver drove off in a huff. The tires of his huge car spat gravel at me as he fled. I went into the house and dug a pint of chocolate ice cream out of the refrigerator. When I get mad I always eat chocolate ice cream. It soothes me. If there were more chocolate ice cream in the world, there would be fewer psychiatrists. And if there were fewer Carvers there would be more P. Smiths. With that bit of homely philosophy under my belt, I finished the ice cream. I sat staring into the empty carton and hating Casey O'Bannion. I hoped that he and Mr. Carver would run aground on a reef and be eaten by sand flies, sucked dry by mosquitoes and roasted alive by the sun. It was a pretty picture.

I rinsed the spoon, put it away and then went and looked at myself in the mirror. What I saw was a tall girl with sun-bleached hair and a scowl on her forehead and freckles on her nose. She was wearing a man's khaki shirt, faded khaki shorts and sneakers the color of old cigarette butts. She looked like a girl who could change a spark plug and remember which magneto wire went where. She had a smudge of chocolate ice cream on her chin. I put my tongue out at her, and she put hers right back out at me. "You know something," I said. "That jerk Carver was right. You're no lady."

I was very depressed. Different people have different antidotes for depression. Mine was to go fishing. I grabbed my fly rod, walked down to the dock, jumped into the outboard and scooted off. I was heading for Content Key. I had seen some big permit feeding there a couple of days before, and I badly wanted to tangle with one of those babies.

The sky was clear, but there was a stiff southeaster blowing and the water was beginning to get milky. That's one of the hazards of fishing in the keys—as soon as the wind starts to blow, that soft marl bottom gets all worked up and the water gets like buttermilk. The fisherman can't see the fish, and the fish can't see the lure. You might as well go home and play tiddlywinks. I hated tiddlywinks.

The wind was behind me all the way, and without a head sea I was able to open her up, full throttle. Half an hour later I cut the motor, tilted it out of the way and began drifting over the flats. There wasn't another boat in sight. Nor were the permit. I poled slowly, waiting for one of those big, dark, green backs to break the surface, but nothing happened. Not your day, P. Smith, I told myself. Just not your day at all.

There was still the matter of supper. The matter of supper was becoming something of a problem lately. A few of the potholes were still fairly clear, and I shoved the pole down into the muck and held the boat still while I unleashed the fly rod and let the little red-and-white streamer sink deep. Something small and aggressive twitched at the lure, and I brought up a fat and sassy mangrove snapper. On the second cast I had his cousin, and that seemed to settle the matter of dinner.

I combed those flats to a fare-thee-well, but there was nothing doing. Not a permit, not a snook, not a redfish, not a tarpon. Not even a miserable jack. The sun was biting the back of my neck and I was beginning to think longingly of a nice, cool job as an usherette in an air-conditioned movie when I saw some-

You are investing in more than just a

HEARING AID

You are starting a fuller, more profitable life

Only a **ZENITH "LIVING SOUND" HEARING AID**

is the product of the same 40 years of sound research that brought you world-famous Zenith Quality TV, Hi-Fi and Radio.

Your doubts and fears are gone. Great hopes are fulfilled. You are sure, now, that a hearing aid can bring back the joy of sound you once knew. For you are the proud owner of a Zenith Living Sound Hearing Aid!

To bring you this wonderful assurance, Zenith engineers and technicians have spent 40 years proving and searching in the complex science of sound. And, with this experience, they realize more than ever that true *quality of sound isn't built into any hearing aid simply by saying so.*

Zenith's Quality of Living Sound is based upon a thorough understanding of the problems caused by hearing loss. Zenith achieves this quality by devoting its great resources and modern sound laboratories to the development of better and better sound reproduction.

Because Zenith has reached new heights in sound reproduction in Television, High Fidelity and Radio—and because millions know it from experience with these superb Zenith products—isn't it natural that you would look first to the hearing aid leader for the solution to such an important personal problem as that of your priceless hearing?

You will find your Zenith Hearing Aid Dealer skilled, understanding, more anxious to help you than merely to make a sale. Go to him assured that he represents the greatest name in electronics. He's listed in the "Yellow Pages." Ask about a demonstration in your home.

There are 12 Zenith Quality Hearing Aids—each sold on a 10-day money-back guarantee, 1-year warranty, and 5-year After-Purchase Protection Plan.

ZENITH "LIVING SOUND" HEARING AIDS

LEARNING TO HEAR AGAIN?

FREE BOOKLET: For one of the most illuminating stories on how one person returned to the world of sound, read Grace Thornton's "I Learned to Hear Again." This dramatic account of her successful battle is yours FREE. For your copy, write to:

Zenith Radio Corporation, Hearing Aid Division
5801 Dickens Avenue, Dept. 1ND
Chicago 39, Illinois

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing move a few hundred yards to the westward of the passes. I watched for it again, and when it came it was a lazy sort of motion—a big, heavy swirl in the water. That was a tarpon. Not a feeding tarpon, just a rolling tarpon. Rolling tarpon gather no flies. I felt a little lightheaded as I shoved off toward him.

I kept to windward of him so as to be able to maneuver the boat, working the fly line out, letting the loose coils fall into the bottom of the boat, so that, if and when he took, he would be able to run with it. He swirled again and I laid that fly six inches from his nose. He looked at it with a great rolling eye and ignored it. I tried it again and got the same treatment. Par for the course on a rolling tarpon. Five more times I tried it and five more times I got the cold shoulder.

Then, because everything had been going badly and because I was still smarting from my encounter with Mr. Sea Lion Carver, I remembered something. I remembered a fly I had tied a couple of months before and never used. It was a purple fly, a hideous purple that looked like Mr. Carver's flaming proboscis. Since orthodox methods had failed, it was time to try this monster of a fly. I dug it out of my streamer book and tied it on. "I hereby christen thee the Carver Beak Special," I said, working it out behind me in a backcast.

The tarpon had moved almost to the edge of the pass. It was a long, hard cast quartering the wind. I gave it everything I had, but even so the fly fell short. I was about to pick it up to try again when to my astonishment I saw that the fish, looking as big as a tank and twice as tough, had turned and was heading for it all out. I gave the rod tip a twitch, and 100 pounds of tarpon exploded on my Carver's Beak.

In the shallow water of the flats there was no place for that tarpon to go except up. He soared, he flew, he tail-walked, he pirouetted. He knew more aerial maneuvers than Eddie Rickenbacker. I watched him with awe, with astonishment, with love. A crazy, magnificently mad fish. I shouted with excitement. I was unaware of time or the sun or the bugs or the perspiration dripping off the end of my nose. I was scarcely aware of Mr. Carver and the dreadful Casey O'Bannion sitting in a skiff fifty yards away, watching me.

It was not until the tarpon was belly up and I had his head alongside the boat and was working the hook out of his bony jaw that I favored Carver and his guide with a fast look. They were coming hell-bent for election across the flat, O'Bannion poling and Carver standing in the bow, shouting.

"What a fish!" he bellowed. "What a fish!"

"Not too bad," I agreed modestly.

"We've been fishing all day and haven't seen a thing."

"What you need is a good guide," I said icily.

O'Bannion grinned at me; he had a hide like a sand shark's. Carver ignored the thrust. "What did you take him on?" he asked.

I had the fly loose and held it up. "This," I said.

"What do you call it?"

I blushed. My ears burned. He wasn't really such a bad sort. I just didn't have the gall to tell him I had named the fly after his nose. "It's one of my own," I mumbled. "Very effective under these conditions."

I held the tarpon upright while he caught his breath. When the gill covers had begun to open and close regularly I gave him a pat on the back, and the great tail swished and he shot spray into my face and was gone.

"By George," Carver said reverently. "I'd give my soul to tie into that baby."

"Your soul isn't necessary," I said icily. "All you need is a guide who knows where the fish are." And with that I gave the motor a yank and went off across the flat at thirty miles an hour.

It was a little after six A.M. the next morning when Mr. Carver—all mealy-mouthed and humble—came knocking at my door.

"Look here, Miss Smith," he said. "I want to apologize for some of the things I said yesterday."

"That's all right," I said sleepily.

"I take it all back. You certainly know your onions when it comes to fishing."

"Thanks."

"I suppose you're booked for today," he said tentatively.

"Right through the rest of the month," I answered, wishing it were true.

"No chance of a cancellation, I suppose."

"There's always a chance."

"I sure wish you could squeeze me in."

Mr. Carver must have weighed a good two hundred fifty pounds in his yellow socks, and I couldn't picture myself squeezing him under any conditions, but I said, "Try me again about eight and if my party hasn't showed up I'll see what I can do."

He knew, of course, I was fibbing. Whatever else he was, that Carver was no dope. But he played it my way. "I'll be back at seven-thirty," he said. "And thanks a lot, Miss Smith."

At six-twelve O'Bannion stuck his godlike features through my open doorway. He must have been skulking in the underbrush. "What ho," he said.

"What ho to you, you big ape." I had not spoken three words to him since the night of the Fisherman's Dance in Marathon six weeks before. That was the night he had kissed me, and my knees had wobbled. It was also the night we had had the biggest brawl since the first Robinson-Basilio fracas. I think that night we must have scared all the fish out of Big Cedar Creek. Snapper fishing has been rotten there ever since.

"What do you want?" I asked in a voice that would have sprouted icicles on a lesser man than O'Bannion.

"I've come to bury the hatchet," he said.

"Right between the shoulder blades," I said, turning my back. "X marks the spot."

"It's too early in the morning to be cute, Pamela."

"Miss Smith to you."

"It's too early in the morning to be cute, Miss Smith."

"Make it snappy, O'Bannion. What's on your mind?"

A slow burn appeared under the tan along his cheekbones. "What are you?" he growled. "A woman or James Cagney?"

"You'll never know."

"Won't I?"

He moved fast. Too fast. Or maybe I was too slow. Or maybe I just didn't feel like humiliating myself by getting out of his way. Anyway, he grabbed me and kissed me and even then—at six-fifteen in the morning—my knees began to give way. *If this sort of thing goes on,* I thought, *I'll have to start wearing shin guards for support.*

Entirely without my volition and much against my will, my arms went around his neck. He made me feel three feet tall. It was wonderful. When I finally came out of the swoon, all I could say was, "Oh, Casey."

"Dinner tonight at the Green Turtle?"

"M'm'm."

"And maybe a movie?"

"M'm'm."

"There'll be a full moon. We could have a go at the snook in the lagoon."

"Who cares about fishing?" I said.

"I see what you mean."

We chatted that way for a few minutes more until I pushed him away and said, "Get out of here now. I've got a client coming at seven-thirty. I've got to get squared away for him."

"I know," he said. "Old man Carver."

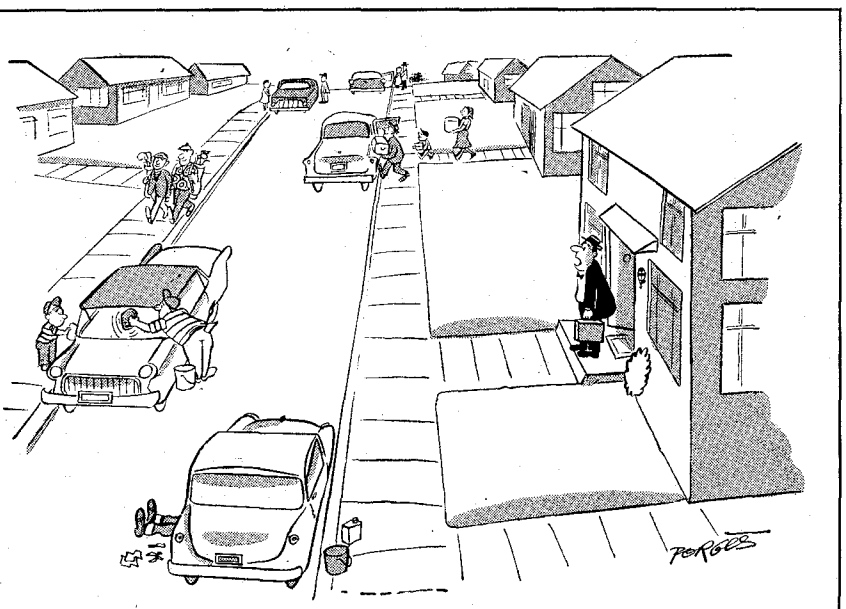
"Sorry to take him away from you," I smirked.

"That's all right; I couldn't take him anyway. Bulpitt is coming in this morning for two weeks," he said, smirking right back.

Bulpitt was a crusty old gaffer who came every year about this time to fish with Casey. And every year he came up with a monster tarpon. He had been top man in the fly-rod division of the tournament for three years running. He had the citations in his office and often said they meant more to him than a ten-point boost in the stock of Bulpitt Tool & Die.

"Good," I said. "Then everybody's happy. Now buss me once more and then scram."

Casey disappeared just before Carver's battleship of a car came round the bend. The old boy was primed for action. He had an inflatable seat cushion, a collapsible life jacket, a pith helmet, an insect bomb and a plastic nose protector. And the back of the car held enough more junk to outfit a safari for a month.



"Good heavens! It's Sunday!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Staggering under the weight of his equipment, we made our way down to the boat and set forth for the flats. Carver was still playing the role of the chastened little boy, sitting in the bow and staring at me wide-eyed as I worked the motor. When we were well out into the back country, over the flats, I shut off the motor, tilted it out of the water and picked up the pole.

Mr. Carver stuck a triple-sized corona into his jaw and held a match to it—the cigar, not the jaw. "Wasn't that O'Bannion I saw coming out of your house this morning?" he asked casually.

I nodded. "With the tide the way it is we might pick up some bonefish here."

"I thought you two hated each other."

"Sometimes we do."

"He's quite a handsome young man."

"He came by to give me a dozen two-x nylon leader tippets he owed me."

"Oh," said Mr. Carver.

"Let's get to fishing," I said.

The wind had eased off during the night, and this morning the flats were clear. It was one of those days when I couldn't miss. We hadn't been out more than half an hour when we saw bonefish tailing. I put Carver on top of them. He flubbed his first two casts and flushed the school, but we soon found another batch. This time he was over his buck fever and managed to lay his fly out properly, and before you could say "double-entry bookkeeping" he was fast to a seven-pounder. His reel screamed, and he screamed along with it. Ten minutes later an exhausted bonefish was alongside the boat, and an equally exhausted Carver was slumped in the bow, mopping his brow.

After that it was a big channel bass that picked the little white streamer off the bottom and went charging off in the general direction of Tampa. We slowed him and fought him hard for half an hour before he was safely gaffed and Carver was madly snapping pictures of him with his two-hundred-dollar, imported, lipstick-size camera.

"He'll go thirty pounds, won't he?" Carver moaned.

"Fifteen anyway," I said.

That was the way it went all day. Snook, channel bass and tarpon until Carver was red in the face and arm-weary. The plastic nose shield was killing him in the heat, and he had taken it off, and his poor old beak was flashing like a neon sign. But he was happy. "Pam," he said, "I've got to take my hat off to you."

"You'll get sunstroke if you do," I said.

He was looking at a skiff that had come up on the flats about a quarter of a mile away. "Isn't that O'Bannion?" he asked, shading his eyes.

"Looks like it."

"I wonder who that is with him?"

"Bulpitt."

"T. R. Bulpitt of Bulpitt Tool & Die?"

"The very same."

"Why that old so-and-so! That two-bit, tightfisted, double-crossing, undercutting, back-stabbing old blowhard of a horse thief!"

"Friend of yours?" I asked innocently.

"Friend! Why I resigned from the Puddler's Club in Pittsburgh just because Bulpitt showed up there for lunch one day. Of course, I have to do business with him, but that's another story. Him and his confounded tarpon."

"He does win the tournament every year," I needled.

"Not this year he won't. I'll beat Bulpitt if it's the last thing I do. Look here, P. Smith." He was all business now. "I want to engage you for two weeks."

"I told you I was booked," I said feebly.

"Nonsense. O'Bannion told me your business was lousy."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh, he did, did he?"

"I'll pay you double if I beat Bulpitt. By golly, I will beat him. And with a lady guide, at that."

His laughter was heard all the way across the flat. I saw Casey looking over at us.

"Let's go over there," Carver said. "I want to show those buzzards something."

When we came alongside, Carver yelled, "Well, if it isn't old T.R. What a surprise."

Bulpitt, whose face habitually wore the expression of a man eating sour pickles, looked up and put on something that might have passed for a smile, but was more like a death's-head grimace. "Hello, S.J.," he said. "Any luck?"

"Just a few small ones," Carver said, shaking his head. "Nothing special. What about you?"

"We haven't seen a darn thing all day. Never knew it to be so bad at this time of year."

Carver could no longer restrain himself. "Maybe we got 'em all," he said. "Come take a look."

Bulpitt leaned over the gunwale and stared at the array of giant fish in our skiff. His eyes bulged. Even Casey, who had been grinning at me like a hungry man sitting down to a three-dollar steak, went pale beneath his tan. He swore softly. Bulpitt groaned. Carver cackled. I examined my fingernails as if I had never seen them before. Revenge, as the dramatists say—even revenge on Casey O'Bannion, who left me weak in the knees—is sweet.

Casey was silent all through dinner. He was downright glum. It turned out that his luck had continued bad all day. Bulpitt had caught nothing but a bad case of prickly heat. "First time I've ever been totally skunked," Casey muttered.

Later on, at the drive-in movie, he cheered up somewhat. He put his arms around me and his cheek against mine. The movie was a super-duper production in full color. I don't remember a word of it.

We drove down to the beach. Casey had brought a blanket and some refreshments. I wasn't worried; I knew there would be mosquitoes.

"I like you so much better this way," he said softly.

I began to get that cold feeling. I pushed him away a little. "What way?" I said.

"The way you are now. Soft and womanly."

"And what way am I the rest of the time?"

"You know," he murmured.

I pushed him away. "I don't know. Tell me."

"Guiding is no business for a woman," he said pompously.

"Why not?"

"It's too—too masculine."

Whatever my big, strong, handsome O'Bannion was, he was not articulate. In no time at all I had verbally hung, drawn and quartered him. It was the same old battle we had been fighting on and off for a year. As usual, it wound up the same way. He took me home and dropped me off without even saying good night. I stamped into the house and began looking around for wax. I wanted to make an image of him to stick pins into. Lucky for him I was fresh out of wax.

We were at it hammer and tongs, or rod and reel, after that. Bulpitt and Carver fishing and hating, O'Bannion and Smith poling and hating. We fished from sunup to sundown and sometimes earlier and later. If O'Bannion and Bulpitt were on the flats until midnight, Carver and Smith were out at four A.M. Never was so much ill-disguised ill feeling concealed under the guise of good, clean sport. If Carver boated a forty-pounder, Bulpitt came right back with one of fifty-two.

Toward the end of the second week, and the last two days of the tournament, we were leading by eight pounds with a beautiful seventy-two-pounder. Unless Bulpitt had some phenomenal luck, he would hardly top that. Carver was in seventh heaven. I suppose I should have been, too, but somehow I wasn't. At night I would wake up thinking about Casey. And when I thought about him I felt my knees begin to tremble again, and I would wait for the shiver to go up and down my spine, but it didn't come. Thinking about him was not enough; I wanted the real thing. The time had come to face it—I loved the big lug and I was killing whatever chance I had with him for a rotten eight pounds of tarpon. If Bulpitt lost, he was through with Casey, and Casey was through with me. That was the stark fact I had to face in the small dark hours in my girlish chamber.

On the next to last day everything changed. Bulpitt came in with a seventy-six-pounder. I was delighted. I didn't really care about the silly tournament; I cared more about Casey, and now maybe I would get that warm grin again instead of that frozen stare.

But would Carver quit? No, sir. He was like a madman. With only twelve hours to go before the tournament closed, we were whipping the flats at dawn. We took a nice permit, but no tarpon. When we stopped for a coffee break, he fixed me with those hard, blue eyes and said, "Why don't you marry that gazabo? Between the two of you, you could have a pretty nice business."

"He hasn't asked me," I answered.

"Oh, nonsense. You know men don't have anything to say about these matters. All you have to do is make up his mind for him."

"Right now he won't even talk to me."

"I don't blame him. What man wants to be beaten at his own game? It's as if Mrs. Carver were to come home one day and tell me she was setting up in the steel business as my competitor. Let him be president of the outfit if he wants to. You just be chairman of the board."

The old goat had a point there. I didn't bother to tell him I had arrived at the same conclusion. Nor did I tell him I was ardently hoping we would not find a tarpon that day.

But it happened. In the late afternoon, we saw something roll close to the mangroves lining one of the small sandy keys. Carver let out a whoop and said, "Let's get him."

I poled slowly toward the mangroves, hoping the fish would skedaddle. But he didn't; he stayed right there waiting for us. And he was big; when his back broke the surface he looked like a hippopotamus coming up for air. Well, I thought, it's fate. Kismet. Broken mirrors and all that sort of thing. Carver will land him, and he'll weigh eighty-six pounds, and there will go my happy home and kiddies.

There was still a chance, of course, that Carver would foul up the cast or that the tarpon would not take the fly. But the old man had had so much practice in the last two weeks that I knew darn well he'd do all right. I also knew that fish would take anything that was thrown at him. It was just the way things were going.

But it wasn't so simple. Carver cast—and the fish ignored it. Carver cast again, dragging it right past his nose, and still the fish ignored it. Carver changed to a yellow fly, and the fish looked at it and then looked away again. My spirits were beginning to rise. I had thought of accidentally on purpose falling overboard or something like that, but now I decided it wouldn't be necessary.

Carver continued to change flies, and the tarpon continued to roll merrily and ignore everything we threw at him. Finally, Carver said, "Where's that awful purple-looking thing?"

"You mean the Carver's Beak?"

"Is that what you call it?"

I nodded, shamefaced.

"Not bad," he said, touching his nose reflectively. "Not bad at all. Let's try it."

Something went thud in my innards, and I knew with sudden intuition that this was it. I handed it to him, and he tied it on and flicked it out. That tarpon acted as if someone had exploded a charge of dynamite under him. He hit the fly while it was still in the air. When he landed he shot spray all over us.

He jumped over the boat twice, missing the old man by a whisker each time. Carver ducked as if someone were shooting at him. I didn't blame him. It's no fun being smacked in the face with a hundred or so pounds of wet tarpon.

I was hoping something would go wrong—the line would part, the boat would upset, a shark would get the tarpon, something. But nothing went wrong. The old man handled him magnificently. Finally he was alongside, and I was lifting his head out of the water and heaving the great silver bulk of him into the boat. He lay there, gasping.

We got the point of the scale under his gill cover, and between the two of us we managed to lift him not quite clear. One hundred seven pounds. A tournament fly-rod record.

Carver gave a grunt of satisfaction and said, "Let him go."

"What!"

"You heard me."

"But you'll need him for proof. On an entry this size they won't just take my word for it."

"I'm not entering him."

I didn't stop to argue with him. I figured the heat must have addled his brains, but I wasn't taking any chances on his changing his mind. In ten seconds I had that tarpon over the side and was watching him light out for safer and deeper waters.

"Don't look at me that way," Carver said. "I'm not nuts. Here."

He reached into his pocket and took out a folded telegram and handed it to me. I unfolded it and read:

DEFINITE INFORMATION BULPITT TOOL & DIE PLACING MAJOR ORDER NINE-INCH TUBING. CAN MEET SPECIFICATIONS AND PRICE EXCEPT RESISTANCE OLD MAN BULPITT. HEAR YOU PLANNING OUTFISH HIM. SUGGEST YOU UNFISH IMMEDIATELY OR WE ARE DEAD.

It was signed, GROGGINS.

"Who's Groggins?" I asked in a small voice.

"Head of sales." He sighed and said, "Business is business. I need Bulpitt for a customer more than I need a tournament citation. That's why nobody but you and I will ever know about this fish."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"As for you, just remember it doesn't always pay to win. In the Army they have a maneuver called the strategic withdrawal. If you want to make O'Bannion a good wife, you'd better learn it. And when I come down again next year I want you to have plenty of these confounded purple flies around. Let Bulpitt fish with your husband if he wants to. From now on I'll fish with you. Crank up that mess of tin and take me home."

Before I pulled the starter I leaned forward and kissed the tip of his big red nose. It tasted of suntan lotion. It was delicious. THE END

Only Chris-Craft offers you Sea Skiffs® from 18 thru 40 ft. with round-bilge, full-lapstrake construction. Fast, dry, soft-cushioned ride. Unmatched seaworthy performance. Less time needed for upkeep. Modest price tags. Add it up: Better ride. Better performance. Less upkeep. Most boat for your money. See your authorized Chris-Craft Sea Skiff dealer. BUY NOW!

*All prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change.

Chris-Craft
Pompano Beach, Florida
Send NEW SEA SKIFF brochure FREE to:
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF SEA SKIFFS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Languages the Easy Way

(Continued from Page 21)

questions. Answers snapped back. Other kids chimed in. I managed to grasp that the class was talking about the costumes—not just naming the items, but talking about what they were made of, their colors, and so on. Putting away the dolls, Miss Peloro handed out a couple of toy telephones. One boy went through the motions of calling up another one, two rows away. They had a brisk conversation. Straining hard, I was able to figure out that it was something about a dog. Then the phones were put away and the whole class sang a song. Then some sang another song while a few got up and did a little Spanish dance. I've never seen a class jump with such life. At the least pause, eager hands would shoot up all over the room.

Only once was the pace interrupted. With the little map of Spain propped up against the blackboard, Miss Peloro was asking questions about geography. I caught the word *ríos*. Down the rows the questions went, back came the answers, naming the rivers of Spain. One boy said something that sounded like Duro. Miss Peloro held up a hand. Instant stop.

Facing the boy, pronouncing carefully, Miss Peloro said the name, Dwairro. The boy tried again. Miss Peloro repeated. Two or three tries and the boy got it right, Dwairro. "*Muy bien*," Miss Peloro nodded. The class took off again at full speed.

And then, abruptly, it was over. Gathering up the map of Spain and the other stuff, Miss Peloro waved a hand. "*Hasta mañana*," she smiled, as she went out the door.

"*¡Hasta mañana!*" the kids called after her. A moment later, as I got up to leave, they were opening their desks, taking out books for a class in arithmetic. The regular classroom teacher folded the papers on her own desk and stood up.

"Now, you remember ——" she was saying, as I closed the door. They were the first words of English I had heard since entering the room.

It had been a flabbergasting experience for me. I took a language course for two years when I was in high school, and did all right in it. But at ten years of age or less, these kids spoke their second language so much better than I or any of my classmates ever did that there was simply no comparison. They did not know anything about Spanish grammar. They couldn't read or write a word of the language, but they could speak it and hear it with an easy, ready fluency no language class of mine ever even came close to.

What struck me most was that they did it so exuberantly. When I was in school, studying a foreign language was tedious work. But it was plain that for these kids learning Spanish or French—I sat through some French classes too—was no work at all. Obviously, they enjoyed every minute of it. One of the regular classroom teachers, talking to me later, even complained in a mild way that perhaps they enjoy it too much.

"They get so keyed up in language class," she said, "with all the singing and talk. Sometimes it's a job to calm them down afterward."

For three and a half years now these foreign-language classes have been going on in Hackensack. Every child in the public grammar schools gets them, fifteen minutes every school day, first grade through sixth. Last fall the classes moved up another notch, into seventh grade, where the kids get their first foreign-language reading and writing. Next fall the courses will go up one grade more.

It's a remarkable program, probably the broadest and best in the country for teaching foreign languages to grammar-school kids, an idea that has been spreading through our schools amazingly these past few years. As recently as five years ago, foreign-language classes for grammar-schoolers, though not unheard of, were rare. Until 1953, the number of public schools that had elementary-grade foreign-language classes was less than a hundred, for the whole country. Today the number has skyrocketed to at least 2000—the idea is spreading so fast that statistics can't quite keep up with it—in some 500 communities all across the land. This winter about 700,000 elementary-grade kids are learning foreign languages.

The boom is still going on—gathering speed, if anything. Within the past few months grammar-school foreign-language courses—academically known as FLES (for Foreign Language in Elementary School) courses—have received the blessing of the Education Department of New York State. And the United States Office of Education has recommended FLES courses, beginning in third grade, for schools generally.

Hackensack joined the FLES parade—jumped right to the head of it, in fact—largely because of a man named Philip J. Audino, who died in 1957. Audino was a member of the town's school board for several years and head of it in 1955. Until that time the schools there had only the usual two-year high-school language courses, taken by a minority of students—nothing out of the ordinary at all. But Audino, who had grown up speaking Italian and English at home and majored in French in college, had a lifelong interest in languages. When FLES came along he was fascinated by it.

With help from the Modern Language Association, a private organization of topflight language specialists that was offering advice on FLES programs, Audino worked out a plan. Whereas most FLES programs were for selected children only, his would take in every child; where others ran for as little as two years, his courses would cover a full eight years; where some others were taught by almost any teacher who happened to be handy, his courses would be taught by highly qualified specialists who would teach nothing else. It was a radical plan to present to any school board, but in the spring of 1955 Audino's board voted unanimously, not only to adopt it but to begin it at the start of the fall school term.

The news of this extraordinary innovation was received without enthusiasm. Few parents paid any attention to it at all, and the reaction of the regular teaching staff was, in general, cool. But Audino had a stanch ally in J. Hobart DePuyt, Hackensack's popular superintendent of schools, and the two men set to work looking for teachers.

They were not easy to find. For teaching a foreign language to small children, fluency and a good accent are absolutely essential, because the children will learn exactly what they hear. Many language majors and even language teachers don't speak their languages well enough to be able to teach them to first-graders. But almost next door to Hackensack, at Montclair State Teachers College, the two men found Miss Peloro. A New Jersey girl, a language-major graduate of Montclair State TC, she had never taught grammar-school kids in her life. But her spoken Spanish was flawless, she knew how languages should be taught, and she was enthusiastic about FLES. Other teachers were found. In the fall of 1955 about 1700 children started Spanish classes in grades one through four. Since then the classes have extended upward one grade each year, with French or Spanish introduced at the bottom for each new class of first-graders.

From the first, Miss Peloro knew that some parents, and a lot of the regular classroom teachers, would be watching the new language program closely. They'd expect to see some results, perhaps in a few months. She decided to give them a demonstration. The day school opened she began a special drill with one class of fourth-graders, during their fifteen minutes a day. At the school's traditional Columbus Day pageant, these fourth-graders put on a playlet showing Columbus at the court of the King and Queen of Spain. After just two weeks of practice they did the whole scene in Spanish, without a single pause or mistake. The parents were astounded, and the regular-staff teachers hardly less so. From that time on, the new program was in.

In three years, with the language classes now taking in about 3000 children, you might expect the Hackensack spaceman set to have become a trilingual Babel, with parents floundering helplessly in cross-currents of French and Spanish. It hasn't worked that way. The languages are taught in units—songs and dialogues that the kids memorize. But the memorized units are all they know. They don't know enough words to use French or Spanish for everyday talk. In a way, this is probably just as well. But it can lead to awful frustration.

There was, for instance, the sad case of a fourth-grader named Daniel. A year or so ago, Daniel learned that a Cuban family had moved in just down the block from his house, with a son about his own age. Daniel was overjoyed. Like all his classmates, Daniel delighted in practicing his Spanish and was very proud of it. Here was a chance to try it out on a real Spanish speaker. And when that Cuban boy heard it, wouldn't he be amazed? Hardly able to contain himself, Daniel set forth.

The dialogue he knew best was the one I'd caught some snatches of, about a dog. "Have you a dog?" it begins. "Yes." Then it goes on from there—what's the dog's name, how big is he, how old is he, what color is he, and so on, a long and fascinating discussion of detail. Daniel had it all down cold. Beaming with pleasure, he walked up to the Cuban boy.

"Have you a dog?" he asked, in Spanish. His accent was perfect.

The Cuban boy shook his head. "No," he said sadly.

Daniel's jaw dropped. It was the wrong answer, and he couldn't think of another word to say.

The story brings up a question sometimes asked about these courses and the FLES idea. Are these children really learning languages or are they just parroting noises? The answer is yes, to both. Parroting noises is how children learn languages, the way every child learns his own language to begin with. And the units of language which the children memorize, though they seem unrelated, actually are not. Later on, the connections between them will be established, and by the time a child finishes sixth grade he'll have a Spanish or French vocabulary of at least 2000 words and a very considerable ability to shape the language to his own thoughts.

The big shift of foreign languages into grammar schools was started by Earl J. McGrath, United States Commissioner of Education in the early 1950's. When he took office, McGrath, unlike Hackensack's Audino, had no particular interest in foreign languages. But as Commissioner of Education he had some hard facts to face. One was that language study in our schools was being neglected shockingly. Thirty to forty years ago nearly half the students in high schools, and two out of three in colleges, took at least one foreign language; but by the 1950's the proportion was down to fifteen per cent, or only one student out of every seven in high schools and colleges alike. In more than half the nation's high schools no foreign-language courses were even offered, and in most of the rest the courses ran only two years—not enough to give students much more than a smattering. In the study of foreign languages, we were far behind almost every other major nation in the world.

At the same time, our need for people trained in languages was much greater than ever before. The shortage had shown up sharply in World War II, when the armed services suddenly needed thousands of people able to speak foreign languages—and couldn't find anywhere near enough of them. The services solved the wartime problem by setting up special crash-program language schools of their own. The schools did a spectacularly good job. But suppose there was another emergency—would there be time to teach people languages after it began?

In the postwar years the need for language-trained people mounted. Our foreign commitments expanded enormously. Tens of thousands of Americans went abroad to administer them. But only about one in thirty could be found with a useful knowledge of languages. The Department of State couldn't find enough language-trained people to fill its own staff. To train more, it set up a department language school in 1946, under the Foreign Service Institute. This was, and still is, one of the finest language schools anywhere. But it scarcely touched the large-scale shortage, which was bad not only abroad but at home.

In vital technological work, for instance, American scientists were maddeningly handicapped by ignorance of what was being done in other countries. More than once they discovered, too late, that they had wasted invaluable time and effort duplicating work that had already been done abroad, because they couldn't find enough people to keep up with translations of foreign reports. Knowledge of foreign languages might once have been thought of by most Americans as a pleasant but rather idle asset, like being able to play the piano; but by the 1950's it was a national need of the first order. And still language-course enrollments in schools kept going down.

The situation was enough to convince anybody that something ought to be done. It convinced McGrath. The story goes that the process was helped along by his own embarrassment at some international conferences. Delegates from other countries, gathering in relaxed groups outside the regular meetings, would casually fish around among the four or five languages

Age Outraged

The younger generation
Looks worse each passing
minute;
And maybe one big
reason is
That I'm no longer in it.

Bob Herz

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each of them spoke, find one in common and proceed to have a talk. McGrath, speaking nothing but English, could only stand on the side lines a good part of the time, feeling like a bit of a dope. In May, 1952, at his own request, McGrath addressed a meeting of language teachers in St. Louis. "I have seen the light," he said, and urged that language study be started in schools early, in the elementary grades instead of in high school. The following January, he held a top-level national conference of educators and interested laymen to talk about the idea further.

That conference touched off the FLES boom. It was as if educators had given up hope that the old-style high-school language course would ever come back anyway, and were just waiting for somebody to suggest something else. Within a few months, FLES courses of one kind or another began popping up all over. Some schools seized on the idea so eagerly that they didn't even take time to understand it. To get language study started earlier they simply shifted their high-school courses bodily down into sixth or seventh grade. This gave them a "FLES program," in name, but in fact missed the whole main idea.

For the great advantage of starting language classes early lies in teaching the languages not by reading or writing, but by speech. Up to about twelve years of age children have what psychologists call a "language plasticity" that disappears later on. While it lasts, their facility at learning new sounds is truly phenomenal. No matter how strange the sounds might seem to a teen-ager or grownup, or how hard to pronounce, little children can learn them easily, perfectly and very fast. For small children there's simply no such thing as a difficult language. All children have this plasticity, barring only those with actual defects of hearing or of speech. Taught by voice—and by a good teacher—small children can learn to speak a foreign language—or for that matter more than one—with a pure accuracy of pronunciation and accent that not one older student in a hundred could even hope to match.

What's more, children, when properly taught, learn to "think in" the new language from the start. Here's where up-to-date speech courses, developed largely in the famed armed-services language schools during World War II and in the excellent Foreign Service Institute language school since, differ most from old-style "conversational-method" courses. In an old-style course, for instance, a child might be taught that *vache* is "the French word for cow"—as indeed it is. But in such courses as Hackensack's the child learns *vache*, instead, directly in connection with the object, cow. No English is used, so that the association established is not between two words—*vache* and "cow"—but simple and straight from *vache* to the animal.

With repetition and more repetition the new word soon takes its place in the child's mind right alongside the old one, assuming almost equal value with it. Show him a picture of Old Bessie, after he's been at it a while, and he'll tell you it's a cow if he happens to be thinking in English, or *une vache* if he happens to be thinking in French, one as readily as the other, with no need for mental translating. I began to grasp how those ten-year-olds could rattle off Spanish so fast. They didn't have to fumble for words. After practicing every school day for three years they knew the words almost as well as any five-year-old, also after about three years of practice, knows simple words of his own language.

The enthusiasm of the kids for their language practice is tremendous. In homes where there are two or more children taking the same language, practice sessions go on all the time. In homes where two children are taking different languages, they teach the languages to each other. In homes where there are big brothers or sisters, there is humility. These big brothers and sisters are the most disgruntled group in Hackensack, having been too old to get in on the language classes when they began. They've swallowed their pride by now, most of them, and are getting coaching from the little kids. One mother who has a daughter in junior high and two smaller ones, one taking French and the other Spanish, told me that the oldest girl is being coached by the little sprouts in both languages, so she can have a head start in whichever one she elects to take in high school.

Sometimes the kids try to coach their parents, but this doesn't always work out so well. Madeline Devitt, one of the French teachers, told me about a first-grader in a class of hers who was working on his mother pretty hard. He kept at it for weeks; then, all of a sudden, he stopped talking about it. After a while Miss Devitt brought it up herself, asking him how the lessons were coming along.

He shrugged. "I quit," he said.

"Why, what's the matter?" Miss Devitt inquired.

"No use," said the boy hopelessly. "She just can't learn to pronounce it right."

The regular classroom teachers, as far as I could tell, are now sold on the language classes completely. I talked to several, including some who said frankly that they hadn't liked the idea at the beginning. They've changed their minds. The enthusiasm of the kids is something you can't ignore. Moreover, the children's progress in other studies hasn't suffered at all; the fifteen minutes a day given to language class, the regular teachers have found, can be made up. Some even think the general progress is improved, because in language class itself the kids get extra practice in counting and in naming things, and little lessons in history and geography, that they probably wouldn't get otherwise.

FLES is all so new that last fall, as the first of Hackensack's junior-grade language classes moved into seventh grade, Miss Peloro and her staff had to invent ways of teaching of their own. To teach reading and writing Spanish to these kids, who can already speak it, the old high-school-course material is completely useless, particularly as Miss Peloro aims to continue teaching *in Spanish*, without translating. Unable to find any textbooks she thought would do it at all, Miss Peloro spent the summer in Spain, working up original course material which is now in use for the first time.

The whole field is full of explorers, all aiming at the same goal, but often differing widely about the best way to get there. Hicksville, Long Island, has a FLES program that's comparatively old-established, having been running now for six years. It's for selected children only, reading ability being a big factor in the selection. The courses begin in first grade and extend almost all the way through high school, taking in about 1500 children out of a total of 12,000. But Miss Vera Villegas, who has been running the Hicksville program all along, doesn't hold with the memorized-dialogue way of teaching, and never uses it. Also, she begins foreign-language reading and writing—in German and Italian, as well as French and Spanish—in third grade instead of seventh, simply using ordinary first-grade textbooks of the language's native country. Her method works too—at least for selected children.

Other schools are experimenting in other ways. Some schools in Dade County, Florida, for instance, have been trying out a French course by radio. Schenectady, New York, offers French via television, and some New York City schools are trying foreign-language courses on TV also. Other schools are using courses on phonograph records or electronic tapes. None of these, obviously, is as good as having competent, live, language-speaking teachers right there in the kids' classrooms; but some of them work pretty well.

Out of all the trials and errors so far, language specialists have come up with a few firm conclusions. One is that the earlier language study starts, the better; ideally it should begin in the first grade or even, if possible, in kindergarten. Another is that frequent short classes are better than less frequent longer ones. A third is that no matter how early or late language study starts it should continue, at a fairly high rate of intensity—preferably every school day—for at least five years.

This last touches on a fundamental question often raised about FLES. Is it really any use? Suppose children do learn languages easily and well—by the time they grow up, won't they forget their languages anyway? The question is, of course, loaded. For one thing, why pick on languages? The same question could be asked about history, geography and a lot of other subjects just as well. For another thing, the question assumes that children will instantly drop language study, like a hot brick, as soon as they get the chance. But judging by the way they enjoy their languages now, the assumption certainly seems unwarranted.

And even children who do drop out won't have wasted their time. Knowing how to speak a language, specialists point out, is an acquired physical skill, like knowing how to swim or ride a bicycle; and once you learn to do it really well you never completely lose it. Even after years of disuse you can pick it up again with a

NEXT WEEK

IN COLOR:

WE CONQUERED HIDDEN PEAK

An American Expedition's Daring Feat in the Himalayas

THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

HE SURVIVED 11,000 VOLTS

A Burn Victim's Incredible Ordeal

QUEEN OF THE ICE

Figure-Skating Champion Carol Heiss

Hollywood Star from Italy:

ROSSANO BRAZZI

THE CARDIFF GIANT AFFAIR

A New Serial by Clarence Budington Kelland

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little practice. The big point here is that you must learn it well in the first place.

There's something else about FLES that at first sounds a little fantastic. But it's generally accepted that anyone who has had good training in one foreign language can learn others, later on, much better and more easily than someone who hasn't. Which one you start with makes little or no difference. Miss Peloro talks seriously of the day when high-school language courses at Hackensack might extend to so-called exotic languages, like Russian or Chinese, along with the continuing French and Spanish. FLES-trained teen-agers, she believes, would have no trouble learning them. And there's no reason why they'd have to stop with one more. In Sweden, students have eight years of English, six of German and five of French behind them, plus a good grounding in Danish and Norwegian—six languages, if you count their native Swedish too—at the same age at which youngsters here are just getting out of high school.

We have, indeed, a long way to go to match that, but Hackensack is one town that's ready to go full speed ahead. The first time I went there Superintendent of Schools DePuyt told me that in three years not one parent had ever voiced anything but praise for the language program. I found, indeed, that many of them take great civic pride in it. There is, it seems, a sort of running rivalry between Hackensack and neighboring towns, notably Teaneck, concerning which has the best schools; and some Hackensackers chortle gleefully that their language classes give them a big edge in that. Others spoke earnestly of the national need for foreign languages, of President Eisenhower's serious statement to the Annapolis graduating class last June that proficiency in foreign languages is "an indispensable step toward a peaceful world." Still others spoke of the practical value of knowing a foreign language—Spanish, especially, for our developing relations with Latin America.

But I think the best comment of all was the simplest, and the one I heard far more than any other—"I only wish they'd had something like this when I was in school."

Basketball's Little Whirlwind (Continued from Page 19)

winning the title. Last season we went all the way, and Martin was the guy who clinched the final game for us."

That last remark is difficult to accept, even making due allowance for Kerner's habit of exaggerating the talents of players on whom he gets violent crushes. In the decisive game won by the Hawks, 110–109, Bob Pettit erupted with fifty points—a playoff record—and accounted for all but two of his team's last twenty-one tallies. Martin scored four points all night. Under the circumstances, Kerner's analysis of the game seems as distorted as a wife's opinion of her husband's friends.

"Pettit's bundle would have gone up the flue if not for Martin," Kerner insists. "He alone broke up the all-court press the Celtics threw at us to disrupt our attack. Instead of waiting until we came down the floor, they dogged us in the backcourt as soon as we got the ball. Cousy, Sharman, Ramsey and Heinsohn can eat you alive with that defense, but Martin never lost control of the ball. His poise under pressure put Cousy over a barrel—and in my book Cousy is the greatest player of all time."

Cousy comments, "Kerner is out of his mind if he thinks anybody but Pettit won the game. In the clutch, though, Martin refused to let us beat him. I've never seen a tougher competitor."

The most striking item in the box score that night, apart from Pettit's fifty points, was Martin's log in the field-goal department. He took exactly three shots in the entire game and missed all of them. Martin disregarded his own scoring to feed passes to men who were firing at the target more accurately.

He observes laconically, "My function is to get the ball to our big scorers and guard the opposition's best small player. I take a lot of pride in my defense. But I don't care if a man having a hot night makes me look bad as long as we win. The only satisfaction for me is winning, regardless of my performance."

You've heard this lofty sentiment before, of course. It is the oldest, and generally the phoniest, cliché in sports. However, Martin's actions have given it the ring of sincerity. Two years ago, for example, the chance to run a big-league outfit dropped into Martin's lap when the Hawks released coach Red Holzman in midseason. After a brief try as the Hawks' playing coach, Martin resigned the job—and the substantial salary increase that went with it.

During his first seven years in the league with the Minneapolis Lakers, Martin clashed constantly with the management in contract rhubarbs. The Minneapolis franchise then was highly successful—for the owners and for George Mikan, the N.B.A.'s biggest star. Mikan's imposing salary, which was in the exclusive neighborhood of $35,000, left nothing but crumbs for the other players. A Laker official abruptly ended one wrangle with Martin by snapping, "We can win with Mikan, Pollard, Mikkelsen and two bellhops. Who needs you?"

In 1954, after having helped the Lakers win four championships in five years, Martin held out until the opening game. He finally had to settle for about $9000, the club's original offer. Having missed all the preseason workouts, he sat on the bench during the opener as Frank Selvy racked up fifteen points against the Lakers in the first period. Coach John Kundla turned to Martin and asked, "Do you want to try to cool off this guy?"

Martin was still fuming over the salary terms he had been forced to accept, but there was a game to be won. He held Selvy to three points in the remaining thirty-six minutes.

In the windup of the 1957 playoffs, when the Hawks carried the Celtics to seven games before succumbing by 125–123 in double overtime, Martin's showing was even more impressive on paper than in the 1958 finale. He outscored Cousy, twenty-three points to twelve, covering him so effectively that the Boston ace made only two field goals in twenty shots.

Martin refuses to discuss that game, however. "I want to forget it," he says curtly. "We lost." In contrast, he will dwell interminably on the 1958 clincher, in which he got a mere four points to Cousy's fifteen. "That was a helluva game," he beams. "We won."

Martin is far more intense about his basketball than he is about a venture of greater importance to the future security of his wife and two sons. This is a sporting-goods store he owns in partnership with Sam Barcelona in the Spring Bridge section of Houston, Texas, his home town. Martin invested all his money in it three years ago.

"Making a success of the store doesn't mean as much to me as playing with a winner," he admitted shortly before the current season began. We were in the dinette of a three-room suite in a residential hotel in St. Louis. Mrs. Martin was in the living room with the boys—six-year-old Slater, and Jim, who is four.

Martin nodded toward his family. "I know the store is their best bet for the long haul. I work hard in the off season drumming up business with firms that buy equipment for industrial teams. Landing a big order doesn't give me the same kick, though, as pulling a tough game out of the fire."

"Do you mind if I ask your wife how she feels about your attitude?" I inquired.

"No, go right ahead." He smiled. "I'd like to find out myself. I've always been afraid to ask her."

He relieved his wife of refereeing a hoop contest between the kids. Fay Martin, an attractive blond girl, shrugged when the question was put to her. She said, "Slater's mania for basketball was strange to me at first, but I've learned to live with it"—they were married back in 1947, when Slater was a sophomore at the University of Texas.

She hesitated for a moment. "I don't know whether I should be telling this, but after the team loses he guards me all night in bed. He throws his arms at me in his sleep, thrashes his legs and mutters, 'Hey, watch it! Take that man! Get that ball!' He used to scare me to death. It's lucky Slater has been with winning teams most of the time. Both of us would have been nervous wrecks if he had been with losers."

Would she be happier if Slater were in another business?

"Yes, I believe I would, but I've never said anything about it, because I know Slater would be miserable. Life for the children and me is much more pleasant and relaxed during the off season."

She looked around the suite. "A hotel is no place to bring up children. We're constantly disrupting them by moving north in September, then going back to Houston in April. Our older boy should have started in the first grade weeks ago, but he hasn't gone to a class yet because I can't register him in school until we find an apartment."

Martin was standing in the doorway, listening attentively to his wife. "A professional athlete can't help transmitting his tensions to his family," she went on. "After a man gets established in another business, nobody keeps a box score on every move he makes. If my family and friends knew what an athlete goes through, they'd realize why Slater gets so keyed up over basketball."

A revealing anecdote about the nervous energy Martin pours into basketball comes from Buddy Blattner, a former National League infielder, who now is a sportscaster in St. Louis. "I was rooming with Martin on a road trip last year when the team flew to Boston after a game in Philadelphia," Blattner relates. "We didn't check into the hotel until three o'clock in the morning, but Martin said he was too jumpy to sleep. I was pounding the pillow when a movement in the room awakened me. Martin was pacing the floor. I asked him if anything was wrong.

"'No, I'm all right,' he said. 'I'm just thinking.'

"'Thinking about what?' I asked.

"'About Cousy,' he answered.

"I looked at my watch. 'At six o'clock in the morning?' I yelled.

"'I've been thinking about him since he came into the league in 1950,' he said."

Fortunately for the Hawks, Martin is not the type who irritates his fellow players with shrill exhortations about winning. Martin occasionally barks, "Bear down. You're playing with my money," but his comments during games usually are confined to technical details. After the final whistle he doesn't hang around for the locker-room sessions in which the boys second-guess everyone in sight. Martin is out of the place in ten minutes.

"Post-mortems are a waste of time," he says. "I know what happened. I don't want to hear half-baked excuses why we lost; and if we won, I want to think of the next game. I'm not interested in ancient history."

This aloofness disappears once Martin is out of the pressure cooker. He always is a customer for a poker session or a movie, and he is the chief instigator of the gags the "runts" delight in pulling on the "goons." His favorite gambit is to follow six-eleven Charley Share and six-nine Bob Pettit into a crowded hotel elevator, blink at them incredulously through his glasses and announce to the other passengers, "The circus must be in town. Look at the freaks."

A stranger once reprimanded him for his rudeness. "You are absolutely right, sir," Martin said gravely. "If these poor unfortunates had human intelligence I might have hurt their feelings."

"Freak" is a word bandied freely around the N.B.A. Actually, the term is more applicable to Martin than anyone else in the literal sense of deviating from the norm. He is a defensive specialist, which makes him a rare bird in these days of mounting emphasis on scoring. Even with a small man, the pros now tend to think first in terms of offense. His primary function supposedly is to set up plays with deft maneuvering and passing.

Martin's tactics on offense are as subtle as a pneumatic drill. He tears straight up the court and pegs the ball to the first man he sees breaking for the basket. Veterans invariably try to pace themselves and get by on clever tricks. Martin is an even-money bet to run faster and longer than any rookie on the court.

Martin gives a detached appraisal of himself. "I made a reputation the easy way," he says casually, in referring to his role as a defensive ace. "You don't need natural ability to be a good defensive man. The real artists are the scorers. They've got to have great co-ordination and a delicate touch. Anyone who's willing to hustle can do a decent job on defense.

"It's a cinch with the new rule"—since 1954, the offense has been required to shoot within twenty-four seconds after getting the ball. "When there was more feinting and passing before shots were taken, the man you were guarding might have handled the ball three or four times on one sequence of plays, and you had to bust a gut to stay on top of him all the way. Now, if he doesn't shoot the first time, you can relax, because the chances are he won't get the ball again."

I remarked that he must have been a pretty good scorer in college himself to be drafted by the pros.

Martin shrugged. "I led the team at Texas, but it didn't mean much, because I took more shots than anybody else. Of course, I'm not an absolute bum on offense. I wouldn't have lasted in the league

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this long if I was. I average about twelve points a game." That was his exact average last year. For most of this season he has been down around the eight-point level, with new coach Ed Macauley putting increased emphasis on the feeding of the ball to the team's top scorers—Bob Pettit, Cliff Hagan and Clyde Lovellette. However, Martin's assists have gone up correspondingly.

"Let's face it," Martin says. "I've never been a big scoring threat. Maybe I'm a nut on defense because it saved my job, but it seems to me that stopping a Cousy is more of an achievement than scoring. In any game there will be three or four players who get more than twenty points, but only a few guys in the league give Cousy a hard time. He's the greatest. To beat Boston, a team must have a man who can hold Cousy down. If I do that, I make as important a contribution to my side as anyone on the floor."

There is no bigger treat for old-fashioned purists who enjoy adroit jockeying and ball handling than a Martin-Cousy duel, and the anticipation of it steams up the principals as much as the fans. "When I'm going against Martin," says Cousy, who at six-one has a three-inch height advantage, "I know nobody in the league ever will make it tougher for me. If his size measured up to his desire to win, his team wouldn't lose a dozen games a year."

Andy Phillip, who coached the Hawks for a brief stretch at the start of this season, played with Boston the two previous years. He has an interesting sidelight on the war of nerves between the old sparring partners. "The tension helps Martin by making him sharper, but it reduces Cousy's effectiveness," Phillip declares. "Cousy is best when he's loose as a goose and forcing the breaks. He doesn't play his normal game against Martin, because Slater's aggressiveness and fast reflexes compel him to work cautiously. Look what happened in the All-Star game last year."

Martin's West team was leading, 92–91, with eleven minutes to go when he was side-lined by a leg injury. Cousy, who had scored nine points, promptly rattled off eleven more and uncorked a series of brilliant passes that brought the East a 130–118 decision.

Many outstanding athletes have had to struggle for recognition, but Martin started with a curious handicap. El Mina, Texas, his birthplace, literally disappeared from the map soon after he arrived to swell the population to 301. The hamlet, where his father was a trainmaster for the Southern Pacific Railroad, was absorbed by New Waverly. When Slater was three years old his parents were divorced, and he moved to Houston with his mother. He was an all-state guard at Jefferson Davis High, but his lack of height—he was only five-eight then—almost scotched his career after he was graduated in 1943. Only two colleges, Rice and a school in New Mexico so obscure that Martin has forgotten its name, made tentative passes at him. Finally the University of Texas invited him to a workout at the insistence of Houston alumni and gave him the customary board-room-tuition deal.

"The main reason Texas took me was that I told the coaches I was going into the Navy in a few months when I turned eighteen," Martin says. "They figured I wouldn't cost the school anything when I came back on the G. I. Bill."

Three years later Martin returned from the Pacific, where he had participated in the invasion of Leyte and Okinawa. He attracted little national attention with a sixteen-point scoring average, but his defensive record made a splash in sectional publicity. As a senior during the 1948–49 season, Martin held opponents to an average of one field goal per game.

Minneapolis drafted Martin largely as a gesture to Dusty Boggess, a baseball umpire, who recommended him. The eight teams in the N.B.A. annually invite some seventy-five college products to preseason training but fully half the candidates have the good sense to stay home and seek jobs promising more security. A rookie who fails to gain a place on a ten-man squad gets nothing but round-trip transportation and best regards from the club. As a rule, a team has no more than three spots open.

Had Martin played his cards close to the vest, he would have gone with the Phillips Oilers, an A.A.U. team which offered him a salary of $4500 a year and a chance to advance in the organization. The Minneapolis contract was for $3750, plus a bonus of $2500 if the Lakers got into the playoffs. In that event, however, he would not share in the prize money.

After pondering both propositions, Martin packed his wife and household effects into a car and took off for Minneapolis. "I suppose I was silly," he says, "but I wanted to find out how good I was, and the Lakers were the best team in the country."

The first two openings on the Lakers that season were earmarked for Vern Mikkelsen, a local favorite from Hamline; and Bob Harrison, a hot-shot from Michigan. Martin managed to hang on with his defensive skill, but it deserted him in an early game, when Frank Brian scored forty points against him.

The chief stumbling block to Martin, though, was six-ten, 240-pound George Mikan, who had just been chosen the basketball player of the half century in an Associated Press poll. The Lakers used a slow, deliberate attack to give the ponderous Mikan time to move into a pivot position under the basket, where he was virtually unstoppable. That type of game blunted Martin's speed, his best offensive weapon.

Coach John Kundla once sent Martin into a game in St. Louis with instructions to feed the ball to Mikan and then cut behind the pivot for a return pass. Martin carried out the maneuver. Mikan held the ball and called time out. "Don't clog up the middle on me," he snapped. "Stay the hell out of there."

Martin relates, "The next time I got the ball, I passed it to Mikan and kept out of the play. Kundla yanked me and asked why I hadn't followed orders. I didn't want to get caught in the middle of a hassle between Kundla and Mikan for control of the team, so I said nothing.

"Kundla didn't use me much until our next trip to St. Louis, when Herm Schaefer was hurt. Schaefer, a nice fellow, came up to me in the locker room before the game. 'Don't be afraid to take your shots,' he said. 'You're letting the big guy cramp your style.' I had one of those lucky nights when everything I threw up went in. I hit eight straight shots from the floor. They came just in time to save my job. Up to that point I hadn't shown a thing."

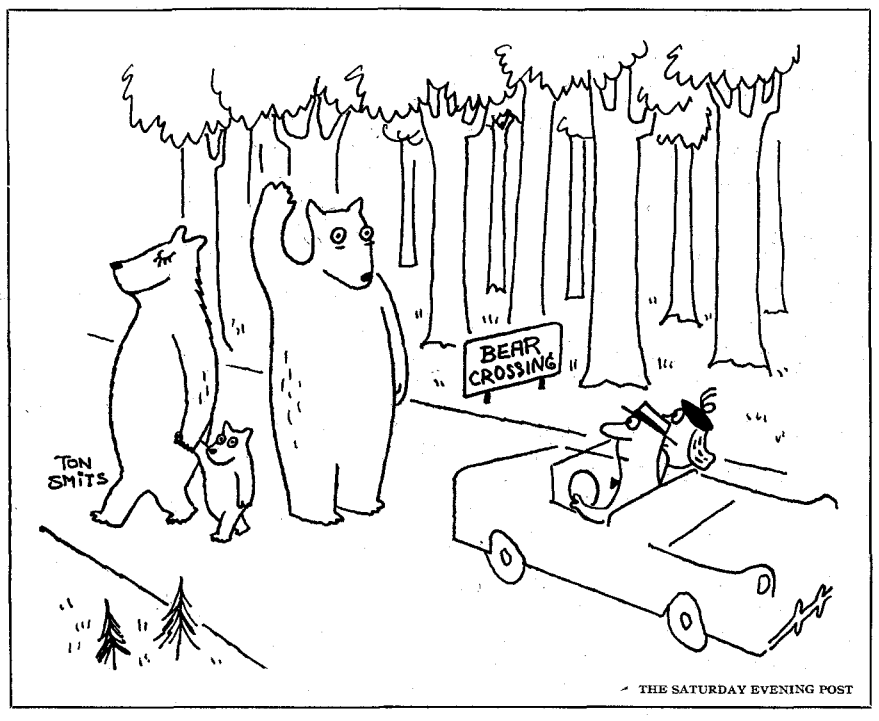
As far as most fans were concerned, Martin just tagged along for the ride while the Lakers were winning four championships in five years. Mikan was such a dominant figure that Jim Pollard alone broke out of the shadow he cast over the other players. It may be significant that Martin made the N.B.A.'s All-Star squad after Mikan retired in 1954, and has been a member of it every year since. It also is true that Minneapolis has not won a championship since Mikan left.

A number of qualified critics contend that Mikan would have been knocked off his pedestal by the twenty-four-second rule, which was introduced the season after he quit. They argue that he lacked the mobility demanded for the fast, fluid game played today. Martin, although not overly fond of his former colleague, doesn't subscribe to this opinion.

"If Mikan was in his prime today he'd still be tearing the league apart," Martin declares. "The faster pace might cut down his playing time, but while he was in there, no one could beat him off the backboards or stop his scoring. He was so strong and such a terrific competitor that the men playing him would be worn down to a nub. He'd kill you, and himself, to win."

The Lakers, written off as contenders after Mikan and Pollard retired, had enough class with Martin and Mikkelsen to finish second in the Western Division of the N.B.A. for two years. However, fed up with annual rows for more money, Martin held out after the season opened in 1956. The Hawks offered to trade Willie Naulls, a prize rookie, for Martin, but the Lakers refused to send the little spark plug to a team that could knock them out of a playoff spot in the division. Minneapolis traded Martin to the New York Knickerbockers for seven-foot Walter Dukes, only to see Martin retraded to the Hawks three weeks later.

"The whole thing was rigged up by Ned Irish," Ben Kerner confides. "He knew I was dying for Martin, and he wanted Naulls for the Knicks. He really gave me a gift of three hundred thousand dollars, the value of my franchise today, because



Desiring to check our distant coverage,

RADIO STATION

KFI

640 On Your Dial

LOS ANGELES

will broadcast from 10:30 to 11:00 P.M., Pacific Standard Time, on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday—January 29-30-31 and February 1, 1959—following publication of this issue of the Post, a half-hour program containing each night a different well-known musical number to be identified by you.

To the listener from the most distant point in each State, Territory of the U.S.A., or foreign country, who mails in a card to KFI no later than three days, correctly identifying any one of the musical numbers featured on the particular programs on which they were heard, KFI will award a copy of the popular book, SATURDAY EVENING POST CARNIVAL OF HUMOR, edited by Robert M. Yoder, and a complete deluxe engraved ZIPPO LIGHTER KIT.

Listen and mail us your identification. Tell your neighbors, too, and all join the fun!

KFI

640 On Your Dial
Clear Channel
50,000 Watts.

Owned and Operated by

Earle C. Anthony, Inc.

Los Angeles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I would've gone broke and gotten out of basketball if I hadn't acquired Martin to pull the team together."

A month after Martin joined the Hawks, Kerner turned to him in another crisis. Coach Red Holzman, whose tactics were not geared to the team's personnel, was released, and Kerner was stuck for a replacement when negotiations with Al Cervi and Andy Phillip hit unexpected snags. Martin flatly refused the job and recommended Alex Hannum, his roommate. He finally accepted on condition that he could bow out whenever he decided coaching was too much for him.

The first game did it. The Hawks, after jumping off to a twelve-point lead in the first quarter, fell apart and lost to the Knicks, 89–84, in overtime. The team flew back to St. Louis and arrived at four A.M. Kerner stopped off for a cup of coffee, then went to his office to ponder the situation. Martin was waiting at the locked door with his resignation.

"I lost the game by making bad substitutions and playing like a chump fresh off the farm," Martin says. "I disgraced myself. The only trick in coaching a pro team is matching up players of equal height. I was so busy concentrating on my own man that I didn't realize the Knicks were overpowering us under the boards. That one game convinced me I haven't got the disposition to be a coach. I'm too much of a worrier."

Kerner didn't accept the resignation immediately, but Martin promptly turned the making of substitutions over to Hannum. Soon Kerner gave in and made the coaching change official. Since then, of course, Hannum has given way to Andy Phillip, who in turn gave way last November to the veteran Ed Macauley.

Like most pros, Martin cultivates a dead pan in action to keep his composure under control. His mask rarely slips, but when it does the transformation is startling. Last season a feud between the Hawks and the Detroit Pistons flared into the open when Dukes mauled Pettit under the backboards. This started a typical ballplayers' brawl, with a good deal of milling around and fierce scowling. The one real punch was thrown by Martin—at Dukes, the tallest man in the league. It took three men to hold Martin until he cooled off.

Bob Pettit, the Hawks' great scoring star, sums up on Martin, "He gave us the leadership we needed. You listen with respect when he talks, because you know he's an unselfish player interested only in the team's welfare. He's the glue that holds us together."

This continues to be the prevailing opinion in St. Louis about Slater Martin, even in a year when he has been less of a scoring factor than ever.

A special Slater Martin Night has been scheduled for January thirtieth, when the Hawks meet his old club, the Lakers.

Sometimes it seems that Martin is getting stickier than ever with his insistence on winning. Certainly no one hates losing more than he.

"You've got me wrong," he says when this point is brought up. "I'm not a sore loser. Just a happy winner."

Caught Between the Lines (Continued from Page 29)

lazy Oklahoman, and about the best squad leader I had.

"I'm not a mind reader," I told him. "Get back to your job."

When he shot a fast glance over my shoulder and then batted up the hill, I did a little mind reading after all and turned around. Sure enough, our new Napoleon was walking toward me. Then I did a double-take and almost passed out. He had a swagger stick under his arm!

"Sergeant," he squeaked, "Captain Adams tells me I'm to be your new platoon leader. By noon today I'd like to know exactly how many men we've got for duty, an ammo count, shower and recreation schedule, so forth and so forth—get me?"

"Yessir!" I said, kicking myself mentally for not having joined the Air Force. "Anything else, sir?" I cracked.

"Yes. We may as well inspect your positions now."

"Thank you, sir!" I said, aiming a second mental kick at myself.

"Don't thank me yet, sergeant! Not just yet!" He spun around and started up, slapping the stick against his leg.

If our new lieutenant liked anything about our sector, he didn't let me in on it. Still he wasn't exactly dry for words as we walked back down from the rifle pits toward the mortar positions. "That is"—he commenced—"beyond all doubt the worst mess I've ever inspected. And as for those smelly, unshaven, rumpled-up goldbricks you call a platoon ——"

But that was only a beginning. That afternoon the center sector, which was our responsibility, was unusually quiet and of course, "Georgie," as the boys had already started calling our cherubic new leader, didn't believe in just wasting time. By his orders I took every third man off the line and sent him down to shave and wash up. Then, while another third kept an eye on the Commies across the way, the final third began improving our positions.

I could have told our eager-beaver second-john that we were wasting time; that most of our action took place on night patrols; that during daylight hours nothing ever happened. We stood on a high, U-shaped stretch of land, some sixteen hundred yards opposite the Chinese, whose position was a straight, somewhat lower finger of white, grassy clay. We were sort of like an archery bow, with the Chinese finger stretched across our front, forming the string. The fact that our hills were higher than theirs gave us a natural advantage.

Yet it wasn't an easy sector. As soon as the sun started going down, one of the platoons would form up, eat a light supper, then wait for complete darkness. It was then the fun began. We knew the Commies were also forming up a platoon-size patrol to send out. Sometime between sundown and sunup these groups would be down in the bowl-shaped no man's land between the lines, playing a deadly brand of hide-and-seek. And not all those who went out would come back walking.

... ...

Snow Fire

By Herbert Merrill

My eyes are dazzled by the white
Glitter of the winter light,
Hard as ice and cold as hate
And scoured bright as armor plate.
The ridge is flaming in the sun,
The fields are burning, every one,
And all about, above, below,
Blaze the diamonds of the snow.
But now the clouds of crimson fire
Smolder down like old desire,
And embers of the daylight die
To silver ashes in a sky
As soft as half-remembered sorrow,
Till the kindling of tomorrow.

... ...

That was something our eager ex-hospital guard would soon have to learn. I figured he could learn it best by watching.

Later in the afternoon Georgie and I went up on the line for another look around. Every man jack was shaved raw by then, and scrubbed as clean as a helmetful of water and one rotating bar of soap could get them. "Well, lieutenant?" I hinted, trying a grin for the heck of it.

"Well, what? Shall I put each of you in for the Medal of Honor because you look a little cleaner?" With his swagger stick he kept hitting his boot as though he were a general or something. "Starting tomorrow," he told the men, "we'll start digging you up some clean fatigues. Also, I've sent for regimental patches from headquarters, and I'm personally donating two cans of polish for those crummy-looking brogans you're all wearing."

"Good gosh!" said Hoop Keeler. "We're gonna Mickey Mouse on the front lines?"

"Who's this man?" asked the lieutenant.

"Corporal Keeler," I said.

He didn't even face toward Hoop again. "Tell him to sew on some stripes, or at sundown he reverts to private. That goes for all your NCO's."

"Yessir!" I said. It was then that I got my first glimpse of the real George Poole. He could've added: "And that includes you, sergeant." But he had not. And an old, unwritten Army rule came to my mind: "Never make a subordinate lose face before his men." There and then, on the unmistakable strength of that one, small clue, the picture of a comical little shavetail playing parade-ground soldier before his men began to fade.

We were on the line again next morning, when Lieutenant Poole first noticed our pride and joy. He was searching the lower area through field glasses, when suddenly he let out a yell.

"Jumping snakes! What in the hell is that?"

"What's what?" I asked him, enjoying the moment.

"Am I going crazy, or is that a house down there?"

Mel Roper, another of my corporals, laughed. "A house, sir?" he asked innocently while the other men turned away to suppress grins.

"And—holy snakes!" Poole turned to me. "Listen, sergeant. I know I'm not nuts, but I just saw —— There's an old Korean woman running around down there, hanging wash!" And he blinked. "Well, look—don't laugh!"

"Corporal Roper was just kidding, sir," I told him. "Guess we just forgot to mention Mother Chin."

"Mother what?" he said incredulously.

"Mother Chin, sir. That's what the guys call her. She's just what you thought you saw. An old Korean lady."

His eyes grew wider. "An old Korean woman—a house—right dab smack in the middle of no man's land? What is going on here anyway, sergeant?" He turned, fixing the glasses on the tiny straw-and-mud hut below. "Oh, no!" he yelled. "A girl!"

"Yessir," I said. "That's Mother Chin's daughter. Little Chin-Chin."

"And who the hell's coming out of there next—Mao Tse-tung?"

"No, sir," said Roper seriously. "That's all there is."

"Does Captain Adams know about this?" asked Poole.

"Yessir, he does. Fact, he sometimes comes up here to watch them hang wash. We all do. It's very nice," I said.

"Oh, it's very nice, is it? And some of you don't by any chance ever drop down for a spot of tea, or to help them wring out the sheets, do you?"

None of us answered, because he was so mad he looked ready to bust. His cherubic red face came back to its normal freckled white again. "How long's this side show been going on?"

"About six months, sir," I told him. "The hut—or most of it—was down there when the Third Battalion pushed the Commies off this range to that lower one ahead. Some of their mortar and arty had hit it once or twice, but never bad. Then one morning, very early, the Third Battalion guys spotted this old Korean mamasan and her daughter—least they guessed it was her daughter—making for the old hut, balancing everything they owned on their heads. First thing you know, the Chinks drop a couple of mortar shells near them; maybe for fun. Anyway, the Third Batt didn't take to that kind of fun, so they gave the Commie lines back about twenty rounds. And that did it. Nobody has ever bothered the old dame and her kid again."

"Well, somebody's sure going to bother them now!" said the lieutenant. "C'mon, sergeant. We're going to have a talk with Captain Adams—right now!"

If Georgie Poole thought Adams was going to be on his side, he was soon disillusioned. Not only did the skipper not take to Poole's side, but he definitely ordered him to leave the Chins alone.

"Leave 'em alone, captain?" he screeched. "Why, how do we know who they are? The Chinks might've even put 'em there!"

"I appreciate your enthusiasm, lieutenant," our company commander said. "But you're way off base this time, believe me." And he laughed. "Why, to touch them would be practically violating a tradition. Besides, they're harmless. We've observed them closely for months—ever since we inherited them from the Third Batt."

"And how do the Commies feel about them, captain?" he asked.

The captain looked at me. "How about it, sergeant?"

"Well, lieutenant," I said, "they must feel pretty much the same. You know, sir"—I felt suddenly foolish, but I went on—"it's a funny thing. That old lady, and that poor kid with her—well ——"

"Well, what?"

"Well, the guys on the line have sort of adopted them. It's not so unusual. I've

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known other cases of these poor people wandering back to homes which are still in the combat area. They're very simple. They just don't understand war."

"And I've known of their being blown to bits too!" said Poole.

"Oh, no," laughed Captain Adams. "Not on this front, lieutenant! Not by the enemy either. Mother Chin and little Chin-Chin are a sacred institution to both sides."

Lieutenant Poole didn't say any more, but was dismissed; he saluted, and led me out of the captain's dugout, muttering, "Of all the silly poppycock ——"

"The captain was saying what we all feel, sir," I told him.

"The captain's my superior and I won't contradict him because I'm a soldier!" he said. "But tradition or not—civilians they are, and civilians don't belong in the combat zone!"

That afternoon we took one of our periodic pastings from the Commie mortars, with the usual dirty results. We had three wounded. Among the five boys killed by a direct hit on a mortar position was Sergeant Shoskovitch, a buddy of mine. We lobbed about ninety rounds back at them and Captain Adams ordered our heavy machine guns to sweep every suspected position. But it didn't bring back our dead boys.

Watching from above, I saw Mother Chin run around, scared half to death, before she got sense enough to jump into a hole nearby. Poor little Chin-Chin was probably in the shack yet, cringing under something. But the oddest, saddest part of it was seeing that pitiful, ragged laundry hanging on a makeshift line between the hut and a shrapnel-shattered tree.

"Poor old woman!" I said aloud, despite myself. Then I turned and noticed the lieutenant's eyes on me. *Well, the hell with you, Georgie!* I thought to myself.

That evening the first platoon sent out a patrol, it being their turn on the round-robin schedule. It was the same old story. In the morning, Lieutenant Donovan returned, nursing a scratched arm, and with three men wounded seriously, and two dead. I accompanied Poole to officers' briefing that afternoon.

"We went down by the camouflaged cut," Donovan reported, "Then proceeded undetected through our mine field ——"

"Excuse me," interrupted Poole. "Is the Chink area mined too?"

"Yes," said Donovan. "But we know the layout, and we also shell a path through before we start down. Our mortars are pretty good at that." Then he went on. "We were fine going past Mother Chin's. The joint was blacked-out, but we could hear them muttering inside. Then we proceeded another one hundred yards—and the Commies gave it to us: first it rained mortar shells, then we got machine guns."

"Boxed in again?" asked Adams.

"Yessir. Same-same. We couldn't go forward, we couldn't bug-out. The fire wasn't from their lines either. It came from a patrol, but well directed. When we began pulling out we got mortar fire—two hits right on the trail! I mean right on! Killed two of my boys!"

"I saw the kids," said Poole. "Looked just like mines."

Donovan shook his head "Nope. Couldn't have been mines. We took the same way back. No mines there."

An hour later Poole and I were up on the line, and the brash little louie was studying the layout ahead, when suddenly he seemed to read my mind. "The men don't much like my attitude, do they?"

"No, sir," I told him. "They don't."

"Is it that house down there—or is it something else?"

"Lieutenant, I don't want to be disrespectful," I told him, "but if you're asking me ——"

"I'm asking you—and I'm ordering you! Go ahead, lay it out."

"That house is all they have," I said. "You've been to see the captain again about it, haven't you?"

"That's right. I have. And I'll keep on seeing him!"

"Why?"

"Because it's a menace, that's why!"

"Because you're the kind of man who just can't leave things as he found them!" I finally exploded. "That's why!"

"So it's going to be war between us, after all," he said.

For an instant his freckled little face seemed somehow sad.

"I'm your subordinate," I said. "I'm only an enlisted man, but contrary to popular opinion an EM can think and feel. And another thing, lieutenant. You came out of a guard detachment three miles back of the lines. Came out to these poor devils and started in pushing your spit-and-polish ideas. Well, they're soldiers—front-line soldiers—and they're proud of it!"

"And they can't be proud, now that they're clean?" he said evenly. "They can't be proud any more because they look like soldiers, and not like rag pickers—is that it?"

I didn't answer him, because I didn't know how.

"All right," he went on. "Ever since I got here, you and your little band of heroes have been chewing your nails to the knuckles, wondering who I am, what I am, and what I intend to do. So I'm going to put you out of your misery. I'm going to tell you." He sat against the sandbags, took his polished swagger stick in both hands, and sighed deeply. "You know my name, my rank, my serial number. You know me as a homely runt. You probably figure I'm a PX commando with a Napoleonic complex and a gripe against anybody taller than I am—which is nearly everybody ——"

"Lieutenant," I said, "I guess I shouldn't have ——"

"You listen," he said dryly. "I think this is the dirtiest, most fouled-up outfit I've ever seen! You people make me sick! You run around playing long-range peeping-Tom and getting all teary-eyed about a lot of unprofessional malarky; carrying on as though the whole universe hangs on what happens to that filthy little hut down there! Well, it doesn't!"

"So you're a professional soldier," I said sarcastically, because I was sore.

"That's right! That's exactly right, sergeant!"

"Then why were you so busy playing soldier boy back there instead of coming up here to fight before this?" I snapped.

"Fight?" he said. "Fight, did you say?" He ripped open his fatigue jacket, showing me a bluish, just-healing bullet scar in his chest.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't ——"

"I know," he said, a little calmer. "Brand-new second lieutenant. Where does he come from? Who gives a damn? He's a stiff-back punk, straight out of a cush job. He carries a silly swagger stick. He makes us wash up and dress up and polish our boots, so he's a regular punk." He picked up the stick and cleaned it off on his leg. "Shall I tell you why the EM hate—or at least suspect—an officer on sight? It's because he is pledged to make them go against every healthy, normal, decent instinct they possess. His job is to make them kill. To expose them to death or injury. To kick them in the pants when they'd rather have sympathy. To make them work when they'd rather just sit in the mud feeling sorry for themselves."

"Is it all right if I smoke?" I asked.

"Go ahead. No, thanks. I don't use them."

"They'd cut your wind?"

"Something like that," he admitted. "Why aren't you an officer? You're a college man, aren't you?"

"Yessir. University of Southern California."

"You're a good NCO," he said. "You know your job; you're quick. But you're a snob. You feel you're too good to wear bars, don't you?"

"Yessir," I said.

"Well, I don't. I'm not a college man. I'm a farmer's kid who hated farms and loved the Army. And I'm a damned good soldier by anybody's standards, because I know what I'm supposed to do—and I do it without sentimentality! I'm not too good to be an officer—I'm just too good to be a damned second lieutenant. Well, rank is frozen, so at least you must know that I'm not doing all this to get a promotion, don't you?"

I had to laugh. "Lieutenant," I said, "you'd make some diplomat!"

Jackknife
no matter how you sleep...
sleep away tension
Cuddler
on the Englander
Good Morning Glory
TENSION·EASE*
mattress
the only firm mattress with the extra level of Tension-Ease coils!
Almost everyone knows that a firm mattress is good for you. Your body—especially your back—needs firm support. But an ordinary firm mattress is not enough. You need to unwind . . . to sleep the day's tensions away. The Englander Tension-Ease is designed to give you firmness . . . *and* relief from tension. It's the only firm mattress with the *extra* level of Tension-Ease Coils.
The Englander Tension-Ease is the only mattress available in your choice of Airfoam† or Innerspring. $79.75, fully guaranteed.
extra level of
Tension-Ease
coils.
IDENTIFIED BY THIS RED LINE
Englander TENSION·EASE
©1959 The Englander Company, Inc. *T.M. The Englander Company, Inc. †T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"All right," he said, rubbing his face wearily. "It's all been said, except one last thing: I think the Chinks planted that sweet little family down there; and, one way or another, they're going to go!"

I threw my cigarette down and stepped on it. "We'll see."

"That's right, sergeant. We'll see."

The house and its two occupants became almost an obsession with Lieutenant Poole after that. On his first patrol, he was making his usual thorough check of equipment, when he spotted the sandbag I was filling. "What's that?" he asked.

"It's a little extra chow," I told him.

"What for?"

The men and I looked at him. "It's for Mother Chin and little Chin-Chin," I told him. "It's a tradition. When we go through the mine field, we always pass the hut, and the patrols throw over a few C-rations, maybe some jam."

"Put it back," he said sternly.

"Lieutenant ——"

"That's an order, sergeant."

After that his stock hit somewhere below zero. Even Roper and Keeler and the other squad and section leaders, who'd tried to go along with him, were cussing him out privately. Even the other officers, including Captain Adams, were hard put to be civil to him.

"I see you didn't tell them about my suspicions," he said a few days after the patrol.

"No, sir," I said. "And I'm not going to either."

"That's your privilege," he said.

I had to admit one thing, though. He'd done a first-class soldiering job out there in the dark, dangerous night. If anything, he'd surprised me by being as cagey and cautious as they came. I'd rather expected him to *gung ho* his way, headfirst into danger. But when the Chinese sprang their ambush, Poole had already backed us out of it sufficiently to disengage without serious results. Then he'd insisted on leading the way back himself, poking the marked path through the mine field with a bayonet all the way.

But what was stranger yet was that next morning I'd been called up to the old man's dugout, and there I'd seen Lieutenant Poole, his face still red with anger and frustration, while the captain's didn't look much happier.

"Sergeant," the captain said. "Lieutenant Poole claims that last night he found two mines in the return path of the platoon. What do you know about that?"

I shook my head, surprised. "Nothing, sir. Nothing at all."

"Well, that does it, Poole!" he said angrily. "It seems you're the only one who saw any mines—and that's not enough for me! Now I'm telling you for the last time; lay off the Chins! Lay off; get me?"

"You mean let them go on butchering people—our people? My men?"

"If you're sorry enough to begrudge a helpless old woman and a skinny, underfed girl their miserable living and their only home—then that's what I mean," exploded Adams. "Exactly what I mean!"

"If you'll listen, sir, I'll tell you—" he began.

"Get out!" yelled Adams. "You're dismissed! Both of you!"

Little Poole was beet-red and breathing like a buffalo when he stomped out. I followed him, feeling a mixture of gladness and maybe a tinge of pity at how things had turned out. At least it was over.

At the top of our position Poole leaned his head against the edge of a sandbag emplacement, pounding a fist hard into the dirt. "That—that stupid, stupid ——" But seeing me beside him he couldn't go on. I had to say that for him. He was a mean little tyrant in many ways, but even half crying with rage, he couldn't belittle the captain in front of me.

"Please, lieutenant," I said soothingly. "It's no use!"

"Oh, isn't it!" he said between clenched teeth. He lifted his binoculars and put them on the house below. "Look at them!" he said. "They're at it again!"

I raised my own glasses and focused on the hut. It looked as peaceful and quiet as a scene on a calendar painting. To one side Mother Chin stood, her skinny, sad, half-stooped figure reaching for her pile of ragged laundry which she was hanging to dry. Just in front of the door, little Chin-Chin sat mixing something in a bowl, as if resting in the warm sun.

"The dirty butchers!" he said vehemently. And then he turned to me and said quietly, "I'll bet you we get a royal pasting by mortar fire within another hour. Will you bet?"

"Why ——"

"Will you?" he growled in his comically high voice. "Will you bet that somebody dies? That we drag out torn, bleeding kids from holes bashed in by direct hits within one hour?" Even for Poole the power of his anger was almost terrifying; the hatred was so strong within him that his eyes had turned red-rimmed and he was breathing in gasps. He scared me! He really scared me!

But he was right. An hour later Keeler was dead. His big, loose-jointed body lay twisted beside that of two others. I would never hear him again. I would never see his homely face break into one of his slow grins. The thought of it choked me up, but it was nothing to what it did to the lieutenant.

"You—you couldn't have known this for sure," I said.

"I knew it sure as we're standing here," he told me. "I let them kill him—but they'll never kill anyone else again. Not here—not on patrol. Not ever, anywhere again!"

At dinnertime I saw him sitting near the kitchen fly, with the other officers, hardly looking at his chow. He sat there looking so little, so kidlike; ostracized, ignored, and not caring a damn. I'd never felt so sorry for anyone in my life.

It was Donovan's turn to take out a group that night, and I was nearby when Lieutenant Poole walked up and asked to take his place. Donovan just looked down at him as though he had been dirt. "The answer's no," he told him.

"But I've got to get down there."

"Listen," Donovan said. "Why don't you wise up, mister? The men don't like you, the officers don't like you—and I don't like you! Why don't you go find yourself a hole somewhere?"

"I didn't come here to be popular," Poole said without flinching. You had to hand it to the little bantam, big Donovan didn't scare him a bit. "And what you personally care doesn't ring any bells with me, either. I asked to take your patrol out tonight."

"And I said no!" Donovan told him.

"Then at least let me tell you ——"

Donovan threw him a dirty look, then turned his back and walked off.

"You fool!" said Poole angrily. "You blind fool!"

It was the custom for the patrol leaders to take their men out before moonrise, which would be generally about 2100 hours—or nine o'clock. At a little past eight I realized that Poole was gone. For a moment I felt my belly shrivel up, and a near-panic gripped me. *My God, he's gone to kill them!* I thought, breaking into a run for Poole's bunker. Sure enough, his pistol, his helmet and a spare submachine gun were gone. I ran to the top of the line, hunting for Roper.

"Roper, Roper!" I called.

"Yeah? What is it?" said Roper, coming out of a machine-gun pillbox.

"Lieutenant Poole—have you seen him?" I saw that he was stalling, and I grabbed and shook him. "Answer me, damn you!"

In the darkness his barely discernible face looked surprised. "Yeah, sarge," he said. "He come by here a while ago, lugging a chopper and a big load of grenades. Looked like he was going to a revolution or something. But ——"

"But nothing!" I said. "Where did he go. Where, you meathead!"

"He'll bust me lower'n a snake's belly, but —— He went on down. He went down by the covered approach. Out toward the Chink lines."

I ran. I ran hard as I could and found Lieutenant Donovan, who was still putting on his gear. I busted into his bunker and panted: "He's gone, lieutenant! Poole's gone to kill the Chins!"

"What're you saying?" he yelled. "Are you nuts?"

"No, sir! He's gone down alone, to get them. He's snapped his cork. He thinks the Chins have been killing our men somehow. We gotta go after him, sir! He'll kill them! He'll do it, so help me!"

In the candlelight I saw Donovan turn white, then he threw on his things. "If this is a wild-goose —— No. He's nutty enough to do it! C'mon! We'll round up the men and start right now!"

There wasn't time even to notify the skipper that we were going. We ran the patrol uphill, then cleared the lines and started down under the chicken wire and burlap which camouflaged the trench to no man's land. Then we went as no patrol has ever gone before. But we were too late. Halfway across we heard the first explosion, then another and another, then a long burst from a Russian burp gun, followed by that of a tommy gun. Then there was a sheet of flame; a grenade explosion that seemed to blast the tiny hut apart in the pre-moon night. Then burst after crazy burst of machine-gun fire.

"He's done it!" cried Donovan, aghast. "The dirty, murdering maniac's done it!" With that a fury seemed to fill every last man of us, and we ran forward, crazy for our own revenge.

In a moment it all became a madhouse; a nightmarish, whirling free-for-all. The firing was all over the hut, and there wasn't just one gun, but guns were blazing from everywhere. And they weren't our guns. I threw myself into it, hardly thinking, and firing twice, I heard a Chinese grunt and fall. Then someone swirled past me, and I heard Donovan yell: "Commie patrol! Commence firing!"

Running, I shot my way into the house as the big white moon broke from cover, and for a moment the light of it bathed the one room with a pale, almost blinding light. Behind the open door lay Mother Chin, dead. Only she wasn't she any more. Her long Korean skirt was up and her head wrap was off. Mother Chin was shaved absolutely bald. She wore wrap-leggings and blue pants, and was still clutching a burp gun in one hand. Ten feet away lay little Chin-Chin, also quite dead, also bald under the bullet-torn head wrap. He had been perfect for the part; as beardless a teen-aged Chinese as ever you'll see. He, too, had gone down firing his submachine gun. Poole had certainly been thorough.

I ran out, looking for Donovan. A few trigger-happy kids were still pouring fire into the bushes, but the fight was over. A few feet off the trail I found him kneeling beside Poole, who lay bleeding, only half-conscious. "You wait till you're well!" Donovan was saying through his teeth. "You just wait—you lousy ——"

"I think you'd better go look at Mother Chin and her little Commie offspring," I said, kneeling beside them.

"What did you say?" Donovan asked as though I was crazy.

"I said—hurray for Georgie Poole!"

In the half-light the little officer tried to raise his head, and for the first—and last time—I saw him smile. "Hurray for Georgie Poole," he repeated weakly. "Now let's get out of here before their mortars blow hell out of us!"

I saw Lieutenant Poole next morning as he was being carried down to meet the ambulance jeep. It would take him to a helicopter field just beyond mortar range, and then the hospital again. But I wasn't there alone. As many of the men and officers as could make it—including Captain Adams—were there to see him off, and as usual, he didn't seem to give a damn.

By then we all knew the story: he had given it to us, bit by bit, as the pain of two burp-gun slugs through a thigh and arm would permit. It had seemed so clear then. His reasoning had been simple, but direct: Why did just two women who never went anywhere have such a big wash so often? The answer we had discovered by sending down a daylight patrol to collect the "wash." On the back of each piece had been painted a Chinese character which could be read through field glasses from the enemy side. Coordinates, ranges, changes in firing data for the mortars. The catch was that during daylight the Chinese needed somebody up close to spot movements. Someone who could move around freely "gathering wood," for example. Our mistake was that we had always thought of communication in terms of wire or radio, either of which we would have spotted in a hurry.

"Their mistake," Poole added, "was that they got overly ambitious and started setting mines in the trail to catch our returning patrols. They counted on our thinking it was mortar fire which was killing our men. But there was no shrapnel in the bodies I saw. It had to be the Chins. Don't you see?"

We saw it. Saw it clearly enough to put Lieutenant Poole in for a medal, with all of us signing the recommendation. And Captain Adams saw it enough to offer his hand in apology to the tough little guy who took it silently, without a trace of softening.

Then they were gone back to their jobs up there, and only Poole and I remained behind. I looked at him as he lay, in pain, flat on a stretcher that was shoved atop the ambulance jeep. Then I took my cigarettes, lighted one and offered it to him. "You won't need your wind where you're going," I smiled.

"Back to that damn, dull meat factory again," he said, taking it. "You keep on these guys," he told me sternly. "Bear hard on them. Give 'em pride. Keep them alive!"

"Yessir," I replied. "I'll do that. And ——"

"And what?"

"And you're one hell of a nice guy—sir," I said.

"You think so, eh?" he said sourly as ever.

"I know so, Georgie," I told him.

He looked at me mutely for a moment, then nodded. I knew in how much agony he must have been, but he hadn't moaned once. "Just don't let it get around," he whispered. Then he raised his squeaky voice. "All right, driver—dammit! Let's get this buggy going. I could've walked to that hospital by now!"

As they drove away, his head turned and he looked at me. I waved, but his expression never changed. It was his way. And his way was good enough for me.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Secret of Glacier River

(Continued from Page 33)

bowed, hands behind him, he strode thoughtfully back and forth. Ravenhill leaned against the bedpost, waiting.

The marshal's way of imparting his decision was oblique. "I noticed a flock of fool hens down the beach yesterday," he said. "They're good eating. I think I'll build me a figure-four trap. Stay put while I go get a saw, hammer and some split boards."

He went out into the brilliant sunshine and turned left. Through the open door, presently, Ravenhill saw the marshal approaching the two ships on the edge of the beach. He was dragging a rusty choker—a steel cable, with eyes at each end—from the dragline equipment left behind at the abandoned diggings.

At first Ravenhill could not make out what activity was afoot; then he saw that the marshal intended to give his "escaped prisoner" no chance whatever of making off with either of the airplanes. Shifting Enders' ship closer to the Alaskans' larger craft, he fastened the two planes together, strut to strut, and secured the eyes of the choker with a rusty padlock.

Then, after a brief detour back to the shop, the marshal entered the cabin with hammer, saw, nails and strips of weathered shakes. Without preliminary, he laid out the strips and began the assembly of the trap. Ravenhill glanced furtively at his watch. Four o'clock.

"The heck with it," the marshal said suddenly, abandoning his work. "We could use a cup of coffee. I'll go over and fill the pot at the other cabin."

He hung his saw on the wall and left. The moment his footfalls had faded, Ravenhill swung his feet to the floor, came erect, and dragged the bunk across the room. He seized the saw and paused, listening. Then he sawed through the post, pried the edges apart, and stood erect.

The handcuff dangling from his left wrist was an impediment. He took off his jacket and with his pocketknife cut off one sleeve of his shirt. Tearing the cloth into strips he bound the handcuff along his arm, up to the elbow. When he put on his jacket again, the manacles were hidden.

Taking up his musette bag, Ravenhill stepped out into the slanting sunlight and paused, looking about him. The marshal was at his left, away from the other buildings, facing toward Ravenhill. He was firmly planted, service revolver in hand.

Ravenhill did not move. He was suddenly aware that the prepared script was unwritten beyond this point. Was it possible—probable, even—that he, Ravenhill, had meticulously set the stage for his own execution? From the marshal's viewpoint, what better means of coppering all bets than to shoot down a prisoner in the act of escaping?

Ravenhill did not temporize. If there was a bluff to be called, call it at once.

"What's my cue, old chap?" he asked. "Do you shoot me here? Or do I run for it?"

The marshal hesitated a moment; then he said hoarsely, "Run for it. Just remember this at the showdown."

Ravenhill turned and ran toward the gap. The first bullet kicked up the sand at his left, the second punctured the air at his right. The third whined by overhead. Ravenhill veered behind this shelter, turned right and continued to mount skyward, looking over his shoulder at intervals. Echoes of the late gunfire still muttered among the higher peaks, but the marshal did not come into view below, and the gap to the north remained empty.

Following the washing of the noon dishes, Carol spent a highly resultful three hours in the cook tent with Old Mac, taking notes on the Eskimo language.

Old Mac was most co-operative, for Carol had blazed a trail direct to Old Mac's heart; and she, in turn, gained a deep respect for the hard-bitten but kindly old Eskimo. She was delighted by the dialect itself, and particularly with the wide areas covered by three of the four root words, as the Eskimo used them. One, that for a "good" man, was merely spoken with respect.

"This is fine," she told Old Mac, when the session was over. "You've been of great help. But tell me—just what is a 'good' man?"

Old Mac explained it laboriously but with unconscious precision. "One who is first in the hunt but the last to eat. When he says, 'I will meet you there' he will be there, although it is cold and dark and there is bad ice between. When he says, 'I owe you ten shells which I will return tomorrow,' one can say to his wife, 'Tomorrow I hunt, because I will have shells.'"

"H'm-m," Carol said. "How many 'good' white men have you actually known in the north?"

Old Mac thought this over, then held up four fingers.

"Name them," she invited. "Number one?"

"It is Father Duval, who brought food to our winter camp, many miles through deep snow, when our little ones were starving."

"Good. Number two?"

"Number two," Old Mac said, "is the one called Bull McGee, whose trapline is next to mine near the deep lake."

"Number three?"

"Trader McIntosh, in Aklavik. He is known to my people for many years."

She nodded. "And now—number four?"

Old Mac's reply astonished her and, oddly, thrilled her deeply. "It is the one who has come and gone, the one who walks only where he cannot fly. The one whose eyes laugh. The one called Ravenhill. He will be back, however."

"But Ravenhill, of all people!" she protested. "Don't you know what white men say about him?"

Old Mac shrugged. "We—the Innuit, the Slaveys and the Dog-Ribs—know him. All white men have enemies."

"And you say he'll be back?" Carol asked. "How do you know that?"

"Because I say to him, 'We have *hyas* talk before you go?'" Old Mac explained. "And he said, 'Yes.' So, if he must go now, he will be back for the *hyas* talk."

"What's this *hyas* talk?"

"I am sorry," Old Mac said apologetically. "This is talk only for warriors."

Carol shrugged her mild annoyance. "That puts me in my place, certainly." Then she smiled again. "Never mind. I'll leave it to you warriors. Thanks again, Old Mac."

Carol pocketed her notebook and pencil and mounted up to the sunlit bench.

Her father and Dud Jessop were sprawled beside the dig, engaged in identifying and marking the day's take of artifacts. Knowing she shouldn't disturb them for the moment, she detoured to her right to see what the ever-busy Alaskans were up to.

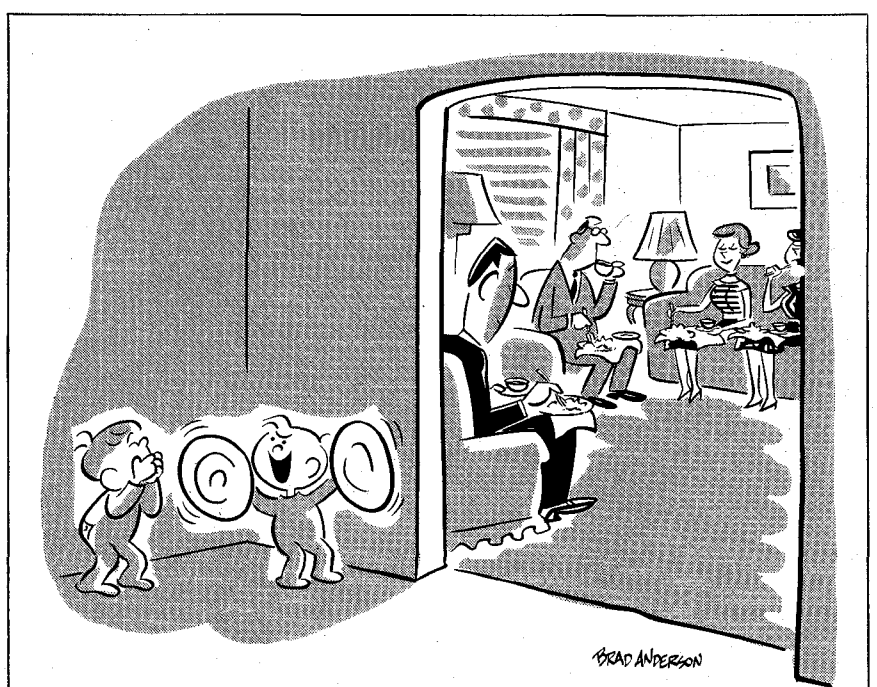
They were below the bank, but she could hear the pounding of hammers and the rasping of saws as they labored amid the lumber there. Nearer at hand was a strange and cumbersome yet oddly businesslike device: a metal tripod, anchored with rocks, supporting a huge, tapering nozzle. The housing of the nozzle was swiveled so that it could be swung in a wide arc.

While she was examining the monster curiously, Flynn Foley saw her from below. Quitting his work at once he mounted the bank nimbly and greeted Carol with a cheerful grin. He seemed an engaging old reprobate, cheerful as a cricket.

"You're wondering what this is, ma'am?" he asked, with pride. "It's our particular pet. It's called a giant, and you use it to wash gravel into sluice boxes. Since we already got the big hose here, attached to the points, we figure to try it out sometime tomorrow."

"Try it out—where?" Carol looked about her, puzzled. "Here on the bench? You can't do that, you know. Even the surface of the ground can't be disturbed."

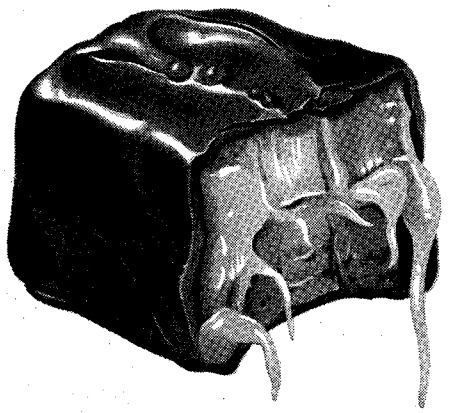
Foley's affable gesture forgave her ignorance. "We ain't interested in the bench. It's only to test the pressure and the valves."



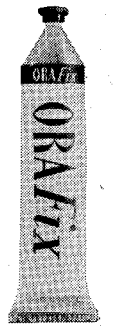
"Watch!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

EAT ANYTHING!



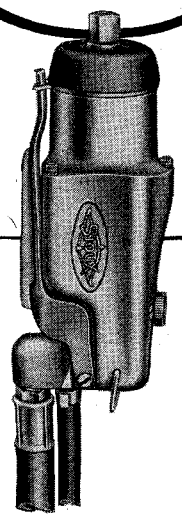
ORA-FIX holds dentures fast— all day!



Use Ora Denture Cleanser, too

BETTER . . . by McKESSON

CERTIFIED SIOUX POWER



Torque for every task!

The little No. 314 SIOUX Air Impact Wrench pictured above weighs only 2¾ pounds but it will deliver 95 foot pounds of torque!

Outstanding efficiency characterizes the complete SIOUX line of eleven Air Impact Wrenches and Air Screwdrivers. You can expect 15% more torque from the same air pressure while consuming 30% less air! SIOUX tells you the torque each model will deliver. You don't buy just a wrench. You buy Certified SIOUX Power! See your SIOUX distributor or write . . .

Albertson & Company, Inc.
SIOUX CITY, IOWA, U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And after you've tested this—this giant," she asked, "what then? Where do you put it to work?"

Foley gestured up the canyon. "We've got it all staked up above, and even out in the channel."

"But don't you have to thaw your ground up there too?" she persisted. "Haven't you lost time thawing the bench here?"

"Don't you worry about that, ma'am," Foley returned. "We had to test the points anyway, and why not lend you folks a hand? We're all set now. While we're thawing up above, we'll have plenty to do."

It all seemed casual enough. Too casual, perhaps? Why, actually, was this frost-scarred and shaggy little man so eager to be friendly, so ready with his explanations?

She went back to the dig, and Doctor Craig and Dud Jessop put her to work at once. Finally they were through and moved off together toward the cook tent.

Carol gestured toward the giant in passing. "Mr. Foley tells me they're going to test that gadget tomorrow. Right there, where it stands. Isn't that a little odd?"

"It's all right, I'm sure," Dud Jessop told her. "As a matter of fact, I asked Foley about it this morning. It seems they were arguing among themselves on where to start operations when they brought the giant down last night. Foley wanted to start up in the main canyon, the others voted for a sand bar lower down. Meantime, Foley was bound to test the equipment, while they were arguing, so they set up the giant here. They test it, then move it up the canyon."

It sounded reasonable—so reasonable that Carol was inclined to forget the whole thing. And yet she couldn't help wondering about a final detail: why, in preparing to test the giant, had they set it up above instead of below the bank?

After supper, when they were dallying over their coffee, Flynn Foley dropped in to visit, as usual. They made room for him on a bench without comment, and poured him coffee. He and the young bug hunters were soon engaged in a humorous exchange, Foley gravely assuring them that the services of his Alaskans were at their disposal, in case they encountered a cricket too large and ferocious to subdue singlehanded.

Then Buster spoke more matter-of-factly. "Haven't you got a new recruit up there, Mr. Foley? We were by the rim of the canyon when we came in, and we saw you and a stranger to us just below the gap up there. He was looking down at the camp here, through field glasses. A heavy-set man," he amplified. "Built like a truck."

Foley gave Buster a surprisingly keen look, Carol noted, but his reply was ready enough. "That was only ol' Horse Wiggins, a United States marshal from Fairbanks. We used to be pals over at Nome, so the last trip in we brought him along just for the ride. I'll bring him down tomorrow, to meet you folks."

"Do so, by all means," the doctor urged. "I'd like to enlarge my official contacts on the Alaskan side. Dud and I are thinking of doing some exploring around Good News Bay when we're wound up here."

"You too?" Jessop whispered to Carol. "You'll be with us at Good News Bay?"

She shook her head. "Not likely. Who's paying my way?"

"I would," Jessop told her. "As my wife—I hope."

She gave him a searching, half-amused glance. "Come, come, Dud!" she reproved. "Do we charge this to propinquity? Or the harsh environment, perhaps?"

"I mean it," he whispered. "You must know how I've felt toward you. We've similar tastes, congenial and all that. Your father would approve, I'm sure. And I've means, you know. If you wish, we could finance our own exploration party ——"

"Sh-h," she broke in. "Not now, Dud. Listen."

Foley was talking about Ravenhill. Under the pretext that mention of Marshal Wiggins had reminded him of it, he was gleefully recounting Ravenhill's tilt with the law in Nome. He explained that Ravenhill had fleeced a cheechako by using marked cards.

Carol was a little surprised at her own instant reaction. "That doesn't sound like Ravenhill," she said coldly. "In fact, I don't believe it."

Foley blinked at her in astonishment. "Ma'am, I was in the game!"

"So? Knowing it was crooked? Tell us more, Mr. Foley. While I give Old Mac a hand with the dishes."

Foley's bleached eyes followed her to the corner where Old Mac labored. "Don't get me wrong, ma'am," he assured her, in humorous vein. "I ain't knocking Riv; I'm bragging about him. He's like a buzzard circling a long ways off, waiting for business. When he swoops down, the crows and magpies had best run to cover."

"He lies again," Old Mac whispered to Carol. "In Ravenhill's eyes is not the look of a buzzard. It is the look of eagles, and eagles must live. It is this one from Nome, this Foley"— to Mackenzie Eskimos, all Alaskans were "men from Nome"—"who steals the eggs and the little ones alone in the nest."

"Riv sometimes misses, though," Foley said, with relish. "You doubted my story, ma'am, about that crooked game at Nome. Listen to this. You figure Riv flew back to Aklavik last night, eh?"

"Of course," Carol said. "We heard his plane take off."

"Sure," Foley said. "He knew you'd hear him. And you heard his engine fade in the east. At that point, when he was out of hearing, Riv swung back and come up to Glacier Lake."

All halted their work to stare at him. Carol said unbelievingly, "Last night?"

Foley nodded. "Last night. He's broke, you understand. Anything for a fast buck. So he had a proposition to put up to us. But listen to how me and ol' Horse Wiggins crossed him up."

Foley explained that the Alaskans, seeing Ravenhill's ship approach, suspected at once that he had some sort of shakedown in mind. They had accordingly arranged a trap for Ravenhill. The marshal had concealed himself behind some clothing in the cabin. Believing himself to be alone with Flynn Foley, Ravenhill had coolly advanced his proposal.

It involved the archaeologists here. Since the Alaskans already had the bench staked as a placer claim, and the first segment thawed, why not proceed at once to wash out the bench? Immediately. Tomorrow, in fact.

"Tomorrow?" Carol repeated incredulously. "What about us—our prior rights?"

Foley shrugged. "You'd all scream. What of it?"

"The man's mad," the doctor said. "What about our *in situ* permit?"

Foley nodded virtuously. "I told Riv he was nuts. He said we could quibble about legal points later. Claim that the *in situ* permit was haywire. You hadn't surveyed the bench properly or something like that, and what of it? We'd have the dust."

"Nonsense!" the doctor said. "The bench is properly surveyed." He turned to Dud Jessop. "You've a carbon of the *in situ* permit application? Giving the metes and bounds in detail?"

Jessop's back was to Carol as he turned to face the doctor, but he was looking hard at Flynn Foley across the table. "Of course," he said. "Copied directly from our field notes."

"Never mind," Foley said affably. "I was there when Jessop filed the permit. The metes and bounds was O.K. That ain't the point. The point is, right at the proper second ol' Horse Wiggins pops out and arrests Ravenhill."

"On what charge?" Carol asked. "This planned felony?"

"No; that'll just be the frosting on the cake when Horse gets him in court," Flynn told her. "The immediate charge is that Riv didn't have a license to fly in Alaska. Horse also seizes Enders' ship—'impounds' it, as Horse puts it—for flying in Alaska without a permit. Ravenhill will be in cold storage for quite some spell. He knew it too.

"He was a cool one, though," Flynn concluded, giving an artistic touch of authenticity to the picture. "He got out a cigarette. 'Not bad, Foley,' says he. 'A match, please?' You got to hand it to the guy—he's got nerve, if nothing else."

A momentary silence followed. Then Dud Jessop shook his head, relaxing. "This is distressing, Foley. To me, personally, I mean. Ravenhill was a renegade, obviously, but still old-school-tie and all that. He's a prisoner up there now?"

"No; he escaped this afternoon," Foley said. "Ol' Horse tried to bring him down, but he made a clean getaway."

"But where would Ravenhill go?" Carol asked. "Where can he go, on foot like that?"

Foley shrugged. "South. Into the Porcupine. That's what Horse figures. He's wanted on both sides of the line now."

"But without blankets? Or food?"

Foley gave her a keen glance, still smiling. "Easy enough, at this time of the year. He won't freeze. Just tighten his belt a couple of days and he'll be over the hump into the Colleen. The first trapper he came to would give him a handout—if he didn't hand Ravenhill his trapline."

"Then Enders' ship is still up at your camp?"

"Sure," Foley said. "Enders will probably get the Mounties to fly him out here tomorrow, to check up on his ship. The marshal will release it to Enders. He can clear up them technicalities later."

The doctor sighed and resumed his work. "One never knows. Like Dud here, I was inclined to discount Ravenhill's reputation. He seemed interested in our dig." He peered up at an alarm clock on an adjacent shelf. "Fifteen minutes more. Then bedtime for all."

"Which means me too," Foley said, sliding off the end of the bench. "Good night, folks. I'll fetch ol' Horse down in the morning."

Muttering something about stretching his legs, Jessop followed him out and upstream. When they were out of earshot of the cook tent they halted.

"Wasn't that cutting it a bit thin?" Jessop accused. "Even mentioning the *in situ* permit?"

"Ravenhill's on the loose," Foley returned bitterly. "He wouldn't head south; he's hanging out somewhere around here. So I had to fix it so nobody would believe him if he showed up and started raising the alarm about that *in situ* permit. Got it now?"

"Good tactics," Jessop approved. "But what if the doctor raises the question again?"

"Tell him the carbon's in your papers somewhere," Foley directed. "You'll find it. Anything to keep him satisfied until the show starts tomorrow. Blast that Ravenhill! If Horse Wiggins had had an ounce more brains we wouldn't be in this last-minute jack pot. Ravenhill probably figures to contact Enders and the Mountie tomorrow. We can't have that. If he shows up here, get the drop on him, march him up the canyon and hold him till you can turn him over to Horse Wiggins. Don't give him a chance to make a pitch—to anybody. He's the most plausible critter I know."

Jessop nodded in sour agreement. "Even Carol's sympathetic toward the blighter. I can't understand why."

"I can," Foley said. "If you got any private bets to copper there, better copper 'em now, son." His brief touch of humor faded. "Back to the cook tent, meantime. Tomorrow's the day. Don't turn squeamish when the pinch comes. There mustn't be any slipup."

"Right," Jessop agreed.

Carol retired to her tent, feeling oddly depressed. Her tent was the second of three canvas-walled shelters extending north from the cook tent. The doctor and Jessop occupied the first and larger tent, which was also the expedition's office. Buster and Julius bunked with the Eskimos at the end of the line.

She was almost asleep when she heard a faint scratching at the lower edge of her tent, on the western side. Then Old Mac's whisper came warningly. "Are you awake, *kla-to-ma?*" This was the deferential Eskimo word for "young lady" or "little one," used only toward members of leading tribal families.

"Yes," Carol whispered. "What is it?"

"Dress and come quickly. Come downriver. Your father is in danger. Let no one see you." Then Old Mac's shadow faded.

She dressed quickly, and stole softly outside. She turned to her right, downstream, keeping close to the sheltering bank.

Old Mac was waiting around the bend. Finger on lips, he indicated that she should follow him, crouching low. He halted behind the broken rocks that stretched down from the northern extremity of the bench.

"Do not move," Old Mac directed. "He watches us, waiting for what we do, what I say to him."

"Who watches us?"

"Ravenhill," Old Mac whispered, indicating the end of the brush-covered ridge above the bench.

"Ravenhill! But what—why ——"

"Sh-h," Old Mac warned. "Listen only, please. When I am finish' with my work, and get a bucket of water for breakfast, I see Ravenhill on the ridge. He tells me, with signs, to meet him here. I come, and we have our *hyas* talk."

"What's this all about?" Carol demanded. "Why is Ravenhill here? Foley said he'd headed south. Why should he —— Never mind. We'll ask Ravenhill himself. Signal to him to come down."

"Not here," Old Mac warned. "Do not move."

He came up above the rocks cautiously and motioned with his left arm, pointing to his left, toward the landing lake. From the apparently empty brush crowning the ridge came two glints of reflected light, in quick succession.

"Follow me," Old Mac whispered. "Keep low. So our camp cannot see us. Or the men from Nome."

They halted short of the lake, below the moraine spilling down from the end of the ridge. Ravenhill appeared almost at once, descending cautiously at first, to avoid a miniature landslide.

Carol eyed Ravenhill narrowly as he approached. He carried no equipment other than his musette bag slung over his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shoulder. Except that his burnished boots were a little scratched and his breeches somewhat dusty, he presented his usual debonair appearance.

He loves this cloak-and-dagger business, Carol thought.

Ravenhill paused to scan the sky line to the south, then joined them behind their sheltering rock fragments. When he spoke it was tersely and to the point. He nodded to Carol and said to Old Mac: "What have you told her?"

"Nothing," Old Mac said. "She does not know anything."

"No truer word was ever spoken," Carol assured Ravenhill. "D'you mind telling me just what's going on?"

"Wait," Ravenhill said. "Brief me quickly, please. I see Foley's set up the giant on the bench. Didn't that make you or your father suspect what was afoot?"

"Yes, but I didn't know what to suspect. Hang it, Riv ——"

"Wait," Ravenhill said, more peremptorily. And to Old Mac: "I saw Young Mac leave with his blanket roll after supper, heading upriver. He didn't come back. Where is he?"

"I do not know," Old Mac said, ashamed. "I think he stays with the men from Nome—until afterward."

"H'm-m," Ravenhill said. "Not bad. Foley came down to camp after supper, Carol. For what purpose?"

"To blacken your character," Carol said.

Ravenhill nodded, stroking his jaw. "Good tactics on Foley's part. It means we can't alert the doctor now. Foley would merely deny any plot. And Foley will stop at nothing now, this close to the showdown—even to keeping you all prisoners until Enders has come and gone. Did Foley mention Enders' ship?"

"Yes," Carol said. "It's up at Glacier Lake—as you know, of course. Foley says this United States marshal won't object to turning it over to Enders tomorrow. Now, if you please, Riv ——"

But Ravenhill was still reviewing his battle plan. "Which disposes of Enders neatly," he ruminated. "All Enders wants is to retrieve his ship. And the Mountie can be headed off at the landing lake. It will be difficult for me even to contact him. Which tightens the net a bit more." He turned to Old Mac: "You have a rifle?"

"Two," Old Mac said proudly. "Young Mac has our thirty-thirty. I have the little one—a twenty-five-twenty."

"Bolt action?" Ravenhill asked, illustrating with his hands.

"Yes."

"And you've kept it clean? You have the tools, the oil and the ramrod?"

The old native was a little hurt. "I am a good hunter."

"I shouldn't have asked," Ravenhill apologized. "Now listen closely, old son. Bring me the twenty-five-twenty and the tools. Also one blanket and grub for one meal. Can you do this with no one seeing or hearing you?"

The old Eskimo nodded. "They are all asleep."

"Go then, my friend. We wait here."

Old Mac retreated at once and faded soundlessly around the bend toward the river channel.

Ravenhill surveyed the surrounding terrain. Then he turned to Carol, his eyes twinkling a little. "Sorry," he said. "You're near bursting, I know. Let's sit down a moment. I wonder if we should chance cigarettes?" He decided against it. "Better not. They'll have glasses trained on the bench, if I know Foley. Gad, what a resourceful ruffian!" He waved her to one of the smaller adjacent rocks. "You've some questions to ask, I take it?"

"I do, indeed," she assured him. "To begin with ——"

"Just a moment, my dear," he cut in, tilting his head a little. "The inflection of your voice tells me I've a few bets to copper myself. You said Foley blackened my character. You believe him?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

Ravenhill shrugged. "Why, indeed? The point is, I can't take you into my confidence unless you can be trusted implicitly."

"Unless I'm to be trusted?" She was outraged. "Am I on trial here?"

"Am I?" he countered. "Because it suited Foley's purposes to turn all of you against me?" Then he spoke more soothingly. "At ease, Carol. You've a choice to make. If you don't rely on me ——"

"Sight unseen?" she interpolated.

"Precisely. At this point, that is. Wait, my dear. You're in a difficult spot, granted. You don't know whom to trust. So let's state it this way. You and your father are in real peril. It could be a matter of life or death. The crisis comes tomorrow. I'm here to help you—if I can."

"But how can I be sure of that?"

"You can't," he said. "Not yet. But if you don't co-operate with me, Foley's plot will unfold without a hitch—and you'll have done nothing in your own or your father's defense. You'll merely stand on the side lines tomorrow, wringing your hands. Weeping a bit, perhaps. The ax will fall, nevertheless."

"But what ax? How can I ——"

"Wait. Your second alternative is to give me your assurance that you'll follow my lead blindly. At the least, you won't rock the boat. On the theory that you've nothing to lose."

She considered this, frowning and frustrated. "I seem to be between the devil and the deep sea. I must be allowed this much discretion: the moment it's plain to me that you're working against father's interests ——"

"I'll accept that qualification," he said. "I'm here to protect your father's interests."

"Solely for that purpose?" she accused, her belligerence fading a little. She even achieved a dubious smile. "Won't there be some little percentage, somewhere, for Ravenhill?"

He nodded cheerfully. "Perhaps. But if any minor benefits should accrue to Ravenhill—which seems doubtful at the moment—why should he turn coy and bashful?"

"I'll buy that," she said. "It's in character. I have your assurance that you're in father's corner. You now have my assurance—subject to the reservation—that I'll follow you blindly. Now then," she urged, with returning grimness, "talk fast, please. What's back of all this?"

"Gold," he said. "In the lowest stratum of your dig. Underlying the whole flat, it appears. But what's this?" he demanded, studying her intently. "You're not surprised?"

"I was," she said, "when Mr. Foley told us tonight. Go on, please."

He was inwardly staggered, but hid it at once. "And did Foley tell you that with the ground thawed and the giant in place, he intended to start washing the ground tomorrow? I mean—start destroying the whole bench?"

"He said that was your idea," she returned calmly.

"H'm-m," Ravenhill said. "Not bad. Foley's caliber is growing by the minute. What else did he say?"

"That an Alaskan Federal officer, a Marshal Wiggins, had impounded Enders' ship for crossing the Alaskan line without a permit. That Marshal Wiggins had arrested you. That you'd escaped and were presumably heading south, on foot to avoid the authorities on both sides of the line."

Ravenhill nodded thoughtfully. "This puts me in something of a hole, doesn't it? I first tried to get my clutches on the gold with Foley's aid. Foley rejected me—no end shocked at the notion—and now I'm trying to wangle some entree to the loot singlehanded. Is that it?"

"Well?" she demanded. "Just why did you fly up to Glacier Lake? If it wasn't to connive with Foley?"

"Sh-h," he warned. "We can discuss it later. Not now. Old Mac's coming."

"You seem to have Old Mac in your corner," she said. "D'you mind if I ask him a question or two? With no prompting from you?"

Ravenhill shrugged. "Why not?"

The old Eskimo came soundlessly into view, bringing the equipment Ravenhill had ordered: a blanket, the rifle and a half-gallon marmalade can, stocked with cold remnants of food from the last meal.

Ravenhill motioned him down under the shelter of the rocks. "No one heard you?"

"No, all are asleep."

"Good," Ravenhill approved. He indicated Carol. "She has questions to ask. You may answer them all."

Then Ravenhill settled back and looked at his watch. "I think I'll risk a cigarette," he told Carol. "Will you join me?"

When she shook her head, Ravenhill covered himself with the blanket and emerged again with the lighted cigarette palmed.

"Old Mac," Carol said bluntly, "did you know that there is gold on the bench?"

The old Eskimo nodded.

"How did you know? Who told you?"

Old Mac hung his head. "My son. Young Mac."

"Your son discovered the gold?"

Old Mac gave Ravenhill a brief, uneasy glance. Ravenhill motioned him silently to proceed, inwardly thankful that the forthcoming bit of evidence was being drawn from a source other than Ravenhill.

"No, it is Jessop," Old Mac said. "Jessop does not understand how to wash the gold from the pan, and asks Young Mac to help."

Carol scowled incredulously. "Jessop? How long ago was this—that Jessop found the gold?"

"Long time. Three weeks, maybe."

"And Jessop told the Alaskans about the gold, I suppose?"

"Jessop sends Young Mac to tell them," Old Mac said. "The next day, the men from Nome come down to help us dig. Then Young Mac and Jessop help the men from Nome put their piles of stones and writings around the bench."

"The claim markings," Ravenhill explained. "They staked the bench as a gold claim that night."

Carol disregarded him, concentrating fiercely on Old Mac. "If you knew all this, why didn't you tell dad—the doctor?"

"I am afraid," Old Mac said. "This is white man's business. Who will believe me? So I wait to tell Enders. He will know what to do."

During this, Carol had seemed positively to swell in dimensions, like an enraged hen. Now she exploded. "This is a wicked, terrible story, Old Mac! You should be ashamed!"

The old native misunderstood her. "I am asham'," he admitted. "Young Mac has forgotten the good we have taught him."

"I don't mean that! Who told you to say such things about Jessop? Who put these words in your mouth?"

Old Mac met her gaze impassively. "I speak my own words. You ask me. I tell you."

"And don't badger the witness, please," Ravenhill directed. "He's out of his depth. Questions only."

She turned on him furiously, her cheeks flushed and her eyes blazing. He'd lost an ally, certainly, but he'd never seen her look better.

"Riv," she said, "you've got a colossal nerve."

He blinked at her. "That's intended as a compliment? No, I'm afraid it isn't."

"First," she specified, "you try to get the Alaskans to destroy our bench. They refuse to be a party to it and throw you out. Now you're blaming Dud Jessop—and getting poor Old Mac to back you up. D'you expect me to believe a word of all this?"

Old Mac looked from one to the other in dismay. His gods were at war here. There was discord in heaven. "I go now, p'raps?" he asked apprehensively.

"No," Ravenhill soothed. "Stay with me, my friend. You and I have work to do after our *kla-to-ma*"—he indicated Carol—"has gone back to camp. She is going now, I think."

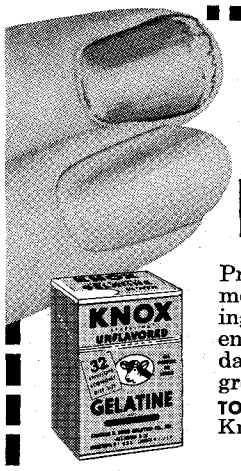
"I certainly am," Carol assured him. "I'm going to rouse up father and Dud and tell them all you've told me! Right this minute!"

TO BE CONTINUED

"He's really churning inside."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SPLITTING NAILS
NEED THE FOOD FACTORS IN
KNOX Gelatine

Problem nails can be nourished only from *within*. Published medical research shows 7 out of 10 women restored breaking, splitting nails within three months . . . by drinking one envelope (about 5¢) of Knox Unflavored Gelatine once a day in fruit or vegetable juice, bouillon or water. At your grocer's.

TO PHYSICIANS: All published studies have been conducted with Knox Gelatine. For reprints write Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N.Y.

© 1959 Knox Gelatine Co.

UNMATCHED PERFORMANCE!

. . . even makes Plowing easy! Rotary Plow attachment tills perfect seedbed in one operation!

Choose from 30 year-round, job-proved tools. Gravely, with *more* power...*more* performance...*more* tools, does the jobs others can't!

All-Gear Drive, Power Reverse, Optional Electric Starter. Riding or Steering Sulky.

Write for FREE 24-page *"Power vs Drudgery"* Booklet TODAY!

GRAVELY TRACTORS, INC.
P.O. BOX 616-A DUNBAR, W. VA.

FIELD-TESTED SINCE 1922

JERKY

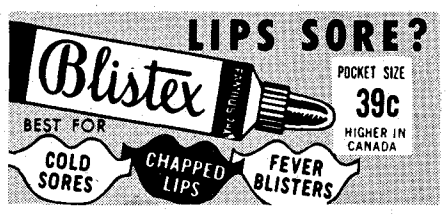
sewing **MACHINE?**

QUICK! **Lubricate with** a few drops of 3-IN-ONE. Makes sluggish parts run smooth in a jiffy. On sale everywhere.

3-IN-ONE OIL

REGULAR · OIL SPRAY · ELECTRIC MOTOR

LIPS SORE?



Protect YOUR HEART!
VIOBIN WHEAT GERM OIL

HELPS HEART ACTION
GIVES MORE STRENGTH
· STAMINA · VIGOR ·

9 Years University Experiments, 400 Persons PROVE VioBin Oil helps heart action - increases endurance.

Liquid - Capsules

Send — FREE BOOK No. 10
VIOBIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

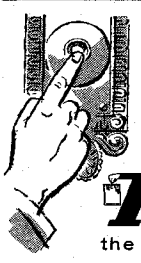
Refuse substitutes. Only VioBin proved effective.

LISTO writes on freezer paper

(and everything else!)

It's the miracle marking pencil—big, bright, bold! Refills in look-alive colors, too! Pencil 27¢, Refill 15¢.

AT VARIETY & STATIONERY STORES EVERYWHERE



Friends drop in?

You'll hear . . .

"Such good taste . . . so color-wise"

When you paint with Kyanize

Kyanize

the **good choice** in paints

EARN MORE!

Increase your earnings now by forwarding new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Holiday*, *Jack and Jill* and other popular publications. Generous commissions.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY

490 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Penna.

The Family Nobody Liked (Continued from Page 23)

been ill and needed a job desperately. "Thank you," she said.

He nodded and sat down on a stool with his back to her, ordering a cup of coffee as impersonally as if he had never spoken to her. She was grateful for that.

The waitress at the back of the café went to get Ben. Mary sat down at the counter, and when Ben came from the kitchen she had braced herself enough to smile brightly at him.

"Hello, Ben," she said. "Remember me?"

"Sure," he said vaguely. "Good to see you."

It was obvious that he did not remember. Catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror behind him, she knew she could not blame Ben for that.

"I'm Mary Taylor," she said. "From Ashton."

He stared at her. "Mary Taylor," he repeated blankly. Then, "What have you done to yourself?"

She tried not to flinch. "The restaurant where I worked burned a few months ago," she said carefully. "I've been in the hospital since then." She added, since it must be said, "My arm was burned."

"I'm sorry to hear it," he said. "Tough luck, a thing like that." He looked sincerely sorry, but his eyes were suddenly wary. "What brings you to town, Mary?"

"I'm looking for a job," she said. "My arm is still weak, but I can carry a tray."

"This is a bad town for that," Ben said. "Just a slow little farming town, asleep on its feet. Take Ashton, now, there ought to be plenty jobs there."

"No," Mary said steadily. "I thought maybe you might need a waitress, Ben. You said once that ——"

"Not this time of year," Ben said. "Wish I could help, Mary, but I've got my own troubles."

There was nothing else to say; she would not beg him. She was miserably aware that the waitress was looking at her with a sympathetic concern, but the man at the other end of the counter drank his coffee without looking up.

"Look, kid," said Ben, "could you use a little loan to tide you over?"

Mary stood up, feeling ill. The food odors reminded her that she hadn't eaten since breakfast; she was afraid to speak for fear the smile would crack.

Behind her Ben said, "Wait a minute, Mary. Have a cup of coffee on the house."

Finally she reached the door and pushed through it. She had reached the courthouse square before she remembered the suitcase. She would have to go back for it; her possessions were cheap and few, but they were all she owned in the world. She would have to face them all again—Ben, the pitying waitress, the man with the dark, scowling face.

"You forgot your suitcase," he said at her elbow. "I brought it along with me."

Closing her eyes for a blank moment, she felt him take her arm, keeping her upright, just when she feared that she might slide down into a heap at his feet.

"Are you leaving on the westbound bus?" he asked. "It'll be several hours yet before it comes through town."

She opened her eyes. "I don't have enough money," she said.

The silence lengthened. Then he said, "I'm Jason Clark. I have a farm beyond town and an invalid mother. Would you consider working for me?" When she didn't answer he went on, "My mother is crippled with arthritis and needs help. And I need to know that someone is with her, so I can do my own work without worrying. I'll pay you forty dollars a week, with room and board."

She searched his dark face and found no signs of pity there. "I don't believe you need help from anyone," she said.

"I need help," he said firmly, "and you need money to leave town."

"I've been in the hospital. I'm not worth forty dollars a week to anyone."

He propelled her gently toward a small truck parked at the curb. "We'll talk about it when we get home," he said. "If you don't want to stay, I'll bring you back to town."

She knew she should refuse to go with him. But she got into the truck and leaned her head back, drained of all feeling, and even later, when she faced Jason Clark's mother, she could not stir herself out of that strange blank lethargy.

"She's too young," Miss Ora said crossly. "And sickly, Jason." She frowned at Mary, her face as dark and formidable as her son's. "So your name's Mary," she said. "Plain name, plain face."

"Leave her alone," Jason Clark said. "She's been sick, yes, and she's tired."

With Miss Ora watching from her rocking chair, looking like a disgruntled crow with her head cocked to one side, Mary ate the supper that Jason Clark put before her—the cold buttermilk, the yellow eggs, the country ham.

"Spoiling her already," Miss Ora said. "And if I know you, Jason Clark, you promised you'd pay her to eat our food and lie around in bed."

"Yes, I'm going to pay her," Jason said, "and she can lie in bed until she feels like getting up."

"We aren't running a fancy hotel," said Miss Ora. "Take her back where you found her."

Jason Clark said, "Mind your manners, Miss Ora," and took Mary Taylor to her bedroom, carrying in her suitcase, turning on the lamp. Mary, standing in the middle of the room, looked at his stern dark face, at the strange bed, at the window where the curtains fluttered nervously away from the darkness.

Then Jason smiled at her, the same brief smile she had seen once before. "Sleep as long as you like in the morning," he said.

And Mary went to sleep almost at once between clean lavender-scented sheets, comforted by the cool fragrance of the night wind off the river.

That first morning she awoke with the sun, feeling as if she had shed ten weary years of her life. With a childish eagerness, she dressed and went quietly through the hall to the kitchen.

But Miss Ora was there before her. Her collar was slightly soiled and her dress wilted, but her black hair, streaked with white, was neatly combed and she wore a sparkling jet earring in each pierced ear.

"Well," she said, "do you think you might begin to earn your keep? The fire needs starting and I'm ready for my breakfast."

Mary went to the stove. But her arm began to ache suddenly and she could not force herself to move.

"Don't you know how to start a fire?" Miss Ora said slyly.

Jason Clark came inside from the back porch, wiping his face with a towel. His dark hair glistened wetly, and he looked younger than she remembered.

"I'll build the fire," he said. As he came by her his gray eyes rested briefly on Mary's face. "Did you sleep well?"

Mary nodded, watching gratefully as he started the fire.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Then I hope you'll teach Miss Ora the trick of it," he said. "She lies awake most of the night, sharpening her tongue for the next day."

Mary held her breath. But the old lady cackled with laughter. "There may be better ways to spend a sleepless night," she said, "but not at my age." She looked Mary up and down. "Well, I haven't heard a word from you since you came. That's an ugly dress you're wearing. And it's too hot for a sweater."

Caught unawares, Mary put the arm behind her and stared at Miss Ora with a sick panic.

"I like her dress," Jason Clark said easily. "I'll fix breakfast today, Mary."

Still looking at Miss Ora, Mary said slowly, "My arm was burned. It hasn't healed completely."

"Jason told me," the old lady said. "I doubt if you can manage the work, favoring a lame arm, but you needn't hide it. You're not the first person to wear a scar."

So Jason Clark had heard all of that humiliating conversation with Ben Fletcher; he had brought her home with him as he would any forlorn stranger. It was kind of him, but she could not accept his charity; she would leave as soon as she had earned her night's lodging.

She insisted on cooking breakfast, working rapidly in the well-stocked pantry with its gleaming refrigerator that worked, and its electric stove that did not. Apparently Miss Ora would not part with the old-fashioned range, and Mary forgot her weak arm in the struggle to cope with the eccentricities of an ancient wood-burning stove.

"Well, somebody taught you how to cook," Miss Ora said, as she took the last jam-filled pancake. "But I'll probably have indigestion before the day's out, eating such rich, heavy food."

"You shouldn't be so greedy," Jason said calmly. "I'll be out behind the barn if you need me," he said to Mary. "I'm overhauling the small tractor, and it'll take most of the day." At the door he paused, looking sternly at Miss Ora. "She's not to work today. Let her rest all she can."

Mary, left alone with the shriveled old lady, found refuge in washing the dishes, but she had always moved quickly, ill or not, and they were finished too soon.

"Get my knitting bag," Miss Ora ordered. "If you intend to sit all day, you may as well keep your hands busy."

So Mary held a skein of pale blue yarn while Miss Ora wound it into a ball, and some of the rigid tension inside her drained away.

"I've decided to knit today," Miss Ora said. "I get bored with sameness, and I've spent months doing a needlepoint chair seat for the parlor. A lot of trouble, but it'll be worth it." She gave Mary another curious scrutiny. "I don't guess you'd know about that. You have to live with beautiful things before you can appreciate them."

Mary could not argue. She had never owned an applewood table, rubbed to satin by generations of hands, or a silver tea service like the one on the big cherry sideboard, or a porcelain clock sprigged with rosebuds. But she knew that the small white farmhouse with its lovely furnishings gave a lift to the heart.

"The furniture came from the big house," the old lady said proudly. "It stood above the river and it's been gone twenty years, but I saved the important things. That porcelain clock was my great-grandmother's, and I intend to keep it for my grandchildren." The knitting needles clicked swiftly for such gnarled and crippled fingers. "Jason wants to build a new house, where the old one stood, but I'm an old woman, about to die, and I'm used to this house."

Mary understood. But she wished that she could see the place where Jason Clark wanted to build his house.

"He's too free with his money," Miss Ora said, "always buying gadgets to make it easier for me. He'd even put me in a wheel chair, like a hospital patient, if I'd let him. But I like things the way they've always been. I'll sit in this rocker the rest of my life, and die in it too." Miss Ora scowled darkly. "Jason knows how to farm and he's kept the place prosperous, but he wasn't born a miser, either with his money or his heart. I tell him he's a fool, but he goes his own way. Look at you, that's proof enough."

Somewhere inside her, Mary's temper stirred angrily. But there was no way to defend herself from the charge of taking advantage of Jason Clark's generosity.

"Well, I've got aches and pains of my own, young woman," Miss Ora said, "but if I could stand on my feet, and I knew Jason would be coming in soon, hot and hungry and wanting his dinner, I'd do something about it."

It was a relief to be moving again, away from Miss Ora's scrutiny. She would get dinner, Mary decided, and then tell Jason Clark that she was leaving.

But she had no chance to tell him. He was a big man with a big appetite, and he ate his dinner with absorbed concentration. Then he carried Miss Ora to her bed for her afternoon nap. "If you need me," he said to Mary, "just call out," and he strode off toward the barn.

By mid-afternoon, with Miss Ora still asleep, Mary had washed the dinner dishes, cleaned the house, and admired each of Miss Ora's treasures. When there was nothing else to be done she drew a deep breath of contentment; she felt as if she had cast off all the weakness and panic of the past few months.

But she held tightly to her determination. Walking toward the barn, she told herself firmly that she must not be greedy; if she left that very moment there would still be no way to repay her debt to Jason Clark.

He looked up and smiled. "I've finished all I can do today," he said before she could speak. "I was just coming up to the house to get you. Would you like to see the rest of the place?"

So she said nothing then about leaving; there would be time for that later. But when she stood on the high rise above the river, listening while he told her of the house that he would build there one day, she found she could not say the words, after all.

The trees were old and tall, with gray moss hanging from their limbs like wisps of smoke, and the ruins of the old house were covered with green vines. It was an enchanted silent place, and a house there would look out across the wide stretch of water, bounded only by the sky and the bright clean sunlight.

"I've always liked it here," Jason Clark said. "A man needs something more than his work. A place like this can give him something to hold to, whatever happens."

"Will you build it soon?" Mary asked softly.

He shook his head. "Miss Ora doesn't care for the idea."

She already knew that he cherished the caustic old lady and treated her with tenderness; now she knew that his compassion went deeper than that, if he would deny himself the thing he wanted most because of an old woman who wanted to die among familiar things.

"She might get used to the idea," Mary said. "She could have her furniture around her, and the family heirlooms."

He gave her his brief smile. "She thinks this is the loneliest spot in the world," he said. "Too quiet and isolated."

"No," Mary said swiftly, looking around her with awed wonder. "It's the most beautiful place I've ever seen."

For a long interval neither of them spoke. Then, without looking at her, Jason Clark said, "I wish I knew how to thank you for staying."

"Anyone could do what I'm doing. You could find a dozen girls in town who'd do a better job for you."

"No," he said flatly. "I've tried before." His face was suddenly bleak. "We make a queer pair, Miss Ora and I. Half the world laughs and the other half is afraid to laugh."

"I don't believe it," Mary said, shocked by the bitterness in his voice. "What's there to laugh about?"

He shrugged. "Miss Ora is lonely," he said. "I do what I can, but it's not enough." He turned, his steady gray eyes meeting hers. "I'm asking you to stay, Mary, for as long as you can bear it."

So, in the end, there was nothing else to say. "Yes," she said finally, "I'll stay."

After that, the days began to follow a pattern. Jason Clark was busy on the farm and Mary saw little of him except at mealtime; but each morning when she came into the kitchen she found that he had already started a fire for her.

Mary cooked and cleaned, and got up before sunrise to hang her washing on the line. Miss Ora allowed her no time to be idle, and Mary soon ceased to be surprised that an old lady sitting all day in the kitchen could still smell the dust in a corner of the parlor.

But she was no longer crushed by Miss Ora's disagreeable tongue. It happened quite by accident one evening, when Miss Ora ordered Mary to bring her the porcelain clock to be wound.

"I'd rather not," Mary said, her arm prickling. "I might drop it."

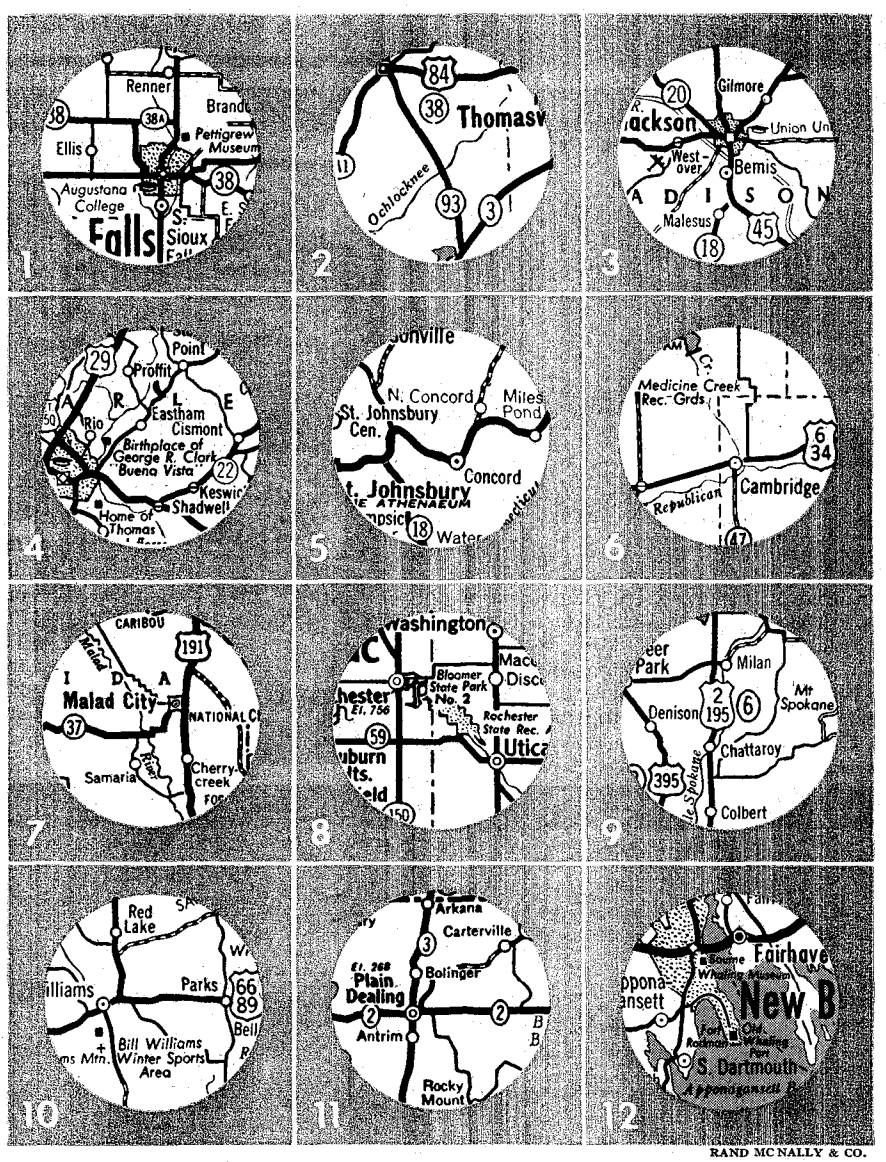
"Break my clock," said Miss Ora, "and I'll break your head. You're clumsy and bungling, but you've got two hands. Bring it here."

Mary lifted it gingerly from the sideboard and watched as Miss Ora wound it, running her fingers over the pink porcelain roses. "It was my mother's favorite," she said, "and she gave it to me when I was a bride."

Mary carried it back to the sideboard in an agony of suspense; by the time she had replaced it, her arm ached to her finger tips.

"Anybody'd think you'd never touched anything nice," Miss Ora said. "When you've gone, I'll probably find that you've made water marks on my applewood table and cracked my good china."

"If you don't want your nice things ruined," Mary said evenly, not turning around, "you (*Continued on Page 76*)



RAND MC NALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(See page 84)

(*Answers on Page 76*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clip this helpful coupon...

SHOW-HOUSE, Box 1500, Grand Central Sta., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Please send me the better living aids checked below. I enclose coins (no stamps) to cover the cost of those for which there is a charge:

BLUE-PLANS: ☐ of both houses, 25¢

MASONITE CORP.: ☐ Colorful "idea" booklets on decorative and functional wall panels.

KOPPERS CO., INC. Plastics Div.: ☐ The story of miracle Dylite Panels and other Koppers plastic products.

FORMICA CORP.: ☐ Beautiful Idea Book $1.00 ☐ Set of 72 color samples 50¢ ☐ Free full color literature showing Formica uses.

CHRYSLER AIRTEMP.: Gives you more for your money . . . ☐ air conditioning ☐ heating ☐ electronic air purification (three free folders).

This coupon good until April 30, 1959. Please print name and address. (Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.)

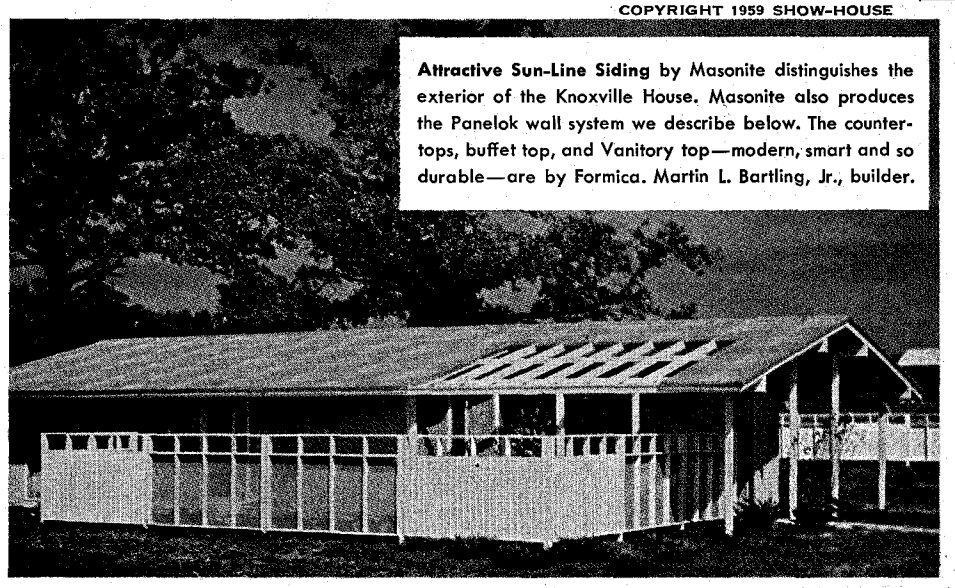
SHOW-HOUSE® praises 10

4 of the best *for your home..*

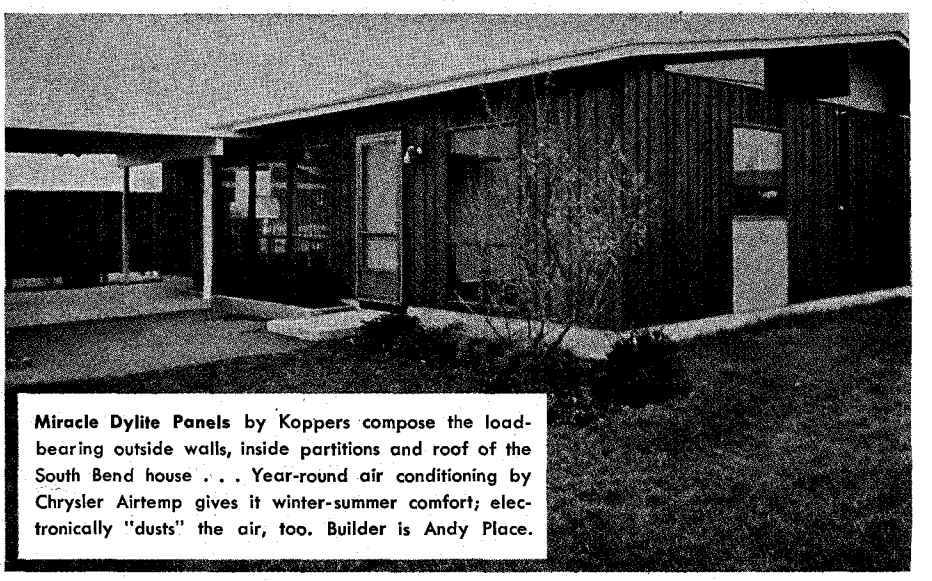
75TH IN A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS BY SHOW-HOUSE, 555 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 1

We traveled to Knoxville, Tenn., and South Bend, Ind., to bring you a report on two houses that have been designed and built for the Space Age in which we now live. One is the National Association of Home Builders Research Institute—Masonite House in Knoxville; the other, the N.A.H.B. Research Institute House in South Bend. Both embody many outstanding new products . . . both have that other ever-new virtue: good design. See them below . . . and some of the fine products that compose them.

COPYRIGHT 1959 SHOW-HOUSE

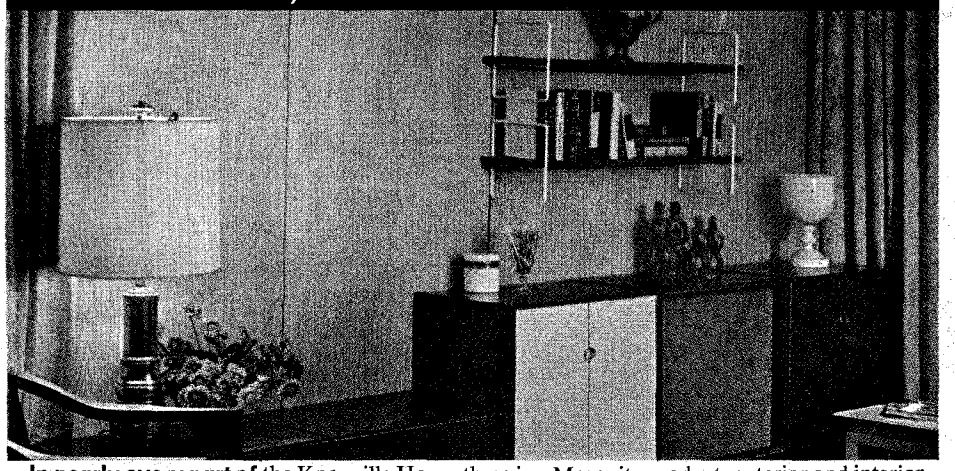


Attractive Sun-Line Siding by Masonite distinguishes the exterior of the Knoxville House. Masonite also produces the Panelok wall system we describe below. The counter-tops, buffet top, and Vanitory top—modern, smart and so durable—are by Formica. Martin L. Bartling, Jr., builder.



Miracle Dylite Panels by Koppers compose the load-bearing outside walls, inside partitions and roof of the South Bend house . . . Year-round air conditioning by Chrysler Airtemp gives it winter-summer comfort; electronically "dusts" the air, too. Builder is Andy Place.

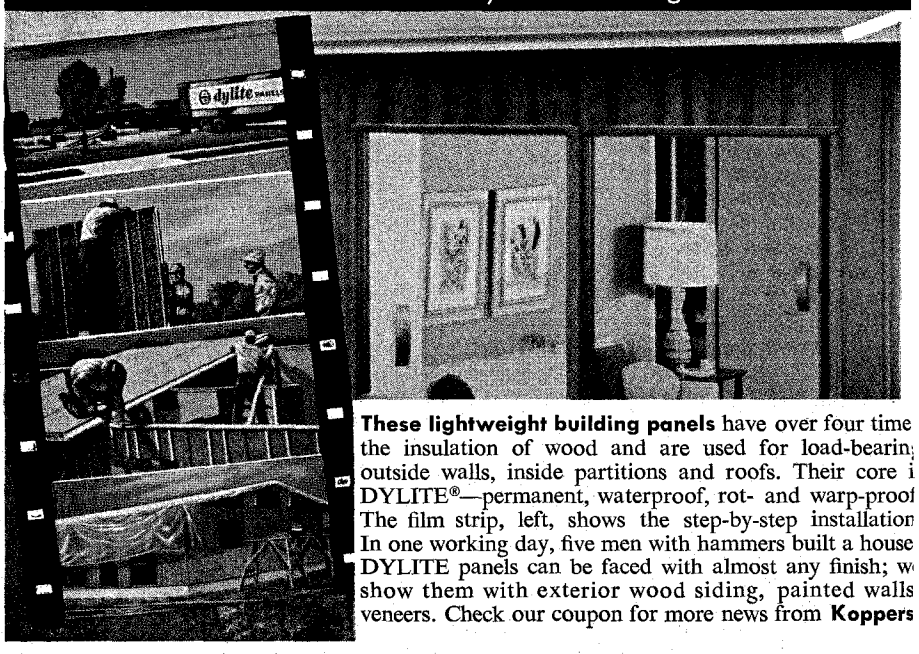
A Perfectly Wonderful Wall For Your Home



In nearly every part of the Knoxville House there is a Masonite product: exterior and interior walls, closets . . . even the floor to ceiling doors. For Masonite hardboard is a man-made wood panel of 1001 uses. Here's one of the newest: Masonite's Royalcote* Misty Walnut panels shown here with the Panelok wall system. This wall combines the rich warm wood grain finish of Misty Walnut with the completely flexible Panelok wall system. The wall shelf, above, is one of many Adjust-A-Bilt** accessories which hook into concealed strips between panels. Truly the ideal wall. Beautiful and functional. Check our handy coupon above. **Masonite.**

*®MASONITE CORPORATION . . . manufacturers of quality products **T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat., L. A. Darling Company

Here's the Newest . . . Dylite Building Panels!

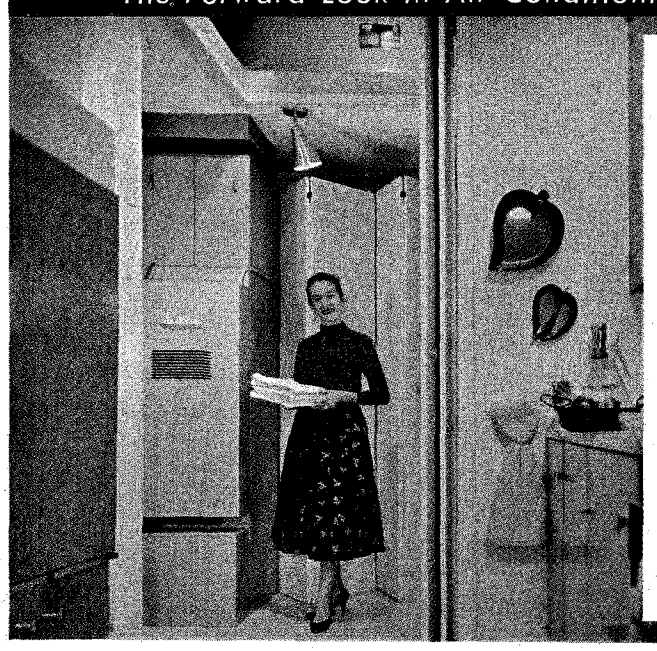


These lightweight building panels have over four time the insulation of wood and are used for load-bearin outside walls, inside partitions and roofs. Their core i DYLITE®—permanent, waterproof, rot- and warp-proof The film strip, left, shows the step-by-step installation In one working day, five men with hammers built a house DYLITE panels can be faced with almost any finish; w show them with exterior wood siding, painted walls veneers. Check our coupon for more news from **Koppers**

Lovely Formica is Queen in Every Room

Formica® laminated plastic rules the worktops in the Knoxville House. Small wonder! For the beauty and durability of Formica are almost legendary. Here it's a snow-white lunch bar buffet, "at home" in both kitchen and dining room. Behind it, back-splash and work-top are also of Formica in Blue Colorgrain. There is a Formica Vanitory in the bathroom, too. For carefree living, homeowners and leading builders use Formica for a lovely maintenance-free surface. Choose from dozens of colors and patterns. Send in coupon above. **Formica.**

The Forward Look in Air Conditioning is Here!



Here's a year round air conditioning system that anyone can afford! It heats and cools, and electronically "dusts" the air, trapping the tiniest particles of dirt. Activated carbon removes odors; ultra-violet rays destroy germs. Two thermostats: one is outside, where it can sense a change in the weather—the other is inside for easy automatic control. We show the complete system as installed in the N.A.H.B. House in South Bend. The gas-fired counter-flow furnace is in the utility room; the electrostatic air cleaner in the attic. **Chrysler Airtemp.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ideas for the Space Age . . .

of the best *for the perfect office*

Seeking evidence of the Space Age, our office-planning experts searched the modern brain-centers of skyscrapers and factories . . . the "office home" of leading men-in-business. From Mies van der Rohe's Seagram Building on Park Avenue, New York, to the newest Wilshire Boulevard Tishman Building in Los Angeles, we looked for shining examples of the Space Age Office at its best. For efficiency, attractiveness and up-to-the-minute design, we say the products we show here are tops.

clip this helpful coupon...

SHOW-HOUSE, Box 1500, Grand Central Sta., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Please send me the perfect office aids checked below:

SOUNDSCRIBER: ☐ Full details on the 4-in-1 SoundScriber.

BOSTITCH: ☐ Descriptive material showing Bostitch staplers for office, home, school.

ELECTRONIC SECRETARY: ☐ Free booklet: How to hire another You.

REMINGTON RAND: ☐ Aristocrat Furniture—the complete story of the complete office.

REMINGTON RAND: ☐ Free folder gives full details on Transcopy Star . . . shows specific ways it can serve you.

REMINGTON RAND: ☐ Statesman—Free color booklet showing 22 unique features of the Remington Statesman.

This coupon good until April 30, 1959. Please print name and address. (Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.)

Today's Most Advanced Dictating System

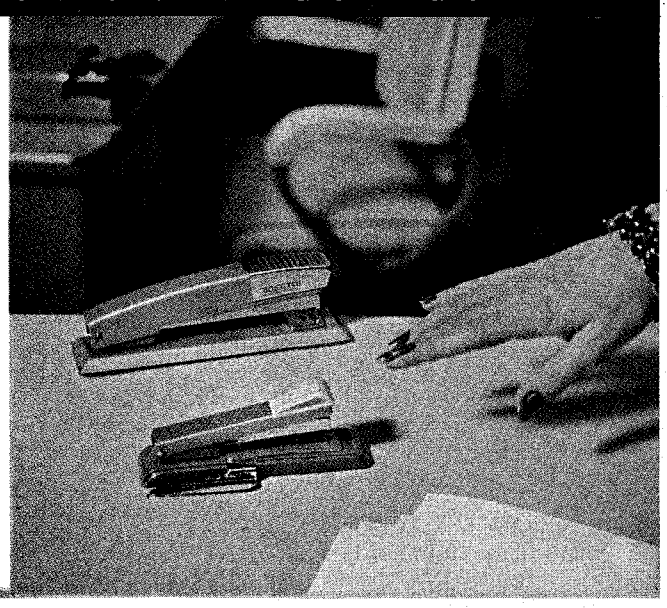
Easy-do is the word for SoundScriber! Just turn it on and talk into the mike. The 6-lb. SoundScriber is battery-powered and records on plastic discs that mail for a 4¢ stamp. It's the "savingest" dictating machine we've seen . . . it fills all your needs. The compact, transistorized SoundScriber is portable . . . in the office, it gives big machine performance and permits desk-drawer dictation. It's a conference recorder and transcriber, too. Put the all-purpose SoundScriber at your fingertips today. See our coupon above for details on **SoundScriber.**

Fine Furniture Creates the Efficient Office

This Aristocrat *modular furniture by Remington Rand meets our three standards for offices:* 1. It is distinctively designed and soundly engineered. 2. Components combine easily for working comfort . . . peak efficiency. 3. The Aristocrat line is all-inclusive—from desks to tables to credenzas—all in modular design that offers limitless versatility. There is a wide selection of harmonious colors and 2-tone combinations. Above, we show an inviting executive "L" grouped specifically for greatest possible utility. Furniture on this page is by Remington Rand. See our coupon for booklet on **Aristocrat Furniture by Remington Rand.**

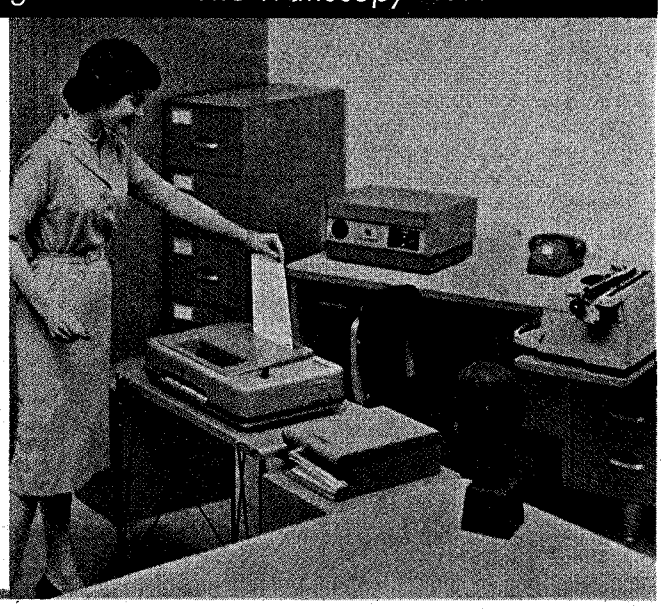
Beauty and Bostitch Go Hand in Hand

The new Bostitch B12 Standard desk stapler looks handsome on your desk . . . but there's more than meets the eye. This stapler fastens *two* ways... with either a permanent or temporary clinch . . . speeds work flow with fastening (or tacking) to fit the job. A real office beauty; only $5.95. We like every Bostitch there is! The B8R model ($3.25) we also show at right is the most widely used—it is the only stapler with an attached staple remover. It's true: you can fasten it better and faster with BOSTITCH. See both at your stationer's. Check our coupon, too. **Bostitch.**



Space Age Miracle: The Transcopy® Star

As essential as a typewriter in the modern office! The all-new Transcopy Star is the fastest "surest" photocopier available. You get quality copies of *anything* in a jiffy for just a few pennies. It's simple to operate and unfailingly accurate. In a matter of seconds, you will make sharp, *all-ways* perfect copies — complete in every detail—of typewriting, rubber stamps, signatures, pencil notes, drawings, photographs, even colors! Send in our coupon above for a free folder describing this photocopying perfection from **Remington Rand.**



Never Miss a Phone C[illegible] Even When You're Out

He's listening to telephone messages recorded while he was out . . . This marvelous ELECTRONIC SECRETARY® Automatic Telephone Answering Unit answers calls in your absence—takes messages as well. Here's how it works: When your phone rings, a recorded voice informs the caller that you are out—and invites him to leave his name, number and message. Here's a perfect 24-hour Secretary, installed and charged just like your regular telephone. Ask your phone company for information. See our coupon. **Electronic Secretary Industries.**

The Remington Statesman is Superb . . . and Superior

No other Typewriter can rival the totally new proportional-spacing Remington Statesman. It is an electric typewriter with design features that are far ahead of any other typewriter. Check these: A 44-key keyboard . . . sturdy unit construction . . . new touch, new scales, new margins, new automatic position locator. A variety of fresh type styles is available. (Every headline on these pages was typed on the Remington Statesman in Regent type.) Let us present the credentials of the Remington Statesman to you. Just check our coupon above. **Remington Rand.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 73*) shouldn't ask a clumsy, bungling hired girl to take care of them."

Appalled at her rudeness, Mary waited for the storm to break about her head. But when she looked in the sideboard mirror she was astonished to see that Miss Ora was smiling, her thin dark face full of a sly triumph.

She wanted me to talk back, Mary thought; *she kept prodding me to see how long I could take it*. With sudden insight, Mary understood how lonely it was to be an arrogant old woman in a world where everyone flinched at her voice.

And so each night she took down the porcelain clock and watched as Miss Ora wound it, but her arm no longer ached with her fear of dropping it. When Miss Ora ordered her to clean the kitchen floor only a day after Mary had scrubbed it twice, Mary's impatience was tempered by the suspicion that Miss Ora simply longed for Mary's company in the kitchen.

"I'll do it right away," she said calmly. "I won't have time to bake that black-walnut cake, but it can wait."

After a bitter inner struggle, Miss Ora said, "Well, no point in being nasty-nice. My sweet tooth is watering for black-walnut cake, Mary. The floor can wait."

And when Miss Ora frowned and fretted each Saturday night when Jason took his strongbox from the sideboard drawer to give Mary her week's pay, Mary knew what to say.

"I'll be leaving soon, Miss Ora, and he can save his money for his new house. Or a wheel chair for you."

"And she won't be bothered with indigestion," Jason added gravely. "No more apple fritters or cherry pies, and no more second helpings of tipsy cake."

Outnumbered, Miss Ora could only snap, "Lock that strongbox, Jason. You can't trust anybody these days."

But she was childishly happy when Mary washed her hair weekly and rubbed lotion into her dry old skin; and she wore her jet earrings with a different dress each day, now that Mary always kept them clean and ironed, and she looked at herself in a hand mirror with undisguised vanity.

"I was quite pretty when I was young," she said smugly. "Dark hair and dark eyes; not pale and faded like you. But you do look less like a corpse than when you came."

It was true. Mary's skin was golden from the sun and faintly touched with pink, and her eyes were very blue, no longer shadowed and somber; her arm seldom ached and the sick weariness was forgotten.

"Some people might even consider you pretty," Miss Ora said thoughtfully, and Mary felt her face burn hotly.

But Jason Clark only said, "She needed fresh air, and a taste of her own cooking."

"With somebody else paying for it," Miss Ora said, but Mary, watching Jason cross the yard, paid no attention.

She wondered if she was only imagining that he had tried to avoid her ever since the day he had asked her to stay. It seemed to Mary that he always arranged his day so that he was seldom alone with her. It might be that he resented an outsider in the house, even to take care of Miss Ora. Maybe he regretted speaking so freely that day; or maybe—and her heart gave a sick lurch—he had merely spoken out of kindness, not really needing her at all.

She was sure of it when he asked her, one cold crisp day, if she would like to drive into town with him to buy the groceries. "You shouldn't stay buried out here," he said, "with only Miss Ora and me for company." Then, in the same level voice, he said, "Ben Fletcher has been asking for you."

"I'd like to go with you," Mary said. "I'll make a list before we leave."

Miss Ora and Jason Clark were both strangely silent during dinner. Mary could only guess that they were already thinking of her departure, imagining how pleasant it would be to have their house and their lives to themselves again. And so she was also quiet, trying not to look at the porcelain clock with its rosebuds, or the cherry sideboard, or the pantry that seemed more hers now than Miss Ora's.

When Mary had finished her list and was ready to go, Miss Ora said suddenly, "Hand me my knitting bag." She took out a sweater, knitted of the pale blue yarn, and held it up to Mary. "I guessed at the size," she said brusquely. "Try it on and see if it fits."

Hot tears burned Mary's eyes. She could hardly believe that the old lady meant the sweater for her; but there it was, a perfect fit, as blue as her eyes, gossamer soft against the sensitive skin of her arm.

"Don't thank me," Miss Ora said. "I like to keep my hands busy, and I was tired of looking at that old brown rag you wear all day."

Mary bent and kissed Miss Ora's cheek. They stared at each other with mutual astonishment, then Mary ran outside to the waiting truck. She did not look back, and she did not speak to Jason Clark; his face was guarded and distant, and he looked once again like a stern, scowling stranger.

"Have the groceries sent to the truck," he said curtly as he parked it in town. "I'll be ready to leave in an hour."

She knew from the way he spoke that he did not expect to see her again, so she merely nodded and turned away. There was nothing to say, no possible words to thank him for all he had done for her; she would write him to send her things, and that would be the end of it.

When she had filled her list and sent the groceries to the truck, she walked slowly down the street. There was the courthouse with its row of elms; there was the bench where she could wait for the westbound bus; and around the corner was Ben Fletcher's café.

"Aren't you Mary Taylor?" It was the waitress from Ben's café. "You look much better," she said. "No one would think you'd ever been sick."

"I am better," Mary said.

"I don't see how," the girl said. "When I heard you had gone out to the Clark farm I was ready to go and bring you back to town myself."

"I don't understand," Mary said carefully. "What's wrong with the Clarks?"

"I only know what I hear," the girl said. "They've hired a dozen girls the past year or so, but none of them stayed more than a few days. Miss Ora is a hateful old woman and Jason Clark's face would scare anybody."

"I like the Clarks," Mary said. So it had been true; Jason Clark nursed his mother because he couldn't get anyone from town to help him. "They've been very good to me."

The girl stared incredulously. "You must have been hard up," she said, "if you weren't afraid of those two. Well, come on and tell Ben about it. He'll probably have a job for you, if you want it."

Mary knew suddenly that it was true; if she walked into Ben's café, looking like the old Mary Taylor he knew, she would have a job without even asking.

"I already have a job," she said clearly. "I don't need anything from Ben."

She walked slowly at first, then she began to run. The hour was almost up; he might have left already. But the truck was still there, and Jason Clark leaned on the fender, his face so grim that no one passing by dared to speak to him.

"I was afraid you'd leave me," Mary said, out of breath.

He stared at her. "I thought you ——" He stopped abruptly.

"Yes," Mary said, "I know. But you were wrong."

"We've kept you too long," he said. "I took you home with me when you were ill and tired. It's different now."

"I don't want to work for Ben," Mary said. "We'd better go home. Miss Ora's been alone too long."

She could not believe that anyone who had seen Jason Clark's smile could ever be afraid of him.

"Yes," he said quietly, "we'd better go home."

He put her down at the foot of the lane. "I'll be along soon," he said. "I did some shopping for my neighbor down the road."

She watched him go, wondering if he would always be guarded and wary toward her. He was as lonely as Miss Ora, but there was no way to reach him; and Mary did not think she would ever have the courage to try.

When she rounded the last curve in the lane she paused to savor the sight of the white farmhouse in its frame of winter trees. Then she stared, her eyes widening; at the same instant she began to run, tearing off the blue sweater.

The smoke was billowing out of the kitchen door by the time she reached it; she threw open the door, gasping as the smoke hit her face, and went inside. Miss Ora's rocker was by the range, and on the wall behind it yellow flames flared toward the ceiling.

"I didn't think you were coming back," Miss Ora said calmly. "It seemed best to start doing things for myself, but it got out of hand somehow."

Mary picked up the old lady and moved through the smoke to the yard; she put her down on a keg of nails and ran back to the house, setting the dinner bell on the porch to clanging.

"Mary, don't go inside again!" Miss Ora cried. "Find Jason!"

But Mary paid no attention. Inside she stumbled to the sideboard, her eyes streaming from the heat and smoke; her hands went unerringly to the porcelain clock and she clutched it under one arm. Then she struggled with the drawer, pulling out the heavy strongbox. Running toward the parlor, she thought despairingly of the applewood table and the china bric-a-brac. But she had no chance to save anything else; the front door slammed and someone grabbed her by the shoulders, and a moment later she found herself pushed outside.

"And stay there, you little fool," a voice shouted in her ear.

She obeyed mutely; in the yard she saw Jason's truck and a number of strangers who had apparently come with him from the neighboring farm. They tore off the old well cover and passed buckets of water from hand to hand, working with a contagious urgency; there was no sound but the crackling of flames and the slow dripping of water.

Mary went to stand beside Miss Ora, who was watching with tears running down her wrinkled cheeks. Mary dropped the strongbox but kept the clock safely in her arms. Staring with a stunned horror at the house, she could think of nothing comforting to say to Miss Ora.

Then it was over. There was only the smoke, dying away to a heavy pall, and the pungent smell of charred wood.

"It's stopped," Mary said dully. "They saved part of the house." She watched Jason Clark walk toward them, his face dirty and streaked.

"Are you all right?" he asked curtly. He looked past her to Miss Ora. "Stop crying," he said. "It's over now, and only the kitchen burned." Then his eyes came back to Mary. "Thank you," he said. "I'd never have gotten here in time."

She could not understand why he was so angry. "I'm sorry," she said numbly. "I'm sorry I couldn't save anything else."

"There was nothing in the house, except Miss Ora," he said savagely, "worth risking your life for."

Miss Ora stopped crying. "My rocker," she said. "My sideboard. My good china." She sounded very old and tired. "And my porcelain clock," she whispered.

Mary held out the clock and Miss Ora took it disbelievingly. Then she drew a deep unsteady breath. "You've probably cracked it," she said. "It's easy to be careless with other people's nice things."

Feeling immeasurably better, Mary could only smile at Miss Ora.

Jason Clark's eyes had not left Mary's face. "I see you saved my strongbox, too," he said. "You little fool, don't you know I keep my money in the bank? Haven't you better sense than to run back inside a burning house?"

"She did, didn't she?" Miss Ora said. "And she took off her sweater, Jason." She peered at Mary's arm. "It's as smooth and pink as a baby's skin. You're silly and vain to keep it covered, Mary."

Jason Clark looked down at Mary without speaking and she felt a slow warm flush staining her cheeks.

"Jason, my rocker is gone," Miss Ora said petulantly.

"I'll buy you a wheel chair," he said, not looking away from Mary.

Miss Ora sniffed. "And the house is ruined."

"I'll build you a new one," Jason said.

"I'm just an old woman nobody cares about," Miss Ora said. "Mary dumped me here like a sack of flour, and you haven't even asked me if I'm safe and well."

"I know that by listening to you," Jason said calmly. Then he put his hands on Mary's shoulders. "You keep on giving," he said quietly, "and we keep on taking. I don't know why you want to stay."

"Don't think she'll leave," Miss Ora said. "She intends to live in that fine new house you keep talking about."

"Yes," Mary said at last, meeting Jason's gray eyes bravely, "I intend to do that very thing."

Then Jason's arms went around her and he put his face against her hair with a quiet sigh. Mary, at his first touch, wondered why it had taken such a long, lonely time for her to come home.

"Mush," said Miss Ora. "You make me sick, both of you."

But Mary, looking past Jason's wide shoulder, was not surprised to see the sly triumphant smile on Miss Ora's face.

THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 73

1. S.D.	2. Ga.	3. Tenn.
4. Va.	5. Vt.	6. Nebr.
7. Idaho	8. Mich.	9. Wash.
10. Ariz.	11. La.	12. Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So You Want to be a Hollywood Extra

(Continued from Page 27)

admiring nonpaying audiences [see THE BODY WORSHIPERS OF MUSCLE BEACH, by Joel Sayre, May 25, 1957 Post]. The Muscle Beach crowd, smelling the fine aroma of movie money, agreed to take the job. "They worked out fine," says a casting director, "except that every time you looked for a man he was at the bottom of a pyramid."

The curious phenomenon of the regular Hollywood extra, however, is the real reason for Bronson's faith in his ability to fill any set. Even though the extra is low man on the movie totem pole, the "human furniture" of the movie business, he is nevertheless one of the most durable members of the film capital, remaining available (and ready to go) in spite of the decline of the big movies with their "casts of thousands," the growing economies of TV production, and the general uncertainty of his getting enough work to earn a living.

"The extras are an odd sociological group," says one producer's representative. "An extra is like the fellow who ran away to join the circus. He failed to become a tightrope walker, so he took a job driving the tent pegs. For days and weeks and months he carried out this menial chore, always complaining. Finally, the manager, unable to stand any more, drew him aside. 'Look, if you hate the work so much, why don't you get a real job?'

"The would-be performer looked at him indignantly. 'What,' he snapped, 'and leave show business?'"

The story is by no means farfetched. There are old-time extras with Central who have stayed with the movie business almost from its peep-show birth, and some of them have known what it is like to be on top. Franklyn Farnum, for instance, a brother of the late silent-screen stars, Dustin and William Farnum, and himself a top screen personality of the early days, now at eighty-three takes extra roles as a distinguished judge or senator. Snub Pollard, a star of the old Hal Roach comedies and one of the original Keystone Cops, has been an extra since 1933 and now in his late sixties appears as anything from a silent headwaiter to a comic dancer.

Many of today's extras work part-time as domestics, car hops and garage attendants; a few own and operate businesses. But they will drop everything to take a call.

In the old days, when any tourist could be pressed into the movies, extras were paid $3.50 a day and given a box lunch; during the depression this went down as low as $1.25 and lunch. Today, as a result of some fancy footwork between the producers and the guild, extras are paid according to what is undoubtedly the most carefully subdivided pay schedule ever invented. The base pay for a general extra—mob-scene variety—is $22.05 a day. A dress extra, or atmosphere actor as he calls himself, who strolls up Fifth Avenue with a cane and spats or sits resplendent with a colored-water drink in a posh night club is paid $29.04 a day. If he speaks a single line, his pay zooms to an actor's base of ninety dollars, which may explain why in many a Western movie the Mexican peon, played by an extra, merely points when the cowboy hero breathlessly asks him which way the villain went. If the peon tells him, it will cost the producer an additional $67.95.

Between the base pay of an actor and that of a general extra lies a complicated structure of prices. Skilled drivers of jeeps, bulldozers or other heavy equipment receive special pay. A natural beard will bring its wearer $7.75 a day over his base. If the script calls for an extra to be doused by rain, he receives a "wet check," and if he falls off a horse, he gets a "stunt check." Then there are the "whammies," or pieces of "special business." If in a close-up with the principal the extra reacts to something the principal says or does, it is worth $7.75. If he also contributes to the advance of the story—a so-called "silent bit"—his pay check can swell to $61.33 for the day.

This curious system of prices and adjustments for skills generally marketable nowhere but in Hollywood has led to what might be described as a day-to-day running battle between the extra, who wants to make all he can, and his boss, the assistant director, who wants to cut expenses. "Extras are always running up with 'Did you see what I did? Is it worth anything?' Sometimes it seems extras want an adjustment for every action beyond straight breathing," an assistant remarks glumly.

Occasionally, a camera-wise extra won't wait for a director's brainstorm, or for fortuitous circumstance, but will try to garner a special business fee by inserting himself in a position where he can be photographed with the star and then contributing his own bit of volunteer acting. This occurred not long ago when the script called for a star to enter a night club, passing by several extras seated as customers at a table. One of the customers rose and nodded pleasantly to the star. The director permitted the scene to stay in, and the extra collected additional pay.

Despite this kind of thing, most directors regard individual extras as so many daubs of paint on a canvas. But it is unlikely that Cecil B. De Mille will forget the extra who inadvertently came to his attention during the filming of The Crusades. De Mille was addressing his cast when he spotted two women extras chattering. Annoyed, he roared through the microphone: "If you ladies think you have something important to say, I wish you would say it to everyone."

While a hush fell over the assemblage, the ladies demurred. De Mille persisted: "I want you to come up here and tell this audience what you had to say."

One of the ladies finally walked to the platform. "All right," she said through the mike, "if you really want to know, I said: 'When do you think that bald-headed baboon will call lunch?'"

Throughout the crowded set it was so quiet you could have heard a false beard slip. De Mille walked to the mike, looked around and said one word: "Lunch."

Apart from such pleasant moments, an extra's day on the set is generally tiresome. An extra who gets a job from Central Casting (or from one of the three smaller casting agencies which have sprung up to feed the TV and independent movie producers) arrives on the set at eight A.M. and is rushed through fitting and make-up. Then, for any of several reasons—such as fixing the camera, unsatisfactory rehearsal or problems with temperamental stars—the extra may hang around all morning waiting for the cameras to roll. Some women knit; some men read or gamble; but most extras simply sit and talk.

To supplement her income as a Hollywood extra and bit player, Mary Benoit sells real estate. Here she is after appearing as a nun in a filmed episode of TV's Cheyenne.

As the day wears on, the extra may get the feeling that he's the forgotten man. He seldom talks to the star unless the star speaks first. He never gets a chance to read the script, so he doesn't know what comes before or after his part, and he seldom even knows the name of the picture. Finally, the assistant director, often called a sheepherder because he has to round up straying extras, calls him to fill the part for which he was hired. The cameras roll. The job is finished, and, unless there is a "call-back," the following afternoon he is on the telephone to Central Casting again.

Central Casting grew out of the curious fact, known to every producer, that you can make a movie without a star, but not without an extra. The theater, of course, used extras from the very beginning of playmaking. Called supernumeraries, they were the inhabitants of Thebes of Greek drama, the courtiers and guards of a Shakespearean production, and the marching soldiers of a Civil War play. Shortly before World War I, when the nickelodeon was fast growing into the cinema, Hollywood extras belonged to studio stock companies, and like the stage "supers," they were interchangeable with bit players. After the first World War, however, with the rise of the spectaculars, a new breed of extra appeared. Some hardy refugees from the legitimate theater and from vaudeville continued to fill the ranks, but they were vastly outnumbered by an influx of ex-soldiers and European expatriates. Whether talented or not, these newcomers bombarded the studios, hoping to get "in the movies."

The consequences were inevitable. Unscrupulous employment agencies, service bureaus and make-up studios sprang up to prey on gullible youngsters who hoped extra work would be their first step toward stardom. Fast-buck agents collected fat fees on the promise of getting clients in the movies, only to send them to the studios' notorious "bull pens," or outdoor casting yards, where extras would cluster in all kinds of weather waiting for the "You there" signal which meant a job. The extra ranks themselves became a Foreign Legion of sleek-haired vagrants, hustlers and criminals escaping from the police.

In 1925, the movie bigwigs consulted the Russell Sage Foundation, New York's famed social-research organization, which responded by sending a special investigator to Hollywood. As a result of the ensuing investigation, the State Labor Commissioner recommended that the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, then representing ninety-five per cent of the industry, set up a free central bureau which would provide a reliable pool of extra talent and at the same time would eliminate the extra's ordeal of making the rounds of the studio bull pens. On January 25, 1926, movie czar Will H. Hays officially established the Central Casting Corporation and began to clean up the extra ranks.

But the industry continued to boom, and as new hordes were attracted to Hollywood, new problems appeared. Charges of bribery, favoritism and immoral conduct were flung at casting directors. A private investigation disclosed that some extras, seeking special favors, would leave cash in a certain book in a Hollywood Boulevard bookshop, where it was picked up by a casting director. The situation became so bad that in 1940 the producers hired Howard Philbrick, a former FBI agent and head of the California Motor Vehicle Department, to purge the ranks of seamy characters, to set up standards of employment on the basis of talent and moral character, and to bring in directors who would honestly enforce them.

In the 1940's Central was regarded as a clean organization—which everyone agrees it is today—but the bogey of too many extras and too few jobs still continued to haunt the situation. Facing up to the problem, the producers and the Screen Actors Guild, to which extras then belonged as Class B members, got together and agreed to slash the extra ranks even further. The surgery was begun in 1941 on amateurs, dilettantes and hangers-on. When Bronson became manager at Philbrick's death, in 1951, the ranks had been cut from a high of 17,000 to 6000. Since that time, Central, with the support of the Screen Extras Guild, an offshoot of the Actors Guild, has continued its program of bringing supply and demand into closer harmony.

Today, Central Casting gets along with a staff of sixteen, including six telephone operators, on the third floor of an old nondescript building on the outskirts of Hollywood. "Visitors are always amazed at our setup," says Warren Cross, Art Bronson's assistant. "They expect to see oddball characters running in and out of offices. All they see is a business operation, like a stockbroker's office." Then he grins: "Well, maybe not quite the same."

Central opens at six A.M., and the first burst of business involves rush calls from studios for extras to fill an unexpected hole in a set or to replace someone who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phones in that he is sick. By ten A.M. some extras have arrived on special appointment, and Bronson and Cross turn a sympathetic ear to the pathos, tragedy, and sometimes unconscious humor underlying the curious business of daywork on the screen. One extra, Bronson recalls, phoned in early, pleading for a job. He was told nothing was available. He promptly asked whether there was any work for his car. "The studio pays twelve dollars and more for use of an automobile," Bronson explains. "I asked him what kind he drove. It was a brand-new limousine. We just happened to have a place for it in a parade scene."

Central's chief casting director, Doug Dakin, who has been with the organization for fourteen years, and his two casting directors, Bob Crosby (no relation to the crooner) and Sam Simone, former extras who have been with Central about six years, interview each registrant at least once every six months. "We do this to refresh our memories," says Bronson. "Besides, brunettes become blondes; figures grow fat or thin; faces age."

In addition to keeping track of the regulars, and occasionally holding disciplinary court on those who misbehave on sets, Bronson and his staff also see hundreds of new applicants every week. Fathers drop in to register newborn babies, an ex-night-club performer brings his pet monkey, and a few giggling teen-agers apply, so they can write home and say they tried to get in the movies. Sometimes entire groups come, stirred by rumor or by an item in the trade papers. "When The Ten Commandments was being cast, we must have gotten every dark-skinned individual in L.A.," Bronson recalls. "A cowboy picture will bring in the ranch hands and the rodeo riders; a Far East show will attract the Chinese citizenry. Now the vogue is rock-and-roll movies, so we're getting the bobby-soxers."

Last year Central turned down 2000 applicants and registered a mere 161, mostly in the eighteen-to-twenty-five age group, which has the biggest turnover. "There just isn't enough work for the regulars to justify registering all the new people who apply," says Bronson.

Complicating matters further, many producers craftily cut costs. In one TV movie, for instance, a director had to shoot a ballroom sequence. In the old days he might have hired several hundred dress extras. Instead he shot the scene through a crack in a door. Several couples pirouetted past the door, creating the illusion of a large and gay ballroom. On another occasion, the King brothers, three well-known producers, wanted an audience watching a bullfight. Instead of calling Central Casting, they went to Mexico, which incidentally is outside Central's 300-mile limit. They rented an entire bull ring and advertised a free bullfight. The amphitheater was filled, and the producers had the services of some 50,000 "extras."

On the other hand, producers who make films abroad encounter headaches which often lead them to wish for the professional Hollywood extra from Central Casting. George Thomas recalls an experience in France while he was press-agenting for Otto Preminger on *Bonjour Tristesse*. The shooting was to take place in the small Mediterranean village of Le Lavandou, and several hundred townspeople were needed. Thomas put an advertisement in the local paper, stressing the fun and glamour of acting in the same picture with Deborah Kerr and David Niven. Only thirty-four people showed up. Preminger and his staff were puzzled.

Finally, after some soul-searching, they developed another ad, which was announced by the town crier. This time 300 people showed up. The ad simply said that in addition to everything else real wine would be used on the set.

Perhaps the strangest problem with an out-of-Hollywood extra was encountered by the Hecht-Lancaster company while on location near Mexico City for the filming of Vera Cruz, starring Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster. During the filming, a notorious Mexican bandit named Juaramillo raided a neighboring town, shot a few people, and then eluded the police by taking refuge in the movie company, which included many Mexican peons. Unaware of this new "extra," publicity man Harry Mines invited Mexican news photographers to catch a spectacular scene in which armed guerrillas rise from the rooftops to besiege the heroes. A Mexican reporter suddenly recognized Juaramillo among the guerrillas and next day banner editions appeared throughout Mexico. The Hecht-Lancaster company was hounded by Mexican soldiers and searched almost daily for arms. "The sad thing about it," mourns Mines, "was that it was really happening, but back in the States everyone thought it was a publicity gag."

Most Hollywood extras bemoan the movie makers' trek abroad, where extras can be found at three to five dollars a day. Nevertheless, a few still make a good living in Hollywood. The average wage is $1400 a year, but some cowboys and top-flight dress extras (with extensive wardrobes) earn $9000 to $20,000. Kathryn Wilson, a former Ziegfeld girl now in her sixties, became an extra after her husband lost all his money in 1936. She says it's one of the best businesses for women her age. "I haven't been out of work more than a few weeks in twenty-two years," she states.

Another career extra is Maj. Sam Harris, an Australian rowing champ and cavalry officer in the Boer War, who once helped Winston Churchill to safety after his famed escape from a Boer prison camp in the Transvaal. In 1928 Harris was asked to take a small role as a British officer and after that he was lost to all other occupations. He has played in 1500 movies, including such vehicles as Gunga Din and Lives of a Bengal Lancer. At eighty-three, he still dances and rides a horse.

"Bit players are afraid of taking extra work," he says. "They think it's degrading or will injure their careers. But a man can't make a living if he depends only on bits. My mustache helps me get jobs. I grew it in 1900 because the British Army ordered all officers to grow mustaches. All I do now is wet it and curl it up for a military part. If I curl it down, it gets me a part as a Western marshal."

While most professional extras have long since forgotten their dreams of stardom, many youngsters are still driven to Central Casting on the theory that extra work is a showcasing through which they can be discovered. And indeed the extra-to-star legend does have some basis in fact. Old-timers recall, for instance, that Clark Gable was once a flap-eared football player in a Clara Bow picture and that John Wayne was picked up by director John Ford while tending geese in a pastoral movie. Dennis O'Keefe, Gary Cooper, Janet Gaynor and Roy Rogers all came from the extra ranks. "This still happens once in a while," Bronson says, "but the odds against it are tremendous."

Nevertheless, Bronson encounters many starry-eyed hopefuls. Recently, he was approached by an aspiring actress in suburban Flintridge, where he lives with his wife, Marianne, and their two sons. The young lady had learned that Bronson's sister, Betty, was discovered in the extra ranks and catapulted into fame as the silent-screen star of Peter Pan. She asked Bronson how she, too, could become an extra. Bronson told her to go to acting school instead.

"But you know," he says, "she came up to Central anyway. Words just won't destroy the oldest Cinderella dream in Hollywood."

What Makes Basic Research Basic?

(Continued from Page 30)

basic research is thought of as the opposite of "practical" research, the kind that can be immediately applied. This suggests its disassociation from man's everyday problems. The development of weapons, television sets or vaccines is obviously practical. Studies of the inner temperature of distant stars, of the habits of infinitely small living beings, of the laws governing the inheritable coloration of flowers, all seemed eminently impractical—at least when first undertaken. They were viewed as sophisticated pastimes, pursued by intelligent but somewhat eccentric, maladjusted people, whose otherwise excellent minds had been sidetracked by a queer interest in the farfetched and useless.

I remember my own reaction in school when I was taught how to estimate the inner temperature of distant stars. Cunning, I thought, but why should anybody want to know? When Louis Pasteur reported that germs might transmit diseases, he was ridiculed. Fancy a grown man worrying about being attacked by bugs so small no one could see them! When the Austrian monk, Gregor Johann Mendel, amused himself by observing the results of crossbreeding red with white-flowering peas in the monastery garden, even his most farsighted contemporaries failed to imagine the momentous implications.

Yet, without basic knowledge of the behavior of distant stars, we would not be placing satellites in orbits today; without knowledge about bacteria, there would be no vaccines and antibiotics; and without those observations on the inheritance of color in peas, modern genetics—with its importance to agriculture and medicine—could never have developed.

Such considerations must arouse public interest in basic research. They are bound to make people realize that the more manifestly sensible and practical a research project, the closer it is to the commonplace we already know. Thus, paradoxically, knowledge about the seemingly most farfetched, impractical phenomena may prove the likeliest to yield novel basic information, and lead us to new heights of discovery.

Some insist that basic research must proceed in the same spirit as "art for art's sake," and should not be appraised by its practical applicability. Yet, in defending this view they usually argue that even the most abstruse research may eventually yield practical results. It is odd that the study of the impractical should have to be justified by its potential usefulness.

Others maintain that not even potential usefulness should enter into our assessment of important basic research. It was the eminent English chemist and physicist, Michael Faraday, who, more than a century ago, made the remark so often quoted by these ultra-purists—"What is the use of a newborn baby?" But not everything important to us need be useful in the accepted sense of the word. At the same time, utility is inseparable from man's assessment of what is important. Perhaps in this still unprejudiced, pliable core of a human being we sense a possible future helpful friend. In any case, a baby is useful because we can lavish our love on it—and without love there can be no happiness. Pure art—a great painting, a piece of music—is useful, since it lifts us beyond the preoccupations of everyday life, bringing us peace and serenity. Bearing these facts in mind, I am inclined to define basic research as the study of natural laws for their own sake, irrespective of immediate practical applicability—with emphasis on the qualification "immediate."

But, to me, the need is not so much to define basic research as to distinguish between greater and lesser basic-research projects. This distinction is of immense importance, both to the investigator who requires a standard by which to choose his subject and to the public who pays for his work in the hope of profiting by it. The future welfare of humanity depends largely upon the recognition of first-rate basic research in its earliest stages, when it lacks practical applicability. No nation can afford to subsidize every kind of research, and many a fertile, creative thought has had to be buried stillborn because no one wanted to risk money on it until its value was proved.

Let me emphasize that only the kind of research usually designated as "basic" is true *discovery*. What follows is *development*. The former kind is basic, or fundamental, precisely because every other kind of research develops from it. It strikes us as impractical and the work involved as haphazard, because wholly original observations cannot be planned in advance. To do so the observation would have to be anticipated on the basis of previously known facts, and hence could not be wholly original. That is why most of the completely new leads are accidental discoveries made by men with the rare talent of noticing the totally unexpected. These form the basis of all premeditated research projects—the kind I call development.

It may be argued that any attempt at early recognition must be foredoomed, since the unexpected cannot be anticipated. To some extent this is true. Of course, there is no reliable yardstick with which to compare the relative importance of basic-research projects, but I believe it possible to formulate certain principles which can serve as general directives. Think of them not as rigid measurements, but rather as a kind of course in science appreciation, helping us to recognize and enjoy creative scientific thought.

To my mind, it is characteristic of great basic discoveries that they possess, to a high degree and simultaneously, three qualities: they are true not merely as facts but also in the way they are interpreted, they are generalizable and they are surprising in the light of what was known at the time of the discovery.

It may seem redundant to say that the newly discovered facts must be true, but by this I mean they must be both correct

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and seen in proper perspective. Otherwise the finding may be misleading because of the inferences drawn from it.

Not long ago a chemist tried to make a compound that would diminish appetite and cause loss of weight. After years of study, he succeeded in producing a drug that conformed to his theories concerning the structure this kind of substance should have. He then tested the compound on rats, cats, dogs and monkeys. As he expected, all the animals ate very little and lost weight. In a paper describing his findings, he explained why he thought a drug of such chemical structure would act in this manner. In the conventional sense, his findings were true. In my sense they were false. We know that almost any damaging substance will diminish appetite, and his substance was damaging. The author neither admitted nor denied this. He did not recommend his drug for human use. Still, his paper implied applicability. Hence, his finding was untrue by implication. Had he realized that his compound decreased appetite only because of its damaging effects, he would not have bothered to write a paper about it. Few scientists knowingly publish untruths, but many scientific papers contain such untruths by implication.

Yet, even if a finding is true by all standards, it may not be important. I recently read a paper describing the mean weights of the internal organs of laboratory rats. The author's facts were correct; he had killed hundreds of animals to build up a highly significant series. But the resulting information was of limited importance, being neither generalizable nor surprising. It is not generalizable, because we can deduce no general laws from it; it does not necessarily apply even to rats of a different strain. Indeed, in the researcher's own stock, the organ weights probably would have varied had he changed the diet or the temperature of the laboratory. Nor is the information surprising, because it was evident at the start that the mean weights could be determined by measurement. This sort of work not only fails to qualify as "basic research" but it has not even been practically applied to anything.

The best you can say for it is that it might be applicable by somebody needing these figures as a standard of comparison for original investigation, but then his would be the basic research. Scientific literature abounds in such reports. The authors customarily protect themselves by stating self-righteously that they draw no conclusions from their observations. But this is not good enough. Facts from which no conclusions can be drawn are hardly worth knowing.

This sort of finding may be made accidentally, but usually it results from what we call "screening," and, hence, falls into the class of development rather than of discovery. Such screening might be used by the clinician testing a number of cortisone derivatives, more or less at random, on patients with rheumatic diseases. Cortisone itself is a hormone that has been found effective in such cases and the clinician merely wants to screen related compounds to see whether one of them might prove more effective. Again, all this is development of previously known facts, not original, creative research.

We are guided in such work by so-called "deductive reasoning," which helps us foretell certain things about an individual case from a previously established generalization. If most cortisonelike compounds are effective against rheumatism, any newly prepared member of this group looks promising. But the deduction itself cannot be generalized. The work may be of immediate practical importance, leading us perhaps to the ideal antirheumatic compound, but, in the highest sense, it is sterile, because the observation is complete in itself, offering little likelihood of further discoveries.

Unfortunately, this drab kind of research is the easiest to finance, because of its immediate applicability to practical problems which can be precisely described in a routine application for funds.

Other observations lend themselves to "inductive reasoning," the formulation of general laws from individual observations. But this feature does not suffice either. To illustrate, it was shown that the first ten hormones, the products of endocrine glands, that could be prepared in pure form were all white. From this, we could generalize. We could foretell, with a high degree of probability, that the next five hormones to be synthesized would also be white. So they were. But what of it? Who cares what color future hormone preparations will be? The appearance of the substances is irrelevant.

Here, then, was an observation both true and generalizable, but lacking the third essential quality of important basic research, the quality of surprise; that is, the unexpectedness of the discovery at the time of making it. Most body constituents are white when purified; hence, it is not surprising that hormones should be white.

I recall my astonishment on learning in medical school that certain pathological growths in the human ovary, the so-called "dermoids," may contain teeth and hair. A medical curiosity, but not generalizable—at least not at present. All we can say now is that occasionally, even without fertilization, an egg in the human ovary may develop into a monster consisting mainly of hair and teeth. This much has been known ever since the seventeenth-century German physician, Scultetus, gave the first complete description of what he called "*morbus pilaris mirabilis*," the astonishing hair malady. Martin Luther referred to it as the "Offspring of the Devil."

For centuries, physicians and laymen alike have been fascinated by the anomaly. But it opened up no new vistas of research. The reason is, I think, that the observation was made too early. Even today we are not equipped to evaluate it. It is like a strange island remote from the charted areas of human knowledge. Perhaps, later—when we know more about fertilization, about reproduction without fertilization and about the "organizers" that direct the formation of human structures—the "Offspring of the Devil" will become an angel guiding us to the solution of Nature's mysteries. But merely being aware of the oddity avails us nothing. Scultetus saw, but he did not discover.

Laymen rarely appreciate the fundamental difference between seeing and discovering. America was not discovered for mankind by the Indians, nor by the Vikings who came in the tenth century, but by Christopher Columbus, who established a permanent bridge between the new and the old worlds. It is the process of unifying, the "creative synthesis," be it even of long-known facts, that alone can promote true understanding and progress.

As Hans Zinsser, the great American bacteriologist, put it: "So often, in the history of medicine, scientific discovery has merely served to clarify and subject to purposeful control, facts that had long been empirically observed and practically utilized. The principles of contagion were clearly outlined and invisible microorganisms postulated by Fracastorius about a hundred years before the most primitive microscopes were invented; and the pre-Pasteurian century is rich with clinical observations that now seem a sort of gestation period leading to the birth of a new science."

This essential distinction between seeing and discovering is illustrated by the development of insulin, the pancreatic hormone with which we treat diabetes. In 1889, the German physiologist, Minkowski, and his associate, Von Mering, surgically removed the pancreas in dogs and thereby produced diabetes. They did not, however, realize that the disease resulted from a lack of pancreatic insulin, and their finding did not stimulate much progress until 1922, when the Canadian, Frederick Banting, and his co-workers extracted insulin from the pancreas, and showed that this hormone can actually abolish not only the Minkowski type of experimental diabetes but also spontaneous kinds.

It subsequently turned out that, some seventeen years earlier, the French physiologist, Marcel Eugène Emile Gley, had performed experiments similar to Banting's. He had even described them in a private communication deposited in a

Please USE YOUR

POSTAL ZONE NUMBER!

To improve service and speed delivery of mail, the Post Office asks that you always include your postal zone number in your address.

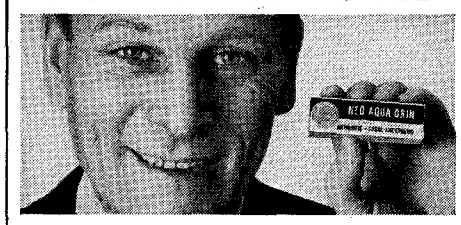
We want to cooperate in every way we can—but we need your help. By giving us your zone number, you'll be assuring speedy delivery of your magazines.

Help yourself to better service. USE YOUR POSTAL ZONE NUMBER—always!

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

WET FEET

SORE THROAT



NEO-AQUA-DRIN QUICK!

Feel soothing relief in 9 seconds from sore-throat pain of colds. These pleasant lozenges contain an antibiotic that kills many irritation-causing germs. If pain persists, see your doctor.

BETTER ... by McKESSON

Everybody *Loves* it—

Rich Ceylon tea with orange bits and spices . . . a fascinating flavor

BIGELOW'S "Constant Comment"® TEA

DELICIOUS FOR YOU YOUR FAMILY YOUR GUESTS

For 6-cup sample, send 10¢ to R. C. BIGELOW, INC., Dept. SJ 15 Merwin St., Norwalk, Conn.

YOUR $500

. . . ten years from now will be worth more or less, depending on *how you plan*. Learn how to plan wisely. Consult the 384-page guide, INVESTMENT COMPANIES. You can read it *free* at your public library, many banks. Or for further information about this book, write Arthur Wiesenberger & Co., Dept. S-4, 41 Trinity Place, New York 6, N.Y.

FALSE TEETH
That Loosen
Need Not Embarrass

Many wearers of false teeth have suffered real embarrassment because their plate dropped, slipped or wobbled at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH, the alkaline (non-acid) powder, on your plates. Holds false teeth more firmly, so they feel more comfortable. Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at drug counters everywhere.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sealed envelope with the Société de Biologie. Only in 1922, after Banting's publication, did Gley permit his letter to be opened. It fully supported his claim to have first found insulin. But he received little credit. As Minkowski remarked during an international symposium on diabetes, after Gley violently protested against the injustice of it all, "I know just how you feel. I could also have kicked myself for not having discovered insulin, when I realize how close I came to it."

Obviously, Gley did not recognize the importance of what he saw. He failed to generalize from it, to tie it in with clinical medicine; otherwise he would not have been satisfied to deposit his findings under seal. In fact, it would have been criminal to do so, had he realized that he thereby signed the death warrant of the thousands who succumbed from diabetes for want of insulin. None of Gley's work was comparable in importance to the discovery of insulin. Why did he put it aside, if not because he failed to understand its significance? It is easy to deposit private communications about things we are not sure of, and unseal them when somebody else proves that we were on the right track. To my mind, Gley not only failed to discover insulin but he also proved that he could not do so. By chance he saw it, but he did not discover it.

The element of chance in basic research is overrated. Chance is a lady who smiles only upon those few who know how to make her smile.

Let us consider a really great achievement of basic research: The observation by Alexander Fleming that penicillin can kill varieties of disease-producing microbes, at dose levels tolerated by man. This is true both in the fact itself and in the obvious inference that penicillin can protect against infections. It is also a generalizable observation. It has enabled other investigators to discover many useful drugs derived, like penicillin, from molds. And, finally, it was surprising to find that molds, which we regarded as contaminators, can have a curative value. Only a highly creative, original mind, one that can completely free itself from established ways of observation, can make such a discovery. Many bacteriologists had seen that cultures of microbes are spoiled when exposed to molds, but all they concluded was that molds must be kept out of such cultures. It took a stroke of genius to see the medicinal promise of the basic observation.

Basic research must, of course, penetrate deep into the unknown without losing contact with known realities. To accomplish this, the scientist must have a peculiar kind of intuition. Perhaps his most important characteristic is a negative one. He must lack prejudice to a degree where he can look at the most "self-evident" facts or concepts without necessarily accepting them, and, conversely, allow his imagination to play with the most unlikely possibilities. In the process he requires serendipity, the gift of finding unsought treasures. (The word was coined by Horace Walpole, in allusion to the fairy tale of The Three Princes of Serendip, who were always discovering, by chance or by sagacity, things they were not seeking.) He must have the power of abstract thinking. Planned steps into the unknown must first be made in the mind, without the concrete support of experience.

The basic researcher must also be able to dream and have faith in his dreams. To make a great dream come true, the first requirement is a great capacity to dream; the second is persistence—a faith in the dream. As for intellect, I repeat what I said in The Stress of Life, "Pure intellect is largely a quality of the middle-class mind. The lowliest hooligan and the greatest creator in the field of human endeavor are motivated mainly by imponderable instincts and emotions, especially faith. Curiously, even scientific research—the most intellectual creative effort of which man is capable—represents no exception in this respect. That is why the objective, detached form of an original scientific publication or of a textbook falls so ludicrously short of really conveying the spirit of an investigation."

Finally, the basic scientist must have all these qualities in the proper proportion. Too great a propensity for abstract thinking may turn him into a bookworm addicted to sterile ratiocination. Too much faith in his dreams can hinder the verification of concepts by experiment. That is why the line of demarcation between the rare genius and the eccentric inventor is often seemingly so indistinct. To the uninitiated, there is much in common between crack brains and cracked brains. Yet it is important to recognize the promising basic scientist early, when he needs support for the development of his singular gifts. The nation's culture, health and strength depend primarily upon its creative basic scientists—the "eggheads."

What is really meant by this now-so-popular term? To my mind, an egghead's main endeavor is to search for the kind of truth that can be verified by experience. The researcher employed by industry may be excellent at his particular job, but usually he does it for a living; rarely is it his main purpose in life. (Of course, if it is, he qualifies as an egghead.) An intellectual may accept a fact unquestioningly on the authority of books or scholars, without feeling the urge to verify it by experience. The theologians who must accept dogma on faith, the teachers who try to disseminate knowledge, the lawyers, engineers or physicians, who apply truths, are all intellectuals and may be very valuable people. But they are not eggheads.

We can no longer afford to allow scientific genius to remain idle for want of money. Nor can we afford to concentrate all our attention upon the physical sciences because of Sputnik. Nuclear war may or may not come, but the war against disease and death from "natural causes" is on now.

The problem, however, goes beyond the mere provision of financial aid to our scientific elite. To adapt ourselves to the spirit of this century we must reassess our whole philosophy and our sense of values. Just as the Stone Age, the Bronze Age and the Iron Age were characterized by the use of stone, bronze and iron, so our era will undoubtedly go down in history as the Age of Basic Research. Man has gained unprecedented power through investigation of natural laws. This power can lead us to the brightest chapter in human history—or the final chapter.

We must ask ourselves one supreme question, and act according to our answer. Shall we fight each other or shall we fight Nature? Men attack men in bitter competition for profit. Nations attempt to exterminate other nations in the struggle for dominance. The real enemy is Nature. Yet we can make Nature our servant. Let man measure his strength against an adversary worthy of the strongest contender, an adversary at once powerful enough to challenge us all and rich enough to provide us all with priceless treasure as long as the universe endures.

There are those who create wealth and those who fight over it. The former are undoubtedly the happier. Wealth is the by-product of their passion. The scientist loves research. The great industrialist does not create jobs for his workers and products for his customers merely to enrich himself, nor does the artist paint chiefly for fame. To these creators the pursuit is not tedious toil, nor are the rewards the ultimate aim of existence. To them wealth and recognition are largely the unexpected, though gratifying, secondary result of what they do for its own sake.

Nature seems to have so arranged matters that her essential objectives are camouflaged, as it were, so that they impress us as the unplanned consequences of something we enjoy doing. (Few people enter the nuptial chamber with the production of a child as their main preoccupation.) That is why the public at large, and often the scientists themselves, do not feel that honors or material rewards are called for. Yet, the man of creative mind must be accorded a privileged position, not as payment, nor because he needs encouragement, nor even to help him in his work, but as the most effective means we have to demonstrate our appreciation of human values to the next generation.

We must educate our children to understand that from now on man's great wars will not be fought with muscle. His battles will not be won by the glorious, intoxicating, momentary courage to face danger and die for a cause. Our children must learn that the great victories in peace and war will be won by warriors of a different stamp, men of intellectual vigor, and by the sober, persistent dedication of their entire lives. They will have to learn that it is far more difficult to live than to die for a cause.

For readers who may wish to pursue this subject further the following books are recommended:

Selye, Hans
THE STRESS OF LIFE
McGraw-Hill
$5.95

Burtt, E. A.
THE METAPHYSICAL FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN PHYSICAL SCIENCE
A Doubleday Anchor Book
$.95

Conant, James B.
MODERN SCIENCE AND MODERN MAN
A Doubleday Anchor Book
$.65

Conant, James B.
ON UNDERSTANDING SCIENCE
A Mentor Book
$.35

Whitehead, A. N.
SCIENCE AND THE MODERN WORLD
A Mentor Book
$.50

The Angel of Hudson Bay (Continued from Page 24)

were the Blackneds, who had lost ten out of twelve. So weak had the Indians become that they feared to travel alone; they traveled in packs in the forest in order to support one another. So poor were they that one canoe had to serve for eight or ten families. The worst possible thing that could happen to a race of nomadic hunters was happening to them. The beavers were disappearing.

At that time the territory served by Rupert House embraced 10,000 square miles of natural hunting ground. Formerly it teemed with beavers. When Jimmy Watt first arrived, beaver pelts brought into the post could still be numbered in the thousands, but even then the take was rapidly diminishing, and the Indians were ranging deeper and ever deeper into the wilderness of Ungava in search of new grounds.

By the winter of 1928–29 Jimmy Watt saw the end. That season only four beaver skins were brought into Rupert House.

It is difficult to make civilized people understand what this meant to the Crees. They knew no other way of living than to hunt. Beaver skins were the money with which they bought supplies from the Hudson's Bay Company post; the beaver flesh itself was the very meat upon which they lived. Moreover, when the beavers disappeared, other fur-bearing animals began to disappear with them. The lakes and ponds the beavers built and maintained soon drained away, leaving no fish or frogs or succulent lily pads and rushes. So, also, went the muskrat, the otter, the mink, and even the moose.

Jimmy Watt had tried several desperate expedients to save the Indians. He even tried planting potatoes in this marginal land between forest and tundra, and actually harvested a few sackfuls, but the Crees are no farmers. He turned them to building canoes, but it provided work for only a few. He found the spawning waters of the whitefish at Smoky Hills and helped the Indians catch enough to keep them through the winter.

Now Jimmy Watt was facing them with another scheme. He ran his fingers through his thick, tousled black hair, and his blue eyes sought out his wife, who was seated among the Indians. In another setting Maud Watt might have been an Irish colleen or a Joan of Domremy. Though born in Lower Canada and convent-bred, she had an Irish ancestor whose name was Maloney, and the best of the French and Irish was in her. A tall woman, strong and beautiful, she had charm and wit and an innate strength of body and character.

Maud Watt had gone on her honeymoon to Fort Chimo on Hudson Strait—then the farthest north of all the company's posts—and had remained there for three years. When, in 1918, the relief ship Nacopie failed to arrive because of wartime peril in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Jimmy and Maud packed their sledges and with a small Indian band crossed on foot 800 miles from Ungava Bay to the St. Lawrence River. This performance, to anyone who has flown across the region in one of Wilfrid Grenier's DC-3's, seems like a fantastic fabrication. Yet it is true. It is also true that this resourceful and indomitable woman started a bakery at Rupert House—where the regular mail comes in only four times a year—in order that they might have bread. And there, too, she bore a daughter, Jacqueline, and a son, Hugo. It was natural, therefore, for her to know and understand the Indians and to have a deep compassion for them.

Although the Crees prefer the wilderness way of life, they are mostly Christians, and an attractive and amiable people. Close association with them made them friends and neighbors; and so it tore Maud Watt's heart to see babies dying

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the empty breasts of mothers whom she looked upon as friends.

Now she gave her husband a long, deep look of complete understanding, and he responded with a tight smile.

"Three years ago," he reminded the Indians, "I bought at my own expense two beaver houses from you people. I wanted to know if you would leave them to increase, as I asked you to do at the time I bought them."

It had not been so simple as that.

One day in the winter of 1929, Andrew Wiskeychan, a Cree hunter, came to Jimmy Watt in great excitement. "I have found a beaver house," he said. "Quick, give me some food and a gun, so I can go kill them!"

But Jimmy Watt had an inspiration, born of his worries for the Indians, and he acted upon it. "So you've found a beaver house," he said. "That's very good. But I will not buy the skins from you. Instead I will buy the *cabane*. I will buy the beaver house itself, and all the live beavers in it, on one condition: you must come and make a report to me every six months on how the beavers are doing." Then he dug into his pocket and paid Wiskeychan on the spot.

About this incident, Maud Watt said subsequently, "A turn in the history of the Indian, not only of James Bay but of the Indian in general in all America, was born that day. All the work of research, all the pains, the anguish, all the nights of insomnia as Mr. Watt sought a solution to the problem of the Indians came to an end in something concrete."

Never in his life had Wiskeychan made a sale that was so profitable, and with so little work. He told his companions about it and it became a wonder among them. They all went out to examine the beaver house and discuss it. Later in the season two other hunters came in to report the discovery of another beaver house. Again Jimmy Watt went down into his pocket and bought a beaver family. From that time on, he counseled with the Indians over the counter, teaching them the arithmetic of multiplication with matchsticks.

Now as he faced the Indians at the *amis makousham* in the old carpenter shop, Jimmy Watt knew that these first two beaver houses had increased to twenty-five, with a population of close to 200 live, breeding beavers. He told the Indians that he was proud of them, that they had done all he had asked. And he told them he knew how hard it had been for them to do this. He knew how hungry they had been at times, and knew that the help he had given them had barely been enough to keep them and their children from starvation.

They must continue to report new beaver houses to him, wherever they found them, Jimmy Watt said, and there must be no killing of beavers at all. There would be no restrictions on the smaller game that was already coming back as the ponds filled up, but the beavers must be saved. Yet the time would come, he promised them, when they would once more see beaver houses all over their hunting grounds. Then they could take beaver pelts again—then, but not before. For the government itself now recognized that this was the only way to bring the beavers back so there would be enough for all. And Jimmy Watt told them of the thing his wife had done for them—and for their children and grandchildren.

Here at Rupert House in the ragged clearing at the river's edge, hemmed in by trackless wilderness, there was not much more than a corporal's guard of white people, surrounded in summertime by the improvised shacks and tents of hundreds of Indians, whose hunting is done in the winter, when the bogs and tangled forests open up. Yet here, in miniature but dynamic form, were grouped protagonists of almost all the conflicting forces that have made North American history. Here were the white men and the red. Here the Hudson's Bay Company with its stubborn tradition of monopolizing both the Indian and his land, and here was the federal government from Ottawa to dispute this; and here the provincial government from Quebec, within whose territory Rupert House lies, suspicious of both; and here was the Roman Catholic mission to the Indians, and within shouting distance the mission of the Anglican church which has been in active opposition for 400 years. In the center of all this stood the lone Scotsman, Jimmy Watt, and his wife.

By the time Watt's plan of conservation was beginning to prove itself, when the beaver population again numbered perhaps 100, he had exhausted his slim finances and was no longer able to support it without help. Furthermore, he needed protection from poaching white trappers and irresponsible bands of wandering Indians, attracted by news of an increase of beavers. He had been encouraged by a letter from Mr. Parsons, of the fur division of the Hudson's Bay Company, who wrote to him in 1930: "Your scheme with regard to the farming of beavers is in my opinion a very excellent one, and so as not to take any credit from you, I would strongly recommend that you send it to the Winnipeg or London office, giving full particulars of all details. If the matter is referred to me, I assure you that it will have my full support, and if you wish, when writing to either Winnipeg or London, you can say that you talked the matter over with me and that I was in full agreement with the proposal . . . I wish to goodness I was in a position to put through the idea at once, for on it and such like proposals depends the whole future of the company and, in fact, the fur trade of Canada."

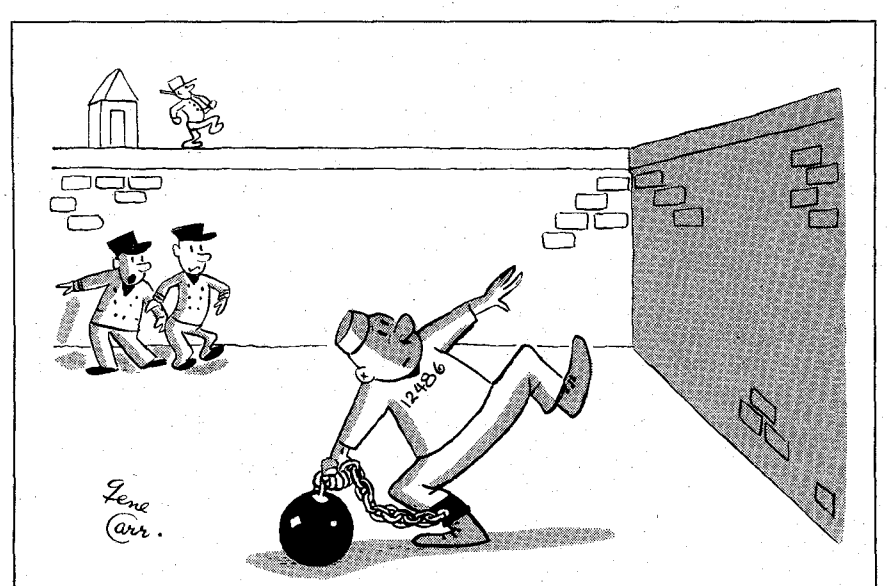
This was encouragement indeed, but it was from a fur man, and what Jimmy Watt did not realize was the difference, in a bureaucratic organization, between the personal opinion of an individual of one department, no matter how highly placed, and the inflexibility of major policy. However, on the strength of such personal encouragement, he determined to appeal to the company for substantial aid. Unfortunately, though the Indians' needs were pressing, Jimmy Watt could not leave his post. Maud Watt promptly volunteered to go herself.

It was mid-January, and in order to reach the outside, Maud Watt had first to cross the wind-swept ice of James Bay where the arctic weather funneling down Hudson Bay forms one of the coldest inhabited spots in Canada. At the same season last winter I walked across the narrow strip of ice that separates Moosonee from Moose Factory—where Hugo Watt is now employed by the Canadian department of Indian Affairs. At dawn that day the official temperature was sixty-two degrees below zero; hoar hung like a blanket of frozen mist, obscuring all but near objects. The small, exposed patches of my face between goggles and fur burned and ached, though when the wind began to stir, it came from behind me. If one of the sudden arctic gales had begun to blow, I doubt that I could have survived it; I was glad to find shelter at Moose Factory. I mention this only to indicate what Maud Watt went through. I was crossing the ice for the small matter of a few hours. For her it was not for hour after hour, but for day and night and night and day unremittingly on the open ice until she reached shelter at Moosonee. Thence she turned southward through the forests to reach Cochrane, 200 more miles away. At Cochrane she caught the Canadian National that runs to Winnipeg.

But the company declined to help Jimmy Watt's scheme. Indeed at this point the company was skeptical of the whole future of the fur trade.

Nor was there help to be got at Toronto, where the money is—where, along Bay Street, you find the mahogany offices from which men comfortably gamble on anything, and where billions have been made from the grain and timber and precious minerals of the back country. The country was in the depths of an economic depression—no one was interested in Watt's beavers; no one cared about the Indians. Maud Watt felt a growing apprehension, because failure on her part meant failure for her husband, and the ultimate of failure for the band of Indians.

She went east to Quebec, the provincial capital, where at least they spoke her native French. Here she felt she might count on one friend. Dr. Bob Hastings—a distinguished physician and head of the leading Protestant hospital in the city—had visited Rupert House the previous summer in search of arctic char, the delicious troutlike fish of far-northern waters. He had formed a warm friendship for the Watts. He knew their problems and needed no convincing. Better yet, he was a man of many friendships, and among his friends was L. A. Richard, Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries for the province of Quebec.



"Keep your eye on him. He used to be a champion shot-putter."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"My first contact with Mr. Richard," said Maud Watt, "made me discover a man with a great heart that was warm for the advancement of the Indians. Like my husband, he was ready to do the impossible for them."

Deputy Minister Richard's version: "I recall asking her something like this: 'I am fully in accord with you, but how do you suppose I can persuade my minister, Mr. La Ferte, to lease you a territory of seven thousand square miles for an annual rental of ten dollars, for the sole benefit of the Indians, who, after all, are the responsibility of the government of Ottawa?' She looked at me and nodded her head as if to say, 'Do your best.' Ah, well; I persuaded my minister, but the great tour de force that I still have difficulty explaining is how my minister succeeded in persuading the prime minister, Mr. Taschereau, and the cabinet!"

And so Maud Watt returned across the ice to Rupert House, carrying with her an official document that made her sole proprietor of 7200 square miles of beaver territory surrounding the ancient Hudson's Bay post.

When news of the concession reached Winnipeg, the Hudson's Bay Company was stupefied. It had been chartered in 1670 by King Charles II with authority to govern the land and the Indians and to wage war. Not until the Canadian confederation did it surrender its monopolistic rights to the new dominion for cash and land grants totaling 7,000,000 acres of fertile land, plus the acreage in the vicinity of each of its 120 posts. Henceforth the fur trade was no longer a Hudson's Bay Company monopoly. But surrendering its rights to the sovereign Dominion of Canada was one thing. Having one of its own storekeepers assume an exclusive proprietorship over fur territory, under their very noses, was something entirely different. A special inspector was sent posthaste from Winnipeg to Rupert House to demand that Jimmy Watt surrender his concession to the company.

But the concession wasn't his; it was his wife's. While the company still had authority over Jimmy Watt as their employee, it had no authority at all over Maud Maloney Watt. And Maud Maloney Watt had a mind of her own. Besides, she knew that back of them both stood the Big Beaver Boss himself—Deputy Minister Richard. Nothing was going to be conceded unless it guaranteed permanent benefit to the Indians.

Remember now that the year preceding Jimmy Watt's purchase of his first beaver house, only four beaver skins had been brought in to the company store. So far as Rupert House territory was concerned the beavers had been practically extinct. Now there was clear evidence that the beavers were coming back. The carefully detailed program of conservation that Jimmy Watt had worked out would, if continued faithfully for ten years, enable the Indians to start trapping in quantity again.

Under his plan the territory was divided into areas determined by him and the Indians, after actual field inspection, to be potential beaver-trapping lines. These areas were then outlined on a large map posted in the company store, and as each new beaver house was discovered, it was set down as visible evidence of the comeback. Jimmy Watt hoped that with the accompanying but more rapid increase of such smaller game as muskrat, rabbit, mink and fox, and the catching of fish in summertime, the Indians would be able to get by with credit with the company and supplemental help which he dug out of his own meager pay of $1500 a year. But it soon became obvious to him

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and his wife that he could not keep it up without running so deeply in debt that he faced personal ruin or the abandonment of the enterprise just when it was beginning to prove itself, unless he could secure substantial outside help.

Deputy Minister Richard was again consulted. The result was an agreement between the department of Indian Affairs, at Ottawa, and the department of Fish and Game, at Quebec, whereby the Hudson's Bay Company was entrusted with supervision of the Rupert House preserve, with Jimmy Watt in charge. Watt's program was to be followed under his direction, and he was to be compensated for all that he had done with a 5 per cent share of the profits from the post, and he was to retain his job as company trader.

Both federal and provincial governments now took an active practical part in what was going on. They sent their own personnel to Rupert House and established quarters there. Twenty Indian leaders, or "beaver watchers," were appointed to keep a census of the beaver population, each watcher to receive $100 annually as a stipend, which, with a system of rotating appointments, was considered enough to keep hope alive.

The first official count was made in 1933, when it was found that there were then 162 living and working beavers. It seems a small number, but the percentage of increase was electrifying. Five years later the 162 had increased to 3300 by count, and the following year the count went over 4000. Jimmy Watt's predictions were completely fulfilled. In 1940 the long, lean days of waiting and watching came to an end. Rupert House preserve was opened to the Indian trappers.

There was no wild rush, no heedless killing. Trapping was now carefully regulated. In place of the watchers, areas were allotted to licensed trappers, each of whom was allowed an exact quota based upon the number of beaver houses on his trap line. The quotas were established by the Provincial Director of Fur Service, J. Armand Tremblay, who issued a corresponding number of tags to be allotted to the trappers for affixing to the dressed pelts as they were delivered at Rupert House.

There are no exact figures to show how the Indians benefited in the first few years, but the obvious evidence was startling and sometimes amusing. Whereas a few years earlier the Indians had become fearful of the dark hunger of the forest and dreaded to enter it, now it was not uncommon to find them cheerfully chartering airplanes and crowding large, laughing families into them, with dogs and sledges, outboard motors and cooking stoves, to fly off to their hunting grounds.

Today the family cash incomes of the Indian hunters average between $1000 and $1500 from the catch of beavers alone, but the money income is only a part of the story, for the flesh of the beaver is almost as important as its pelt. By any standards the Indians are now prosperous.

The story of Jimmy Watt's beaver venture became news almost as soon as it began. Its importance was quickly manifest. The successors of Hector La Ferte, Minister of Game and Fisheries of Quebec, continued the active support of Deputy Minister Richard. Under Camille E. Pouliot he began to expand the policy of similar conservation to other territory. With the co-operation of the federal Indian Affairs department, not only was new territory set aside but over 2000 beavers were transported from Rupert House preserve to start new colonies elsewhere.

Today there are 187,100 square miles of beaver preserve in the province of Quebec alone, and in 1956 these new preserves produced 29,650 beaver pelts, earning the trappers over $600,000. More significantly, the number of pelts taken in 1956 was three times the number harvested in 1950. Last year the figure rose to 43,000.

Not only is the production of beavers increasing as a result of Jimmy Watt's initial venture but the quality of the fur itself is improving because of the research it evoked and the guidance and instruction undertaken by experts working with the Indians. Black beavers, for instance, are protected for their royal peltage, but spotted beavers, whose skins are of little value, are exterminated to prevent cross-breeding. Improved methods of dressing the pelts are taught the Indian women, so that the furs come to the auction rooms in the full perfection of their lustrous beauty.

"I'll take it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There could be a long roster of the names of the many men who have contributed officially and privately, in one way or another, to the expanding success of the Rupert House preserve, but I think that the closest three persons to the Watts were L. A. Richard, Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries, Quebec; J. Armand Tremblay, Director of Fur Service, Quebec; and Hugh R. Conn, General Supervisor of Wildlife and Fisheries, Ottawa. The last two were intimates who knew Jimmy Watt at Rupert House and collaborated with him in the bush. Watt and Tremblay and Conn were in a way three of a kind— a Scotsman, a Frenchman and an Irishman—but all beaver men, and all of the kind who can live the life of the wild or turn to a desk and administer as top executives.

Conn, a towering, big-fisted man, is restless at his desk in Ottawa and strides from wall map to wall map, making the wilderness come alive. Tremblay, shorter in stature but equally lean and hard, is also restless at a desk, and passes rapidly from office to office rather than tilting back in his chair for conferences with juniors. As for Richard, he broke convalescent leave to come into Quebec, and there in his Parliament House office he seemed like one of those warrior scholars of old, a man with a touch of elegance in his manner, scholarly in speech, yet one who can trap a beaver or skin a moose or persuade a cabinet minister on a matter of national policy.

Unhappily, I never met Jimmy Watt, though I know his kind, having been a trader myself, and I feel that I know him through his friends. "Mind you," said Hugh Conn, "there was more than a bit of the idealist in him, but he was all of a man just the same. He had a lusty way of talking about the jolly old fur trade. I'd sometimes go with him on board the Jacqueline for a beaver cruise up the coast of Eastmain, and over a dollop of, say, Duggan's Dew o' Kirkintilloch, you'd be amazed at the stories he'd tell!"

No one maintains that Jimmy Watt was a great man. He could not have done what he did alone. He could not have done it without Maud Maloney. He could not have done it without the unselfish support of many unnamed friends both in and out of government. But what he accomplished was a great thing—great in the bringing of hope and substance to a starving people, great as one of the most important pioneering achievements in the conservation of wild-animal life for the benefit of the nation, great as an example of the wholehearted devotion of a simple man to the needs of others.

The report on beaver sales for the winter of 1943–44 arrived in the afternoon at Rupert House and Jimmy Watt was anxious to break it down immediately, so that he could tell each trapper how much was coming to him for his take. He had recovered from an attack of pneumonia the previous month, but he was still weak and tired, yet he would not leave the little office behind the store until he had completed the job. It was dark when he got up from his desk and he felt that he had a fever. But what is a touch of fever to a man who lives like Jimmy Watt? Next morning Jimmy Watt was dead.

Now came the test of many things. Jimmy Watt was hardly settled in his grave before his successor arrived to take over the post for the company. The company regretfully informed the widow that they could no longer provide accommodation for her at Rupert House. Since the five per cent agreement with Jimmy Watt terminated with his death, they offered her seventy-five dollars a month for seven years and assured her she would be better off if she went somewhere else.

Mrs. Watt refused to go somewhere else. When she could get no quarters from the company, she was given land on the property of the Catholic mission, where the Indians built a cottage for her. Nor was that all. Every hunter among them paid her the tribute of a fresh beaver skin—a total gift of $2000 value. Maud Watt's son and daughter, both born at Rupert House, were no longer with her—Hugo in the Army, at war, and Jacqueline married and living in Winnipeg. The Indians had become to her like her own children. She has a special weakness for orphans and the sickly, and has taken several into her house to stay with her. Now, with the gift of beaver skins laid before her, she knew that she could never leave them, nor could she leave behind the memories of all she had shared with Jimmy.

The new trader for the company took over the management of the store, which was prospering with the returned prosperity of the community, but Jimmy Watt's supervision of the preserve had depended so much upon personal relationships that this was something that could not be transferred. The agents of the federal and provincial governments took over the routine jobs for keeping the preserve in order—Conn's office looking out for the Indians, Tremblay's for the beavers. Subsequently it was agreed that each hunter's quota should be extended in order to formalize the gift to Mrs. Watt of a beaver skin as an annual donation. This suggested to Mrs. Watt that there must be something more she could do for the Indians. She thought of how empty their lives were, except for the struggle to live and how lonely their days in the bush, and she came up with the idea of building a memorial hall in the name of her husband that would belong to the Indians themselves, where they could always find shelter, recreation and refreshment.

She spoke of this to Hugh Conn, and the big, uninhibited Irishman was all for it. She spoke to Tremblay, and that generous and impulsive Frenchman was all for it. And so she went again to Quebec to consult the Big Beaver Boss again, and he was all for it. Everybody was now for it, including the Hudson's Bay Company trader. And so once more things began to happen.

Today there is at Rupert House a capacious, white-clapboard building trimmed in red, 100 feet long. It consists mainly of a large recreation hall, heated and equipped for the use of the Indians. The building is known as the J. S. C. Watt Memorial Hall, and it is legally under the joint ownership of Mrs. Watt—who contributed $12,000 out of her own resources—and the Rupert House band of Indians. Neat quarters have been provided for Jimmy Watt's widow at the rear of the building, and she has been given a lifetime equity. Here she lives with her adopted son, Sydney Watt, whom she first took in as a young Cree orphan.

The crowning touch came when Maud Maloney Watt was made official game warden at Rupert House preserve, with the responsibility of tagging the bales of beaver pelts—which would not be there if her husband and Wiskeychan had not come to an agreement over a single *cabane* with its pair of beavers twenty-eight years ago. No Indian begrudges the skin he sets apart for Maud Maloney Watt. He does it with a grateful heart, for his people cannot forget the dark days that left a mark upon them. You will find few young men among the Crees of Rupert House who were born in the years from 1928 to 1933, for those were the years when children were born to die as children and the tribe seemed doomed.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHITE-WING CROSSBILLS on a Douglas fir tree farm in the Pacific Northwest. Here, selected areas are clear-cut to provide the open, sunlit ground on which fir seedlings thrive. Adjacent stands of trees are left as a planned source of seed to reforest the harvested land.

growing timber as a crop on land dedicated to America's future...

Beautiful homes of wood are still America's best building buy. For fine quality west coast woods, select from the many species marketed nationwide under Weyerhaeuser's 4-Square trademark.

High in the winter-whitened Cascade Mountains, a Weyerhaeuser forester inspects a company tree farm. From the blocks of seed trees on the cold, gray horizon to the vigorous young fir trees at his feet, he sees everywhere the results of careful forest management... the promise of a perpetual wood supply.

Weyerhaeuser tree farms are managed with the future in mind, while serving the needs of the present. They are operated under long-range forestry plans designed to maintain a balance between the volume of wood harvested and the amount being grown. The plans are implemented by constant reforestation of cutover areas and by diligent protection of timber stands against fire, insects and disease.

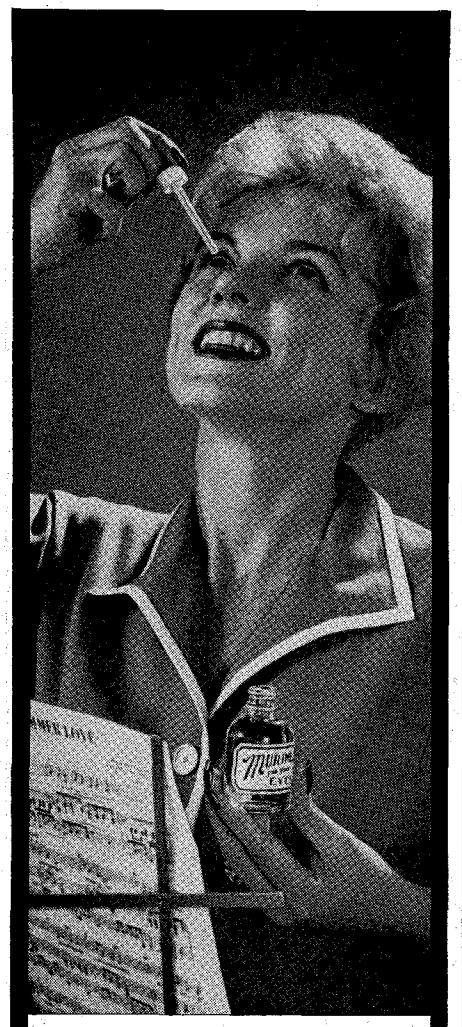
Company timberlands provide many benefits other than a continuous flow of wood for lumber, plywood, pulp and other forest products. Water retained by the spongy, tree-shaded forest soil feeds lakes, streams and reservoirs the year around. Game birds and animals thrive on tree farms and there are many scenic areas available for camping, fishing and other forms of recreation. *Write us at Box A, Tacoma, Wash., for a colorful new booklet,* ***Forest Products from Tree Farm to You.***

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

making forestlands serve America better by scientific management

WEYERHAEUSER
4-SQUARE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"How I use **Murine to rest my eyes** and so relax tension"

HELEN O'CONNELL

lovely recording star and television personality

"Often during work, and always before important engagements, I soothe my eyes with Murine. Helps me feel refreshed and relaxed." Let Murine rest your eyes on busy days. Use it to soothe away irritations of smoke, dust and glare. Gentle Murine is an aid to your eyes' natural fluids. Comforts pleasantly *anytime*, especially morning and evening.

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES*

The Murine Co., Inc.
Chicago, U.S.A.
*Trademarks Reg.
U.S. Pat. Off.

Keeping Posted

The Truth About Dorothy Joyce

Farewell dinner: Editor Ben Hibbs, guest-of-honor Cook, Zen Yonkovig.

Devotees of **Dorothy Joyce's** "Where Do You Think You Are?" puzzle may find this week's map game (page 73) more puzzling than usual. Reason: Dorothy's name has been replaced by that of a young upstart named **Harley P. Cook.**

Harley Cook was the Post's copy editor until his recent retirement. He was also—and still is—our ace puzzle contributor. He once signed his puzzles "Paige Reeder," later formed a pseudonym from the names of his wife's two nieces, Dorothy and Joyce.

Harley spent some of his school days at the renowned Boston Latin School, as did Benjamin Franklin. George Horace Lorimer was editor of the Post in 1914 when Harley, working his way from Baltimore to Boston, came to Curtis to pick up some travel money as a proofreader. He postponed his departure again and again, ended up serving the Post for more years than either Franklin or Lorimer.

In his nearly forty-five years with Curtis, Harley made life miserable for the ambiguous, the inaccurate and the profane. On those rare occasions when a boner got by him, readers could be counted on to write as one did a few weeks ago: "Whoopee! Caught you at last! So you *are* human."

Harley was still on the alert for typographical gremlins when the staff presented him with a gold watch at a recent dinner (left) in his honor. After studying the inscription on the back of the watch, he said simply, "Don't see any reason to put through a plate correction on that."

Harley's New England legacy—a parsimony with words and an imperviousness to chill weather—is legend at the Post. (He often walked eight miles to his office in freezing weather—without overcoat—and he's still a skier.)

When asked recently by a fellow editor whether he would be retiring to a colder climate, his response was characteristic: "Well, 'twon't be Florida. I can tell you that."

Happy skiing (or water skiing), Harley.

Farewell, Dorothy Joyce.

And condolences to associate editor **Richard Lehman,** who will assume the blame for all future inacurracies.

Naughton & Son

Alexander Naughton . . . has outgrown his cradle.

The dapper little man at left, is Alexander Naughton of Old Saybrook, Conn., who at age 3¾ is making his second appearance in the Post. In his Post debut, he produced gurgling noises (far left) to help illustrate a 1956 article entitled What Ever Became of the Cradle? He wants Post readers to know that he now disdains cradles and that he can count to ten in French.

The elderly gentleman in the pictures is **Thomas J. Naughton,** who is responsible for Alexander, as well as the cradle article and the page 20 article, which has to do with teaching kids how to count to ten in French.

How to Pop the Question in Beverwijk

Recently the Nicholson File Company received a letter from Westerhoutweg, Beverwijk, Holland, requesting a reprint of a Nicholson advertisement. The ad showed a tall young man filing a hole through a porch floor in order to be on smooching level with his petite girl friend. It seems that the 6′4″ son of this letter writer had lost his heart to a mere chit of a girl, but he was not at all certain that the feeling was mutual. One day he turned to the Post to take his mind off his low spirits. When he spotted the Nicholson ad, his dormant sense of humor returned to him. He snipped the ad and mailed it to you know who.

Two days later the postman brought him his answer: a package containing a king-size file.

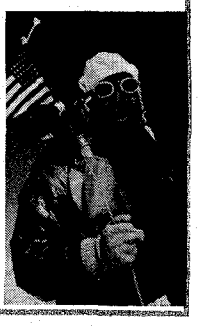
The letter from our Holland reader announced that the young couple had become Mister and Missus, and that "I think your advertisement ought to have a very conspicuous place in their home."

The Post is a family magazine.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"We Conquered Hidden Peak"

A team of adventurous young Americans defies the treachery of the world's second-highest unclimbed mountain.



Printed in U. S. A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED